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## LIFE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

### I.

THE population of Washington may be divided into two classes—permanent and transient residents. The latter are mostly officials of the government, who appear and depart as the inauguration days come round, leaving both pleasant and unpleasant reminiscences among those who remain. There is also a large nomadic community, attracted by the social advantages of the capital, who reside at the hotels and boarding-houses, or take furnished residences or apartments for the season, spend their money freely, contribute to the gaiety of the winter, and flit off to Europe or to the watering places when the roses begin to bloom in the parks.



ALFRED C. HARNER, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE SENIOR MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

There are plenty of fine furnished houses offered this class of visitors. There are more handsome homes to rent furnished in Washington than in any other city in the country. It is considered good form for

even prosperous people to add to their incomes by entrusting their *lares* and *penates* to strangers. In the fall of the year the streets and avenues of the most aristocratic section of the city are ornamented with large sign-boards upon the lawns or cards in the windows informing the transient residents that

the permanent population is willing to be replaced for a time if well paid for the condescension. The rentals of these furnished houses are much out of proportion to the rates charged for those unfurnished. A house that may be leased for \$200 a month unfurnished by the year will rent for \$400 a month for six months if it contains \$2,000 worth of furniture. The transient does not need it any longer,

for that term covers what is known as "the season," and the permanent can spend the winter in Europe or California upon the proceeds of the transaction.

A furnished house usually contains every-

thing that is needed for comfort and convenience except linen and silver, and those are often supplied when a deposit is made to cover their value. Habitual house renters, however, will tell you that there are tricks in the trade, and that fine furnishings, bric-a-brac, and pictures often vanish between the times when the lease is signed and the new occupant takes possession. But of course the people are expected to dress their wares in the best garb possible. Thus a rich man from New York or California can come here

ventory and paying the appraisements for breakage and other damage to the property.

Those who have money and leisure find Washington the most attractive place of residence in this country for the winter months, particularly if they are fond of society and politics. The schools are unsurpassed, and there are three colleges and universities at which a classical or professional education is offered for their sons. There are excellent finishing schools for the daughters also, and the young ladies may have the oppor-



DRAWING-ROOM OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. HUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

in October, find a residence ready for him, with a cook and butler and housemaids familiar with the place, and breakfast on the table if he likes. He can spend the winter in idleness and enjoyment. He can attend the receptions at the White House, listen to the debates at the Capitol, loaf his mornings away at the club, spend the afternoons in calling and attending teas, and go away in April after checking off the in-

tunity of studying the manners of the *crème de la crème* of the American aristocracy, and make acquaintances that will be valuable and friendships that will be enjoyed all the rest of their lives. Washington is not, however, a favorable place for marriages. Girls are often brought here to find husbands. Every winter blushing buds are offered on the auction block, but the bidders are few and ineligible. Most of the unmarried men

in Washington are officers of the army and navy whose pay is small, officials in the departments who have no prospects, or *attachés* of the embassies and legations, whose antecedents must always be investigated, and if they are without reproach are usually waiting for a goldmine, or the millions of a railway king or a pork baron. The rising

men of the country—those who will control the commercial and industrial destinies of the next generation—do not have time to indulge in the pleasures of the capital. Their sisters may come here, but they must stay at home and make the money to foot the bills. There are marriages, however—a great abundance—in the spring. Almost every day there is an awning erected in front

of the portico of St. John's Church, the fashionable place of worship which Washington used to attend, and in which every bride would like to take her vows.

Many of the rich and transient class, after a winter or two in rented houses, are so fascinated with the attractions at Washington that they erect residences of their own, and become units in the permanent population.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST, WASHINGTON, D. C.



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S COUNTRY HOME, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The beautiful architecture that has made Washington the finest residence city in the world testifies to their number as well as to their satisfaction, and no administration abdicates the throne, and no Congress expires without adding a few worthies to the already long list.

Most of the higher official class occupy rented houses, and leasing for one, two, or four years obtain them at lower rentals than the winter residents; but prices are much higher than in any other city except New York. None of the Cleveland cabinet except Mr. Carlisle owned their homes in Washington, nor did any of the Harrison cabinet except Mr. Blaine and Mr. Foster, both of whom were counted as permanents. The McKinley cabinet are not all settled at this writing. Mr. Sherman owns many houses in Washington—the greater part of his fortune is invested in real estate here—and a few years ago he built a beautiful stone mansion from his own designs, in which he resides; but his

associates will probably rent furnished houses as their predecessors have done.

Quite a number of the senators own residences in Washington, as do several of the representatives, although superstition forbids it. It is a curious fact that nearly every public man who has purchased or erected a home at the capital has been retired to private life at the following election, and therefore when a senator or a representative indulges in this luxury his friends apprehend a defeat.

Nearly all the European governments provide handsome residences for their cabinet ministers, and it would be advisable for the United States to do so, because so much is expected of these officials in a social way. Public opinion requires them to live in a certain degree of luxury, and do a certain amount of entertaining. They are not allowed to seek quiet homes in the suburbs, or limit their enjoyment to their family circles, but they must include in their visiting



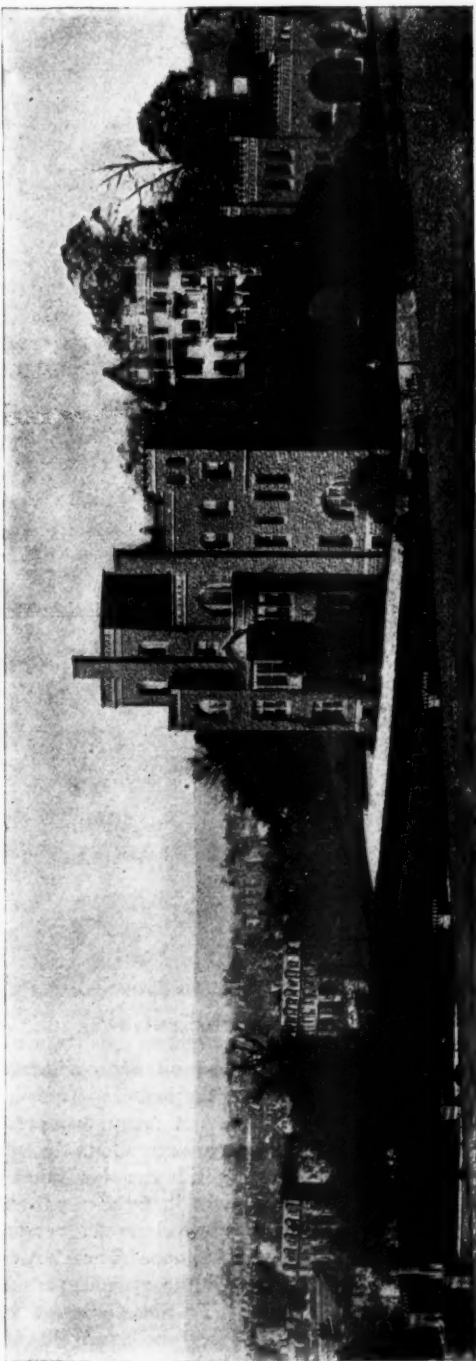
SECRETARY SHERMAN IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



and invitation lists the seventy million of our population, which is rather expensive of course, and requires an establishment much larger than would be necessary for them in private life. When Secretary Tracy was looking for a residence at the beginning of the Harrison administration he was told that the rental was \$7,500 a year. He hesitated a moment, and then remarked: "What shall I do with the other \$500 of my salary?"

A member of the cabinet receives \$8,000 a year. He cannot live in a style becoming his position without paying at least \$5,000 for a residence and \$1,500 more for servants and horses and carriages. He is expected to give at least one reception a year, which will cost him not less than \$500, eight or ten dinner parties, which will cost at least \$100 each with the greatest economy; and his salary is exhausted. All this is for the benefit of the public, and he is often compelled to appeal to a lean purse for funds to provide the ordinary expenses of his family. I know a member of a recent cabinet who has no private fortune. He has been in public life since he was twenty-five years old, and his salary has never been large enough to allow him to save anything. Therefore during his official residence here he was compelled to limit his expenditures to \$8,000 a year. The ladies of his family had been trained to economy and had a genius for management; another cabinet lady said that they could make one dollar go as far as she could make three. But although they did the best they could, and lived as quietly as the requirements of his position would permit, he found himself over \$3,000 in debt at the end of his term, with no immediate prospect of earning anything.

If suitable residences were pro-



RESIDENCE OF EX-SENATOR JOHN E. HENDERSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

vided for the cabinet they might live comfortably upon their salaries, but as a rule it costs twice as much as they receive to keep up appearances.

When people read in the newspapers that senators have been detected in stock speculations, and have made money in sugar certificates, it is well to remember that their salaries are only \$5,000 a year, and that they cannot live as senators should live upon that income. It has often been suggested that each state should purchase or

several other countries own the buildings occupied by their embassies and legations at Washington, and their ambassadors and ministers are paid much more liberally than ours. The British ambassador, for example, receives in salary and allowances as much as the president of the United States, while our ambassador at London is paid one third as much. The United States pays its public servants less than any other government in the world, with a few insignificant exceptions, and since the order of Pres-



RESIDENCE OF SENATOR McMILLAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

erect at Washington residences for its representatives in the Senate. That is an admirable idea, and would prevent many a scandal and protect many a reputation. Other governments furnish residences for their diplomatic representatives in foreign capitals. The United States owns but one. That is at Tokyo, and cost \$16,000. The Japanese government donated the ground upon which it stands. Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and

ident Cleveland depriving consuls of notarial fees it is almost impossible for any of our representatives in foreign countries to live decently upon their salaries. The same rule applies at home, but that is not so important, except to those who happen to be personally interested.

A certain senator, who may not be named, pays \$3,000 a year for a residence which is not nearly so comfortable or so elegant as that in which he lives at home. His three

servants cost him \$600 a year. He is compelled to keep a horse and carriage, which costs \$500. Last year he paid \$400 in charity. Most of it was spent for railroad tickets to send home citizens of his own state who were stranded in Washington and knew no other person to whom they could appeal. This year the demands upon senators and representatives on that account will be unusually large because of the presence of so many disappointed office-seekers. The senator gave \$500 as a contribution to the treasury of his party. This exhausted his salary. He received \$720 as rental for his home residence, which is all the property he owns, two fees amounting to \$1,000 for arguing cases in court, and his son-in-law, who is a rich man and knows his circumstances, gave him \$2,500 as a Christmas present. This covered his household bills, but he was compelled to borrow \$250 to pay his traveling expenses while he was stumping his state for McKinley and Hobart last fall.

Senators who are unmarried, or who leave their families at home, or have only wives to come with them, may live with comfort in a boarding-house at an expense of \$150 a month. They can also rent apartments of three or four rooms and have their meals served in restaurants at a slightly greater cost, but under these circumstances they cannot enjoy life themselves, or extend hospitalities to their constituents, or repay their social obligations.

A great deal more is expected of a senator than of a representative, and his expenses are necessarily larger. It is considered entirely proper for a representative to live in a boarding-house or at a cheap hotel, but it is thought not to comport with senatorial dignity to do so.

The senator's wife receives her friends every Thursday afternoon during the season, and all the world may call. Usually she invites the wives of the representatives from her state, or the wives of constituents who are visiting Washington, to assist her. It is considered a great honor to receive at a senator's residence. It is expected that she will serve a cup of tea, a sandwich, a salad or a croquette, ice cream and cake, salted

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almonds and other confectionery, and she must provide for at least two hundred people. This will cost from \$50 to \$100, and it must be repeated five or six times during the season. While such entertainment is not imperative, it is expected, and required by the laws of official society. The wife of a senator may receive in the parlor of her boarding-house, but the majority of her husband's constituents will go home with unfavorable reports about her social position and the penuriousness of her husband. People like to have their senators and representatives live as well as those from other states. Jeffersonian simplicity is a beautiful thing in theory, but not in practice. We love to read about the able men who obtained their education by the light of pine-knots, but when we visit them we prefer electricity.

There are so many representatives that they do not rank so high socially as the senators, and it is possible for members of Congress to go through their term without letting anybody know where they live. They can economize. They can take small houses in back streets, they need not have reception days, and they can live as quietly as they do at home; but this is impossible for a senator.

Senators and their wives are invited to dine at the homes of their colleagues and at the houses of other officials and private citizens, and an inexorable law requires them to return this hospitality. They must give dinner parties, and when constituents who have been active and generous in their support visit Washington they must receive social attentions. Distinguished people must be invited to meet them, and their visits must be made as pleasant as possible, regardless of the drain upon the poor senator's purse.

There are senatorial families who do not appear in society. They cannot afford to do so. They have children to educate, and their means being limited they are compelled to deny themselves privileges and pleasures for their constituents, but their usefulness is thereby impaired. A man may be great and powerful and learned, but in these days of conventionalities he cannot live in a tub

like Diogonese or in a cave like the Delphic oracle.

Since the reformation of the civil service, the minor officials of the government have been given a permanent tenure of office and may no longer be classed as transients. Formerly there used to be a general exodus of clerks from the executive departments at the close of each administration, and their places were filled with newcomers who had been working in the ranks of the successful party. It is a serious question whether a permanent civil service is a good thing. There are two sides to the case, and while the constant changes that were formerly made for political reasons, without regard to the qualifications of the appointee, or the good of the service, became an iniquity, it is nevertheless a benefit to any institution to occasionally bring in fresh blood and brains, and new ideas, into the transactions of its business. The tendency among the department officials since they were assured of permanent employment has been to drop into ruts, to resist innovations, to do as little as possible consistent with the fixed standard of efficiency. It may be said, at the same time, that assurance of permanent employment brings better material into the public service, even at the sacrifice of personal ambition and independence, and that a faithful government clerk can do better work if he is relieved from the anxiety and uncertainty that always prevailed when he was the prey of politicians. Yet a stagnant pool is not healthful, a stream must be in constant motion to remain pure. The danger of removal and the prospect of promotion often inspire efficiency; but under the present system, commendable as it is in many respects, the clerks in the executive departments at Washington are becoming hacks, hopeless but contented.

The average salary paid to permanent government employees in Washington is about \$1,200, and a man may live comfortably upon this compensation. There is no city in the world that offers so many pleasant and healthful houses at a low rental, and the real estate agencies and building associations afford opportunities for the erection

and the purchase of homes upon the payment of small monthly instalments. I know of no city where wage-earners are so secure in the pursuit of happiness or live so well. The schools are free, and as good an education as any man or woman needs is furnished all comers. The climate for ten months in the year is as favorable as that offered by any city on the globe, and every government employee is allowed thirty days leave of absence each year, which he can spend in recreation and travel. With a life insurance policy to secure the loved ones from want in the event of disability or death, and a home paid for, the government clerk may settle down with a satisfaction that few wage-earners enjoy. A large proportion of the clerks now on the pay-roll of the executive departments have been in office many years. The soldiers appointed at the close of the war are beginning to feel the effect of exposure in camp and battle-field, and the infirmities of age, and it is a blessing for them that the government is still mindful of their patriotism. That provision of the civil service law which allows the appointment of persons who served in the Union Army without examination has been very liberally construed by the present administration, and the veterans removed for inefficiency by the last administration are again holding government pens in their palsied hands.

Another class of government clerks are familiarly known as "sundowners." This term is used to describe men who obtain positions in the government service in order to support themselves while studying law or medicine or pursuing an academic course at one of the universities. The recitation and lecture hours in these institutions are arranged to accommodate such students. Instead of going to the class-room at nine o'clock in the morning and at three in the afternoon, as is common in ordinary colleges, their classes are called at half past four or five, and at seven or eight in the evening. Thus a young man may occupy a government desk from nine until four, and devote the rest of his time to the pursuit of knowledge, and in three years receive a physician's degree or a diploma from a law

college; or he may have acquired a thorough commercial education at a business college.

All these young men expect to resign and enter upon the practice of some profession as soon as they have finished their studies, but the allurements of official life, and the uncertainty of success in a professional career prevent most of them from carrying out their original plans. Many are anxious to get out into the world, and make reputations and win wealth, but they are too timid to make the plunge. They settle down under the civil service law, and are soon firmly rooted for life as public functionaries. They marry the daughters of their associates, buy little houses on the instalment plan, and stifle their ambition.

Formerly such clerks were able to add a little to their incomes by practicing their professions out of office hours. It was a frequent thing to see signs upon the doors of private houses announcing that John Jones, attorney at law, had his office hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 4:30 to 6:30 p. m., or that Peter Smith, M. D., was prepared to receive patients at similar hours. But the bar association and the medical associations of the District of Columbia succeeded in persuading Congress to pass laws for the suppression of "sundown" practitioners, and now no employee of the government is allowed to engage in other business. Nevertheless there are many who have money invested, in the names of members of their family, in shops, groceries, and other trades, and they even practice medicine "on the sly" in their neighborhoods and among

their acquaintances, although their signs have been taken down. I know a government clerk who owns an extensive nursery, and sends flowers by the car-load to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. I know another who manages one of the most popular dairies in the city, and has a dozen milk wagons upon the streets. Another is a partner in the management of a hotel, and the clerks whose wives keep boarding-houses are legion.

What becomes of the discharged employees of the government? Most of them settle down in Washington and obtain positions in law offices and in other places of business. Nearly all the attorneys and claim agents in the city formerly served in Congress or were in the executive departments. They had slender ties at home, and the attractions of Washington were too strong to leave. If one would take a list of the bar association of the District of Columbia he would discover that nearly two thirds of the lawyers originally came to Washington to hold office.

There are also inducements for scientific and literary men to seek positions in the public service. They are allowed to live in comparative leisure, so that they may pursue their studies and investigations in a congenial atmosphere, and if they are fortunate enough to obtain appointments in the scientific branches of the government they not only receive good salaries, but are certain of permanent employment, and can command better positions in private life if they desire to resign.

## THE USES OF ELECTRICITY IN SANITARIUMS AND IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

BY GEORGE H. GUY.

THE subject of the uses of electricity in sanitariums is not one which admits of very extended treatment, since, however excellent may be the conception and practice of electrotherapy in isolated cases, the average standard of electrotherapeutic administration in such institu-

tions can hardly yet be regarded with un-mixed satisfaction. However, laudable attempts are being made to place the department devoted to therapeutic electrical applications on a strictly scientific basis, and from such efforts have emanated some interesting and original results.



Among these may be named the medical establishment in which anemia, chloroanemia, and tuberculosis in a nascent state are subjected to a treatment based upon the oxidizing and antiseptic properties of ozone. A large room, made beautiful with flowers and colored lights, is filled with a continuous supply of ozone, electrically produced. Here the patients promenade or lounge, converse or read, as they think fit, while inhaling the beneficent and restorative ozone to the full extent of their lung power. The esthetic surroundings are said to accentuate the benign effect of the treatment on the patient.

For cases in which a more concentrated form of ozone is desirable, there is another apartment where the patient inhales a stronger dosage through receivers to which the mouth is applied. The results naturally vary with the age of the patient and the nature and progress of the malady, but it is said that young patients derive more benefit than those of advanced years.

Another electrical application which is closely identified with sanitarium practice is the electric-light bath, in which it is sought to confirm the truth of the proposition that the properties of the electric light are similar to those of sunlight. The body of the patient is placed inside a closet or box, the mirrored inner surface of which is thickly studded with incandescent electric lamps, and literally bathed in light. It is claimed that the penetrative power of the intense heat rays of the electric light is much greater than that of other forms of heat baths. The caloric of the Turkish, vapor, or Russian bath is communicated by convection, and slowly works its way into the body by heating the successive layers of living tissue, which possess to some degree the non-conducting powers of glass and allied substances; whereas, entering the body directly, instead of tediously percolating through its covering, the radiant heat of the incandescent electric light is said to stimulate and vitalize the tissues to a high degree.

Within the last three or four years several instruments have been designed for the cure of deafness. In almost every instance the name of the instrument has been suggestive

of the general principle employed—that of mechanical or electrical vibrations, made slow or rapid according to the affection and its condition. While the outcome of experimentation with these instruments has not been encouraging, the disposition to have recourse to vibratory influences has caused attention to be directed to the specially systematized use of the telephone for impaired hearing. Although the record of specific cases is limited, marked benefits are reputed to have been secured from the treatment.

The electric bath has always been a leading feature of the electrical department of the sanitarium. Although it is one of the commonest and best of hydro-electric methods, as ordinarily prescribed and administered, it is futile and empiric; its actual power is but little realized and its true province imperfectly understood.

Mr. Edison, when seeking relaxation from his labors in perfecting the phonograph and the magnetic ore separator by being humorous at the expense of the newspaper reporters, has suggested that one of the future methods of defending a fort will be the employment of a hose which will direct against the advancing enemy a jet of water. The stream will be connected to the current supply of a powerful dynamo, and as the water, freighted with its electrocuting charge, strikes the besiegers, their doom will be sealed. This idea has been turned to account in the sanitarium in the employment of the electric douche. A stream of water playing on the patient is charged with electricity from the metal nozzle. A single "jet" nozzle is used for current concentration, and a "rose" nozzle for current diffusion, so that the subject can have his electric drench in either allopathic or homeopathic doses.

The difficulty of administering an electric douche internally has been surmounted by the invention of a special electrode. The patient first swallows a pint of lukewarm water and then the electrode, which is subsequently attached by means of its conducting cord to the battery terminal. This treatment is claimed to be salutary in nervous disorders of the stomach and intestines.

Whatever their scientific value eventually may be proved to be, these utilizations of electricity indicate an earnestness and a spirit of investigation which augur well for the ultimate status of electrotherapeutic practice in sanitariums.

The application of electricity in the practice of medicine and surgery, regarded generally, has made remarkable strides within the last five years. Much of this progress is attributable to the labors of the electrotherapists of the United States. In England the status of the science of electrotherapy may be estimated by the fact that one of the most brilliant and representative surgeons in London said recently to the writer: "Well, you see, we don't believe in electricity; I think it does more harm than good." In France notable advance is being made under the influence of such teaching as that of Apostoli and the physiological labors of D'Arsonval. But the original work of Morton and others has served to place America in a leading position in electrotherapy, and in no country in the world is there so much promise of the early deliverance of the science from the grip of conservatism and the baneful effects of empiricism and fraud. It is being firmly based on electro-physics, on electro-biology, or the physiologic response of electricity in all its forms in normal tissue, and on rational therapeutics.

Although electricity is one and the same thing whatever modality, or expression, it assumes, it has been found expedient to differentiate its manifestations as employed in medicine and surgery. The first form is frictional or static electricity. This is seen in the great laboratory of nature, atmospheric electricity, the characteristic of which is its enormously high electromotive force, which mounts up into millions of volts, accompanied by a minimum of current strength, or amperage. To illustrate the difference between electromotive force and current strength may be instanced the striking and scattering of a pile of bricks by lightning.

This is the work of high potential electromotive force; yet the same stroke would

hardly deposit a few grains of silver upon a copper plate which could be electroplated by a small battery of such cells as are used to run bells. But in depositing the copper these cells do work by current strength, that is, by electrolysis; that is, by decomposition; that is, by an entirely different method from that employed in the forcing asunder of the pile of bricks.

Static electricity, produced by what is termed an influence machine, in the hands of the expert has led to the evolution of a new and successful method of treatment, wide in its scope and remarkable in its results, especially in nervous affections. An eminent practitioner has made the discovery that in some of its demonstrations, hitherto unsuspected, it is an almost infallible specific for gout and rheumatism. The way in which it banishes the torture of those diseases and corrects their abnormal conditions is astounding.

Another form of electricity resorted to in medicine is the induction current, produced from induction coils, and made prominent, in 1830, under the general term of faradism. These currents swing rapidly to and fro, and accomplish little electrolysis. Later came currents of much higher rate of alternations per second, known as high frequency, high potential currents. These currents were first brought into recognition as a practical therapeutic agency by Dr. W. J. Morton in 1881. It is with these modern currents of high frequency and high potential that the greatest advances along the line of the application of electricity to medicine have been made; partly because from their nature they may be applied to the entire organism or individual at a single sitting, rather than to local parts, and partly because of their intrinsic power and unique qualities.

The physiology of these currents is that vibrating with intense rapidity, sometimes at a rate of millions of alternations a second, they course through the living organization at such inconceivable speed as to fail to excite the nerve and muscle into the painful contractions of ordinary electric currents.

Although, however, the nerve and muscle

are not adapted to respond to such rapid impulses, it must not be concluded that the currents are inefficacious. For some reason unknown to science, other parts of the patient are beneficially affected. The response takes place in the domain of what is known as the trophic system of nerves; that is, the nerves that control the assimilative and nutritional functions of the subject.

As a result of this distinctive selection on the part of the current for the part of the organism which it influences, it follows that what doctors call the metabolism, or nutrition, of the patient is improved. This, in popular language, means that the patient's processes of life are carried on to better advantage; the air he breathes, and the water he drinks, and the food he eats are utilized in a more effective manner, and the system, instead of being clogged with the by-products, the smoke, so to speak, of the combustion in his tissue, does its work more efficiently, and throws off final products, such as carbonic acid, which he breathes out, and water, which he exhales by the skin and lungs, and urea, uric acid, etc., more actively.

To use a homely simile, we may compare a man to a kerosene lamp. If the lamp be choked for want of air it does not burn freely, smoking rather than giving light. In other words, the decomposition is not complete, and the lamp is being suffocated by the products of its own imperfect combustion. Make the draught better, see that the fuel is consumed, and the lamp performs its functions perfectly. This is exactly what happens to the human lamp when subjected to the action of high frequency, high potential currents. Appetite and sleep return; there is increased cheerfulness and energy for work; walking becomes easier; the appearance of the patient changes for the better, and the nervous system yields gratefully to the magical influence of this most wonderful tribute of science to the nineteenth century.

As regards the use of the old or more familiar galvanic current, the newest conclusions arrived at by experiments, and from the increased knowledge of the present day, are that small currents are stimulative to

living tissue in a large class of diseases, and large currents break down the tissue. Between these two effects is a happy medium of administration which only the skill and judgment of the expert can secure, and which is elusive to the tyro and the quack. The latest adaptations of the galvanic current take advantage of one of its properties about which little is known; namely, its capacity of exerting a directive influence upon fluids by which it is conducted from the positive to the negative pole.

This phenomenon, which was at first described as the mechanical effect of the current, is later known as cataphoresis. Many confound it with electrolysis, or the power of decomposing the fluid which conveys the current. Both are distinctive, though coexistent properties of the current.

Modern views of electrolysis teach us that while some of the molecules of the fluids which convey currents are decomposed, in other words undergo electrolysis, others are not decomposed, and convey the direct influence of the current. This is cataphoresis. Cataphoresis, simply defined, is the driving of medicaments into living tissue. It is very much like the driving of a nail into wood by a hammer. The wood is human tissue, the nail is the medicine, and the hammer is the electric current. This affords a new way of administering medicines and injecting them into the circulation of the blood, a method in many cases infinitely preferable to introducing them into the stomach in the ordinary way. This process alone, so far as it relates to anesthetic practice, is an advance in surgery possibly only second to the discovery of general anesthesia itself.

The marvelous possibilities of general medication by electricity may be suggested by the recital of the revolution that has been brought about in the treatment of spinal diseases. At one time certain forms of spinal disease baffled every diagnosis, and their character could only be determined at the post-mortem of the patient. Now electrical diagnosis determines their existence in the living subject, indicating their exact location. Medicine is then placed on

a sponge or other electrode and placed over the seat of the disease. Current is turned on and as it flies through the tissues it carries with it the particles of the healing medicine, and the disease is cured. By means of this cataphoric action in many of the processes of minor surgery the part to be operated upon may be locally benumbed by electro-cocaine anesthesia, and the trouble of producing extensive general anesthesia is obviated.

In dentistry, cataphoresis is supplanting many of the primitive methods, from the reproach of which even that progressive profession has for many years past vainly endeavored to escape, and has made actually painless operations at last possible. For by this method cocaine can be applied not only to the soft tissues of the body but to the hard substance of the tooth. The teeth, although coated by a superficial skin—the enamel—internally are composed of a tubulous structure called dentine, quite capable of conveying current, since within the little tubules is enclosed a gelatinous filament rich in salts and fluid, which make it a good conductor of electricity.

If a cavity in the tooth—which is constituted a cavity for the reason that the enamel has been destroyed and a portion of the dentine has been encroached upon—is filled with a pledget of cotton saturated with a solution of cocaine, and to this pledget is applied a piece of platinum wire connected to the positive pole of the ordinary galvanic battery, and a very small current is allowed to flow, in a period varying from six to thirty minutes, according to the ability and knowledge of the operator—the shortest period recorded is a minute and a half—the cocaine will be conveyed by the electric current down the tubules to the nerve itself, and the dentist can proceed with the dreaded preparation of the tooth without pain to the patient. The tooth can be excavated, filled, or even extracted without the infliction of the slightest suffering.

If one takes into account the steady and accumulated agony of dental operations throughout the world, and considers the wear and tear of protracted pain which they

entail, he may easily comprehend what an enormous boon to suffering humanity such a process as this will be when generally applied in dentistry.

It remains to say a few words about the induction current. Every person who has taken a shock from an electric nickel-in-the-slot machine at a railroad station has had an experience of the induction current, commonly called in medicine the faradic current. Medically the induction current would not be used in the same crude form, but would be attenuated and tempered to the tissue by improved mechanical devices. None the less, the current is the same.

This current produces three well-known actions: the benumbing effect—not equal to an absolute lack of sensation, and therefore not utilizable for the production of anesthesia; a fatigue effect upon the nerve and muscle where it is used too strongly; and an exciting effect on the nerve and muscle. The fatigue effect is due to overstimulation, and wherever it is exhibited the current has been used in violation of physiological laws. This abuse has become lamentably widespread from the incompetence of many of the practitioners who have taken upon themselves the administration of electricity. As used just as it comes from the machine, the current may be legitimately employed to stimulate or excite a paralyzed nerve or a paralyzed muscle; but soon an overstimulation, an exhaustion of the part treated ensues, and what was intended as an aid to therapeutics turns out to be a hindrance.

Modern physiological and laboratory work have established the proper way to administer this current, which is, to sustain the contraction of the muscle during half a second, release it for half a second, and continue this rhythm for a considerable length of time. Under such an administration the muscle is strengthened instead of wasted. This process is effected by suitable clockwork mechanism, and must in no sense be confounded with the sudden and sharp impulses which usually accompany the operation of the slowly vibrating faradic machine sold in medical supply stores.

It will be noted that no attempt is made

here to enter on a discussion of the expansive subject of the X-ray, although its place in surgery is more than obvious.

When the extensive inroads into all the higher byways of life made by modern electricity are considered—in light, heat, and power, the modifications of manufactures, and new developments in electro-chemistry—it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the sciences of medicine and surgery, despite the impedance of a conservative guild, cannot long remain outside the reach of the progressive spirit of the age. Electrotherapeutics to-day is based, not upon the musty literature which purports to teach it, but on the diligent experimentation and ex-

ploration of active men in the medical profession, who search for aid and light in every direction and find it in the current periodical literature relating to the application of electricity to every-day work. Those who would take a hand in the building up of this new science have but little tradition to guide them. The standard sources of information on the subject are comprised in a limited literature of small handbooks and technical articles. No work at all worthy of the subject has yet appeared. Electrotherapy, in its present phase, waits for a master hand, like that of Erb, in his day, now long past, in Germany, or of Duchenne in France, more than half a century ago.

## THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF FRANCE.

BY YVES GUYOT.

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**I**N France we have no census such as that of the United States. Our quinquennial enumerations are concerned only with the population, divided up according to sex, age, occupation, and nationality. We have no information about the value of estates improved and unimproved, except in the documents concerning direct taxes. We know the number of manufacturing, financial, and commercial firms, because each one is recorded on the roll of licenses, but we do not know the amount of business of these firms unless they are incorporated. We know the amount of business of the railroads, because they are controlled by the state. We know the number and the power of the steam-engines, because they are tested by the mining service, which likewise controls the mines in the interest of the national treasury and of public safety. The indirect taxes give us interesting details about the production of sugars, wines, ciders, and alcohols. The custom-house officers publish every month the fluctuations of external commerce and of maritime navigation.

With these different elements I shall try to give to the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*

a sketch of the manufactures and commerce of France.

It is generally believed that the part of the population of France occupied with agriculture is by far the most numerous. This is a mistake. The active population, consisting of employers, clerks, and workmen, who live from agricultural pursuits includes, according to the enumeration of 1891 (the last of which we have the details) 6,535,000 persons. But there are engaged in manufactures, in transportation by land and water, and in commerce 6,733,000 persons. From which it appears then that there are 198,000 more persons employed in these occupations than in agriculture; but in reality it may be said that the difference is not worth noticing.

The total number of employers engaged in manufactures, transportation, and commerce is 1,963,000; the number of clerks employed in these three lines of occupation is 724,000, and the number of workmen employed is 4,045,000.

These figures indicate how manufactures are divided up in France. The number of workmen is only within 82,000 of double the number of employers. This makes



about one employer for every two workmen. In commerce the number of workmen is less than the number of proprietors.

If we consider on one side the wage-payers and on the other the wage-earners, both clerks and workmen, we find that the population is divided up in the following manner: wage-payers, 1,963,000, wage-earners, 4,769,000. That is, for every 100 persons occupied in manufactures, transportation, and commerce there are 28 wage-payers and 72 wage-earners, many of whom are part of the family of their employers and are preparing themselves to become in their turn industrial capitalists. The characteristic of manufactures in France is therefore their extreme subdivision. The large factory is the exception.

The licenses which are required of every firm, whether industrial or commercial, as well as of the lawyers and doctors, constitute 1,834,000 entries.

For a half-century the chief criterion of the industrial development of a country has been the increase of its motive power. In 1859 France counted 13,700 engines, representing 169,000 horse-power; in 1879, 49,900 engines, representing 3,181,000 horse-power; in 1895, 85,400 engines, representing 6,121,000 horse-power. To this must be added 979,000 horse-power, representing the water-power employed. The central stations for electrical power are as yet little developed.

Textile manufactures occupy 838,000 persons, of whom 78,400 are employers. We consume on an average 220,000 tons of wool for our manufactures. This is the industry which, from the point of view of exportation, stands at the head of all the others. It has for its centers Rheims, Roubaix, Fourmies, and Sedan. Far from demanding protection, it asks for nothing but freedom. For it has machinery capable of supporting a population three times that of France.

Lyons is the great silk market. Thanks to an establishment created by a decree in the year XIII., and called the public warehouse for weighing and drying silks, we know exactly the quantity of silks received here. This establishment reduces the silks to a

uniform degree of humidity and indicates the commercial weight, which becomes a law to the buyer and the seller. The following table gives the annual average of silk brought to this establishment for some years. (A kilo is equal to 2.2 pounds.)

|              |           |       |
|--------------|-----------|-------|
| 1809-18..... | 392,100   | kilos |
| 1819-28..... | 516,900   | "     |
| 1829-38..... | 649,200   | "     |
| 1839-48..... | 1,367,200 | "     |
| 1849-58..... | 2,498,500 | "     |
| 1859-68..... | 5,041,900 | "     |
| 1869-78..... | 3,750,700 | "     |
| 1879-88..... | 4,861,500 | "     |
| 1893.....    | 5,911,200 | "     |
| 1894.....    | 5,839,600 | "     |
| 1895.....    | 6,022,400 | "     |

The weight of silk in France alone in 1895 was 9,420,000 kilos, and for the whole of Europe, including France, 21,545,000 kilos. The total production of the factories at Lyons has been valued by the Chamber of Commerce at \$79,800,000,000, of which \$23,000,000 was for materials of silk mixed with cotton or wool and \$31,000,000 for pure silk. The exportations of textiles, ribbons, silk passementeries, pure or mixed, rose in 1895 to \$54,160,000, of which England absorbed \$24,000,000 worth and the United States \$15,000,000. The importation of foreign silks into France rose to \$10,030,000.

The manufacture of clothing and toilet articles occupies the largest number of persons; that is, 964,000, of whom 225,000 are employers. The tariffs of 1892 caused capital to flow toward cotton manufactures. Numerous spinning and weaving establishments were set up. The English came and set up great spinning establishments with 100,000 spindles. There resulted a phenomenal overproduction which might have been foreseen. The building industry occupies 624,000 persons, of whom 173,500 are employers.

To judge by the noise they make in Parliament one might think that the miners occupy an important place from a numerical point of view in France. But there are only 87,000 in the mines and 28,500 workmen on the outside. The number of them increases every year. This is due to the

farm-hands who come and take work in the mines and never return to their former occupation. In 1895 the total number of days' work in mines was 38,898,000; the total wages was \$31,900,000; the average daily wages was 82 cents, and the average annual wages \$232. In the northern basin and in Pas-de-Calais the expense of manual labor per ton amounts to \$1. In the region of the Loire it amounts to \$1.20. In the basin of the Gard to \$1.50. The number of leases of mines is 1,403, of which 636 are for minerals for fuel, 321 for iron ore, and 56 for rock salt. Out of this number only 502, or 36 per cent, are worked.

In 1876 the production of minerals for fuel was 17,000,000 tons; the importation of the same, 24,000,000 tons. At present the production is 28,000,000 tons and the importation nearly remains stationary. The basin of Pas-de-Calais alone furnishes 11,000,000 tons. It is a basin which was discovered less than fifty years ago. The North produces 5,000,000 tons and the Loire 3,500,000 tons. The number of mines for mineral fuel worked at a profit was 146, against 152 worked at a loss. The revenue derived from the first was \$7,287,000; the deficit of the second rose to \$1,200,000. Of the mines for iron ore 30 have been at a profit of \$210,000 and 42 at a loss of \$307,000. The year 1890 was the year of greatest profit. The mines for mineral fuel realized \$13,000,000 of profit. At the mine, pit coal is worth in the North and in Pas-de-Calais, \$2.00; in the Loire region \$2.80; in the Gard, \$2.40. The coal-miners consume for their own use 2,363,000 tons.

The railroads consume 4,510,000 tons of mineral fuel of all kinds. Metallurgy consumed in 1895, 6,051,000 tons of mineral fuel. The total production of castings was, in 1876, 1,435,000 tons. It has risen to 2,004,000 tons, out of which the department of Meurthe and Moselle, which hardly counted at all twenty years ago, now produce 1,254,000 tons, or 60 per cent. The total production of iron has diminished from 1876 to 1895 from 837,000 to 757,000. The production of steel has increased from 214,000 to 715,000 tons. Our exportation

of castings, iron, steel, and machinery represents 385,000 tons, or 145,000 more than we import. The industry of metallurgy occupies 109,000 persons, of whom 6,200 are proprietors. The manufacturers of machines and tools, the turners, the blacksmiths, and the cutlers, represent altogether 423,000 persons, of whom 104,000 are employers.

The number of distillers of alcohol is about 2,960. That number has a tendency rather to diminish than to increase. But this is not a proof of a diminution in the production of alcohol, for about 40 factories represent the production of 1,400,000 barrels, out of the 1,550,000 which are subject to the laws every year.

The manufacture of sugar occupies in the discussions of Parliament a place not in proportion to the number of persons who are occupied with it, nor to its economic importance. It counts 23 refiners and 356 manufacturers. The production of refined sugar varies from 500,000 to 700,000 tons. At the price of \$3.00 per 100 pounds, it represents, therefore, from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 per year. The domestic consumption is 24 pounds for each inhabitant per year, while in England it rises to 88 pounds.

The law of 1842 organized the French railroads. It was modified by the agreements of 1859 and of 1883. The roads are managed under the system of guaranteed interest. A single company has never come under law, that is the Northern Railway. The guaranteed interest is diminishing. In 1845 France had only 550 miles of railroad under public management. In 1852 she had 2,400 miles; in 1870 the war caused her to lose 520 miles; in December, 1896, she had 22,000 miles under general management, to which must be added 2,500 miles under local management.

Railroad accidents are rare. In '85, '87, '92, and '93 there was not a single traveler killed so far as came to public knowledge. The number of travelers increased from 6,882,000,000 in 1884 to 10,330,000,000 in 1894. The number of tons carried one kilometer, or 62 per cent of a mile, during

the same period has increased from 10,478 to 12,482,000,000. In 1894 the receipts from travelers (taxes deducted) was \$80,184,000, which is an average of less than one cent per traveler, and for merchandise \$130,000,000, or a little over one cent per ton carried one kilometer. The total receipts were \$210,000,000. In 1896 the total receipts had risen to \$248,000,000. The construction of the railways at present in operation has consumed \$3,200,000,000, of which one fourth was furnished by the state and three fourths by the companies.

The total length of the watercourses constituting the principal lines of navigation is 3,600 miles; secondary lines 4,100 miles; total 7,700. At the close of the last war the number of tons carried one kilometer on our watercourses was 1,557,000,000; in 1876, 1,953,000,000; in 1887, 2,383,000,000; in 1894, 3,912,000,000.

The industry of naval construction has almost disappeared from France, in spite of the law of 1893 which granted prizes for navigation only to ships built in France. Our navigation in 1896 represents in entries and clearings 15,241 French ships, with a tonnage of 8,413,000, and 30,600 foreign ships, with a tonnage of 15,723,000. The lines of subsidized steamers are included in these figures.

The total foreign commerce in France in 1896 was \$767,400,000 in importations; \$681,000,000 in exportations; total, \$1,448,400,000. This sum divided by 38,517,000 inhabitants gives a commerce of \$37 per head. This is exactly the same figure that Germany has.

In 1896 the foreign commerce of France amounted to the following:

|                    | Imports.      | Exports.      |
|--------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Great Britain..... | \$101,000,000 | \$201,300,000 |
| Germany.....       | 64,000,000    | 69,000,000    |
| Belgium.....       | 56,000,000    | 100,000,000   |
| United States..... | 62,000,000    | 45,000,000    |
| Spain.....         | 58,000,000    | 21,000,000    |
| Italy.....         | 25,000,000    | 23,000,000    |
| Switzerland.....   | 15,000,000    | 36,000,000    |
| Russia.....        | 35,000,000    | 5,000,000     |

The exports of France to Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and the United States amount to \$416,000,000. Four nations

therefore absorb 67 per cent. The imports from these four countries amount to \$283,000,000 and represent 36 per cent.

Let us now look at what France buys and what she sells. I take the first eleven objects according to their importance.

## IMPORTS.

|                                       |               |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| Wools in the mass.....                | \$ 74,000,000 |
| Silks.....                            | 35,000,000    |
| Wines.....                            | 58,000,000    |
| Coffee.....                           | 37,000,000    |
| Cotton in wool.....                   | 30,000,000    |
| Pit coal.....                         | 33,000,000    |
| Cereals, grains, and flours.....      | 26,000,000    |
| Berries and oil-producing fruits..... | 28,000,000    |
| Skins and furs (undressed).....       | 27,000,000    |
| Common woods.....                     | 29,000,000    |
| Animals.....                          | 16,000,000    |

## EXPORTS.

|                                      |              |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Wool textures.....                   | \$58,000,000 |
| Silk textures.....                   | 49,000,000   |
| Wines.....                           | 49,000,000   |
| Furniture.....                       | 26,000,000   |
| Wools in the mass, combed and dyed.. | 25,000,000   |
| Silks.....                           | 19,000,000   |
| Cotton textures.....                 | 26,000,000   |
| Prepared skins.....                  | 18,000,000   |
| Garments and linen.....              | 20,000,000   |
| Skins and furs (undressed).....      | 15,000,000   |
| Objects made of skin or leather..... | 16,000,000   |

It will be seen that we specially import raw materials and food substances. It is not from fancy, from taste, or from fashion that we buy wools in the mass, silks, cotton in wool, skins, and undressed furs. It is for the purpose of transforming them into manufactured articles. If in spite of the custom-house duties we buy wines to the amount of \$58,000,000 from abroad, it is because we have need of them to strengthen our own wines that have not enough of alcohol in them, or to supply our own consumption. If we buy pit coal it is because we find it profitable to buy foreign coal, at least in certain parts of our territory. We export again these materials under the form of manufactured articles—textiles of wool, of silk, cotton, wines, prepared skins, and articles made of leather or skin.

If we compare the price of our imported merchandise with that of our exported, we find that in 1895 the imported ton was worth \$34, the exported ton \$96, showing a difference of \$62, or 182 per cent.

We are a people who manufacture articles relatively dear, but people always get the worth of their money.

We have aristocratic notions of our duties as manufacturers. We like to say to those who ask us for cheap things, "Go to our neighbors. They will give you as many as you want, and perhaps even falsify our trade mark, but we never dishonor it. We shall give you what is good but you must pay for it. Do not ask us to do anything else. We will never consent."

In 1895 we had an increase of \$59,000,000 over 1894. This increase includes \$20,000,000 sold to the United States in consequence of the adoption of the Wilson Bill, and \$6,500,000 sold to Switzerland in

consequence of the special Franco-Swiss agreement. Our exports to the United States increased that year as follows: silk textures and skein silk from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000; woolen textures from \$2,500,000 to \$7,750,000. Articles of skin and leather from \$2,000,000 to \$3,500,000; garments and linen from \$1,100,000 to \$2,000,000, etc. In 1896 our exports to the United States decreased from \$58,000,000 to \$45,000,000. Our imports from the United States increased from \$57,000,000 to \$62,000,000.

Such is a sketch of the condition of the manufactures and commerce of France, which may be supported by authentic documents.

## DO LABOR-*SAVING* MACHINES DEPRIVE MEN OF LABOR? \*

BY HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

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THIS important question is subject to two answers, one "Yes" and the other "No," the answers being in accordance with the point of view from which the question is approached. To the man individually who finds himself even temporarily thrown out of employment on account of the adoption of a new invention the answer must be "Yes"; to men collectively the answer must be emphatically "No." Whether the answer shall remain "Yes" to the individual man depends upon his particular skill and general knowledge and the facility with which he can adapt himself to new lines of employment. The question is an old one to the people living now, but one hundred and twenty years ago it was a new one and could not then be answered.

Every improvement by which society is benefited temporarily hurts somebody; every advancement in civilization, no matter in what direction the advance is made, means the temporary discomfort, inconvenience, and loss, even, to some man or some

set of men. No one would for a moment, when considering the subject from an ethical point of view, consider the restriction of the liquor traffic as harmful to the country at large; yet the cessation of the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors would deprive the farmers of this country of a market for more than ninety million bushels of grain, and agricultural stagnation in a far greater degree than has ever been experienced would be the result. According to recent estimates, probably one billion dollars of capital would be thrown out of active and remunerative employment, a million men deprived of wages, transportation crippled, and a vast train of temporary industrial evils would follow.

An advocate of the extension of the Keely cure told me a few weeks ago that more than two hundred thousand men had during the past few years abandoned the liquor habit entirely, through the influence of the cure. These men were all what might be termed hard drinkers. The result industrially, as my informant insisted, meant the loss of a market of several millions of bushels of grain to the producer. Thus the

\* Consult the following works by the author: "Report on the Factory System of the United States," Tenth Census; "Industrial Evolution of the United States." Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.

complete application of the principle of prohibition would necessarily result in industrial depression, readjustment would take place, capital would be turned into new channels, and labor ultimately benefited. This is only an instance of what occurs whenever society is benefited.

The introduction of machinery, which took place on the lines as we now understand them between 1760 and 1770, was met with riot and an opposition which at one time looked like the suppression of invention. When Hargreaves' jenny was first brought into use the remark was that he could by some unknown power spin more threads than any one else, and his invention, instead of gaining him admiration and gratitude, excited the suspicion of the spinners, who raised an outcry that it would throw multitudes out of employment. A mob broke into his house and destroyed not only his spinning-jenny but most of his furniture. These scenes have been repeated all along the history of the application of inventions in the mechanic arts; yet their introduction was hastened greatly by the abolition of the slave trade, by which millions of pounds sterling were diverted from old lines, left inactive, and finally applied to the erection of great factories, by which the cost of clothing was reduced and the consumption of raw material vastly increased.

When a thousand threads could be spun on a single machine, whereas by the old hand method only one thread could be spun, it is not strange that the new force met with great opposition, nor is it strange now, when some of the magnificent inventions of our day are put into practical operation, that the individual man, finding himself out of employment, should not only come to the conclusion that machinery is the enemy of mankind, but that he should bring to his views the sympathetic support of large bodies. But it is not true that men, in the aggregate, have been deprived of labor through what are called labor-saving machines. As a matter of truth, so-called labor-saving machines, while they do in the initiative save labor to their

owners, really make labor in the aggregate; they supplement individual muscular force to a very large extent, but they create or expand labor when labor is considered in the abstract. So the answer to society must be that such machines do not deprive men of labor, and this position is clearly supported by the facts in the case, and for these facts it is not necessary to go back of the experience of the last generation of the nineteenth century.

In 1870 the *per capita* consumption of iron in the United States was 105.64 pounds; in 1890 it was 283.38 pounds. This vast increase in the *per capita* consumption of iron is a complete offset in its results to the effects of any individual displacement which may have occurred. The *per capita* consumption of cotton in this country in 1830 was a little less than 10 pounds; in 1890 it was almost 19 pounds. This clearly and positively indicates that the labor necessary for such consumption must have kept up to, if not gone far beyond, the standard existing in the olden time—and I mean by "standard" in this respect the actual number of people employed.

The consumption of steel shows similar results. In 1880 it was 46 pounds *per capita*, and in 1890 it had risen to 144 pounds. This rise is a sure indication that labor must have been actively employed, or the extension in the *per capita* production could not have taken place.

One of the most valuable uses of statistics is in correcting popular and fallacious impressions, and in discussing this particular question they are thoroughly conclusive. They show that in all countries where manufacturing industries have been planted to the greatest extent the people are more largely employed as to numbers, proportionately to the whole number of population, than in countries where mechanical industries do not prevail. This statement alone is sufficient to answer society that the introduction of machinery has not deprived men of labor.

Looking to our own country again, it is found that from 1860 to 1890, the most



prolific period of inventions, and consequently a period of the greatest influence arising from the introduction of these inventions, the population increased a little over 99 per cent, while the number of persons employed in all gainful occupations (manufacturing, agriculture, domestic service—all occupations) increased over 176 per cent. In the two decades from 1870 to 1890 the population increased 62.41 per cent, while the number of persons in all occupations increased 81.80 per cent.

But making a finer analysis of the statements from which the foregoing are drawn, it is found that the increase in the number of those engaged in manufacturing, mechanical, and mining industries—those which must have felt the influence of inventions more than other lines of industry—was, for the period from 1860 to 1890, 172.27 per cent, while the total population increased but 99.16 per cent. If, therefore, there is a higher percentage of the people employed now than formerly, the results of the application of machinery must have been beneficial in the aggregate, instead of detrimental—more men must have been called into active employment as machines were more generally applied.

The above facts are reinforced very emphatically by the statistics relating to the grade of occupations, and these show clearly that the increase in the proportion of people employed to the whole number of people is found in the numbers engaged in the skilled trades and in semi-professional callings, and not in the lower grades of employment. Common labor of every kind—labor which demands simply the application of muscle with very little use of tools—remains more nearly stationary so far as numbers are concerned. This leads to the inevitable conclusion that the ranks of skilled labor, which are constantly being enlarged, are drawing from the ranks of unskilled labor. This must be so necessarily, because the object of machines primarily is to perform the operations of common unskilled labor.

The use of machines, however, necessitates not only the greatest care in their preservation, but also in their operation; so a

man who is intelligent enough to operate one machine is intelligent enough to operate another in some other industry. Unskilled and ignorant labor cannot do this. Here is seen the beneficent results of the introduction of power machinery. This position destroys one that is commonly accepted—that the use of machinery degrades the individual intellect and that under such use the mechanic is deteriorating. If there is anything in this position, which is being approached just now while depressed times are upon us, and which is resurrected during every period of industrial depression, then the reverse must be the truth, and the greatest intellectual development and the development of the greatest skill, as well as the increased welfare of the individual worker, are to be found in the return to the crude forms of labor that existed prior to the introduction of machinery. In simple terms this position means that the common operation of sawing wood and like processes have more in them which makes for the higher standard of living of men than the operations attending ordinary machine manufacture. Whoever wishes to take this position is welcome to it, but it is useless to argue with the advocates of it.

The great increase in the employment of people at advanced wages is to be found in those industries where the highest grades of machines have been introduced, and the fact that such introduction has created occupations that never existed prior to their introduction leads to the conclusion stated. Thousands and thousands of people are employed in telegraphy, where not a single individual has been displaced. These thousands find remunerative employment in the construction of telegraph lines, the manufacture of instruments, and the operation of lines. The telephone has added to this accumulation, while the whole field of electrical appliances has provided for the employment of armies of skilled workers, and the employments known in the past have not been trenched upon in any degree. Electroplating, as a subdivision of the application of electricity, has brought remunerative and congenial employment to many thousands of people.

If we look at the introduction of railroads the same general result is to be seen. The railroads of the country employ in their operation more than three quarters of a million people. When we look at the construction of road-beds, of rolling stock, and all the necessary equipment for convenient and commodious travel, it is certain on reflection that new occupations have been offered to vast numbers of wage-receivers. The invention of water-proof clothing, sewing-machines, printing devices—inventions in innumerable directions have more than offset by expansion any displacement of labor that can be shown in other directions.

A couple of years ago, while visiting Minneapolis and St. Paul, I patronized the electric line between the two cities, and on one trip, in talking with a man who was formerly a mechanic, I was informed that the opening of the electric line, by which the people could have a service every few minutes between the two cities, had practically thrown out of employment the brakemen and other train hands employed on the steam railway. My informant's conclusion was that the electric line had damaged the men thrown out; but when I came to question him he was frank enough to admit that under the old steam-road *régime* the trains were not very frequent between the two cities and that only six or eight people were practically injured by the new order of things, while it took eight or ten times the number of men to run the electric cars.

This is true everywhere. Rapid transit in our great cities has been instrumental in bringing a vast number of well-informed men into active employment. A low-grade man cannot run an electric car; he must have intelligence enough to understand and comprehend the methods necessary for the propulsion of the cars, and as an intelligent being he is vastly superior to the man required to drive the horses of an ordinary street-car.

A late invention that has aroused considerable agitation and contention also is the linotype machine. Fortunately for society at large, the compositors are a very intelligent body of men. Their work is

regulated by the Typographical Union. When a linotype machine was first introduced successfully some apprehension existed on the part of the compositors of the country, and many fears were expressed that their occupation would be seriously injured and many men permanently thrown out of employment. Many men were thrown out of employment, but I have been informed by members of the Typographical Union, by publishers, and by newspaper managers that at the present time, in all probability, there are as many men employed in setting type, either by the old methods or by the new, as were employed when the linotype was introduced. If this result has occurred in so short a time as that which has elapsed since the introduction of the linotype machine, the conclusion is perfectly rational that a very few years will see many more men employed in the work of composition, relative to the whole number of persons employed in all occupations, than at any previous period.

The great demand for reading-matter of all grades necessitated the introduction of new methods. The managers of every political campaign and of all parties involved depend now upon vast quantities of reading-matter. The stump still holds its place, but the printing-press does the work; the stump does not convert men from one political position to another, or enlighten them in the same way that the printing-press does. The dissemination of knowledge means the expansion of all printing devices or methods by which the knowledge can be carried to the individual. The farmers and mechanics of our country are readers of daily papers—more, they are readers of literary magazines, of art journals—and the supply of all the matter at low cost is a necessity which can be met only by invention. One magazine has reached the enormous circulation of nearly nine hundred thousand copies per month. Under the old methods this would have been a physical impossibility. The enormous editions of the great dailies could never have been reached without the employment of the power-press, whose limitations seem

to have no bounds. The latest capacity of the modern printing-press is ninety-six thousand eight-page papers in one hour. To do the press work alone for this number of papers would take, on the old plan, a man and a boy, working ten hours a day, one hundred and forty days. The knowledge that is now demanded could not be obtained without the new devices, and the number of men employed in manufacturing machines, in making the paper necessary for such enormous editions, and in the distribution of the papers, together with the news-agents everywhere, is probably so large that no real displacement has taken place.

So I believe that for every fact which can be brought to bear upon the question to show that machines have deprived men of labor another fact can be referred to which will prove that more men have been supplied with labor than have been deprived of it. Every impartial investigation of the subject has proved this.

This is not the place to indulge in any remarks relative to the philosophy of the use of machinery, to its influence in producing a higher grade of men, in securing increased facilities for education, or in ethical ways. I have only sought to answer as briefly as possible, by the use of ascertained facts, the question at the head of this article. It would not be fair, however, to close without insisting that there has been no debasement of humanity by the substitution of machinery for human labor, and that there is no danger in such substitution. I must insist that it has not helped to create new and tremendous inequalities of society, or turned thousands into tramps and vagabonds, or hardened the natural selfishness of men in any way. It has at times been a hardship, for it has created new relation-

ships in life. It has changed the old individual relations of the employer and the employee to the corporate relation; but it is now forcing men to the conclusion that moral attributes are just as powerful and the application of moral principles just as feasible under the new corporate as under the old individual relations. It has been the means of reducing the work-day from twelve or fourteen hours to nine or ten hours, and the inevitable result will be still further reduction in the time necessary for the earning of a living. It has not only shortened the work-day, but it has increased the remuneration per hour.

These influences have been going on until there has been established a new law of production, which is that the employment of machinery necessitates a larger outlay of capital for the production of a given unit; that the profit to capital on this unit is decreasing; that the reward to labor for the same unit has increased, and that the cost to the consumer has decreased.

Most machinery is expensive, and a works well equipped with the very best appliances finds itself obliged, when new processes are invented and new mechanical devices brought into existence, to sell its old machines for old iron. Labor must then replace it all, and so the evolution of inventions goes on, ever widening the opportunities for employment, ever shortening the work-day, ever increasing the reward to labor, and ever bringing a larger proportion of the whole population into employment. In reaching this conclusion, which is substantially supported by actual facts, no consideration has been given to speculative periods or periods of depression; only the general tendency from one decade to another can be considered, legitimately.

## STREET LIFE IN LONDON.

BY NED ARDEN FLOOD.

THE street life of London is typically English. It has no prototype on the Continent or in America, and much less anywhere else in the world. Differing always with the locality, it presents so many interesting varieties, all so distinctively unlike, yet so peculiarly English, that one reaches with no little difficulty a conspectus of the whole.

Changeful ever, this life of the streets, it is not the same in the afternoon as the morning, and as the day wears on and night comes new aspects are presented. In a half-hour's tour from the more fashionable quarters of the West End through the central portion of the town to what is called "the city," or the commercial center, on to the depths of the East End, one may observe, without the exercise of much discrimination, new phases of life, new pursuits, new customs, the whole seeming to be a kaleidoscopic picture wrought with different degrees of color and intensity.

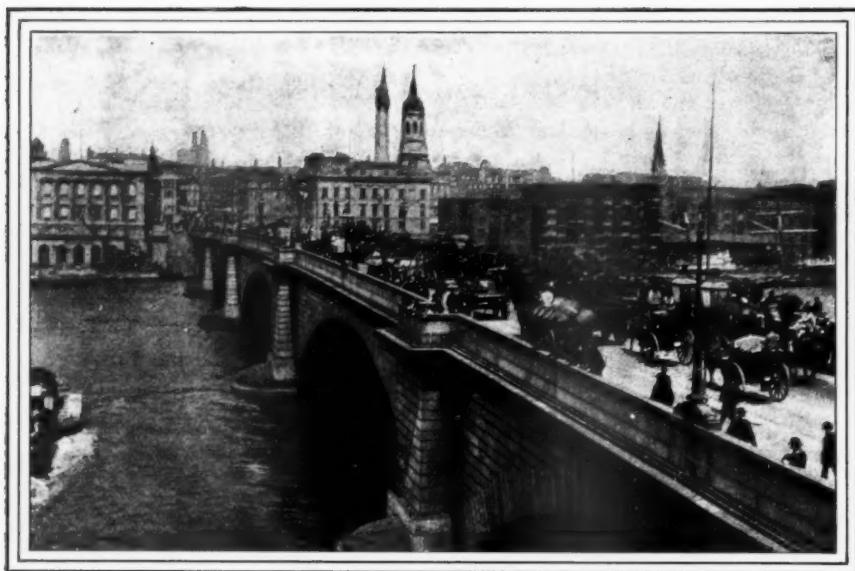
Within the great circle described by the underground railroad, which includes the miles of London topography which are most important, radiating from the very center of life, one may see at any time, be it day or night, a human panorama enacted in typical fashion, disclosed—Aug.

ing traits of English character which are nowhere else to be observed.

The streets themselves, in the main, are not wide, indeed many of the principal thoroughfares are narrow as compared with those of New York and more especially those of Paris. Moreover, they do not extend for miles in straight lines, but are crooked and turned in the most unaccountable ways; are everywhere interrupted, intersected, and cut



CHEAPSIDE.



LONDON BRIDGE.

to pieces by innumerable smaller thoroughfares, streets, and lanes. Long familiarity with the streets of London would be required before one could get about with much facility, or without danger of losing one's way.

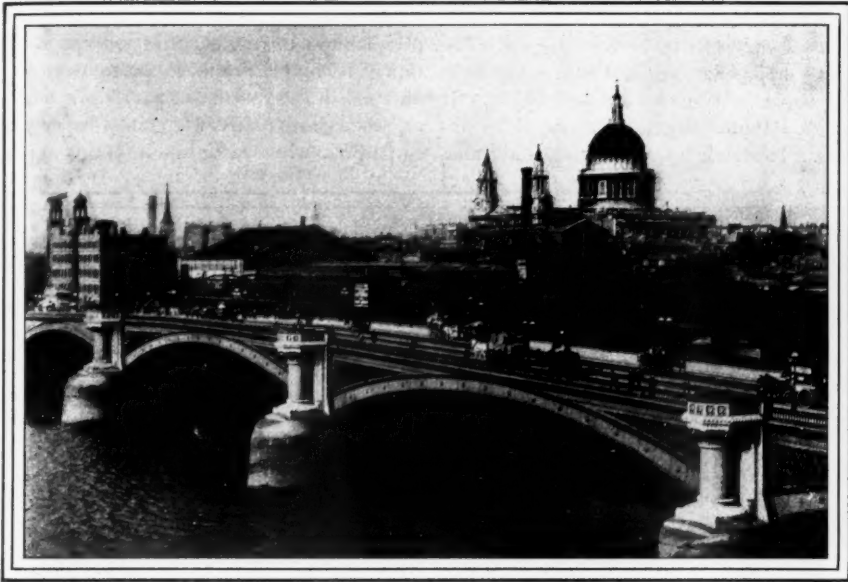
More than one Briton has found much of humor in the names of American towns and cities, lakes and rivers, but it is to be doubted if the nomenclature of the New World, as it is viewed by Britons, presents more of absurdity than is to be found in the street names of Great Britain and particularly those of the English metropolis. Picadilly Circus and Oxford Circus are the names by which two important squares are known, and which frequently bring no little confusion to the foreigner who knows not their real meaning. Indeed English street names would conduce even more to the mirth of the foreign observer were it not for the fact of reverence for things of great venerableness. Cheapside, the name by which one of the important trading streets in the city quarter of London is inappropriately designated, might seem upon first thought to be an index to the character of the street, and I doubt not that more than one Englishman has been

called upon to explain that all street names are not to be accepted literally.

While the street nomenclature of London rests for its support upon much that is important in the history of London and of Great Britain, and while many historic landmarks are described by queer looking and worse sounding titles, one is nevertheless impressed with their confusion, their humor, and their oddity. Thus one is not slow to remark those thoroughfares which go by the names of Rotten Row, Shoe Lane, Bolt Court, Petticoat Lane, Pudding Lane, and Mincing Lane; and The Poultry, Cornhill, Bunhill Row, Milk Street, Red Lion, Lamb Street, and dozens of others are equally obscure and humorous in their facial meanings, not to say incomprehensible to the foreigner who follows them about for the first time.

However narrow, the streets of London are yet with few exceptions well paved and clean. That they are comparatively level a glance at the topography of the town will suggest. As for their lighting, but little remains to be wished for. The street lamps and electric lights are as numerous as they are necessary, to all appearances, the matter of lighting being one of more than ordinary





BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

importance when it is considered that the dark gray sky, the mists and fogs which crowd down upon London, oftentimes before midday, require the presence of night lamps long before the twilight hour.

Taking one's position in the streets for a view point, and looking up at the long rows of buildings on either side and off into the distance skyward, following their topmost line, or standing upon some high eminence taking a bird's-eye view of the metropolis, one is at once impressed that there are no sky-scrapers in London. The tall office building, that monstrosity of architecture which has come to many American cities in response to the demands of trade, is nowhere in evidence. But a view of London is materially enhanced by the stately spires of its cathedrals and other historic buildings which penetrate the close-hanging sky in many quarters. The buildings of London do not represent a wide variety of architectural types; indeed the streets are quite frequently monotonous, flanked as they are on either side by long rows of buildings whose architecture is much the same, consistent for miles. The substantial character of the

buildings is everywhere apparent; indeed it is quite evident that they are constructed more for their enduring qualities and in conformity to well-established and defined laws of architecture than for the purpose of sensational attraction and showy adornment.

But the life which is lived in these streets is that which contains most of interest. It is that upon which the sun does not shine for days in succession, it is that which is so used to damp, foggy, murky weather, so accustomed to the wet and the rain that its cheerfulness is a study and its powers of resistance developed beyond the ordinary. The character of the weather in London is primarily responsible for many social customs. That it rains frequently, in fact much of the time, is the excuse of the man who keeps his trousers turned up at the bottom, who carries his umbrella almost continuously from day to day, and whose mackintosh is quite as much a part of his wardrobe as many of those garments which Americans consider much more necessary.

In other climates, where rain and wet weather are the exception instead of the ex-

pected order of things, overshoes and rubbers are quite commonly used for protection, but in London these devices are not commonly employed. The footwear of the English people is strong, stout, and heavy. It is made intentionally to do away with overshoes. It stands for itself and is durable

which it must be said has not spread to feminine headgear. The pot hat appears compressed and restrained, and conveys a notion of its repression much the same as does an English locomotive, a passenger coach, or, more particularly, a "goods" or freight car, which when made up in trains appear



FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

enough to resist the damp and the wet. Hence it is that one observes, even on the wettest days, but few rubbers worn by the men or even the women in the London streets.

The hats of the men afford an opportunity for a curious study. They go to extremes. Probably the two types most representative are the small low-crowned, narrow-brimmed, stiff derby or "pot hat" and the high silk hat. The first is conspicuously the headgear of the cabman, omnibus driver, and not a few artisans and other humble folk; the latter is worn at all times by the "English gentleman," its freshness indicating not alone its age, but, together with its accompaniment of clothing, somewhat of the character and condition beneath.

The pot hat discloses a more or less national trait. This is nothing less than a predilection for diminutive construction,

extremely diminutive. This deduction may appear a trifle strained, but that it suggests itself is scarcely to be gainsaid.

As for the silk hat, whose proportions are ample enough, it is sufficiently in vogue to be observed in great numbers in all the main thoroughfares in London. Nowhere in America except in certain fashionable quarters of the large cities during the evening hours is it so much in evidence. In "the city," where the money is made, it is worn by the business man regardless of his coat, which is as unlikely to be of a frock pattern as it is almost certain to be of the sack sort, and cut extremely short at that. But in the West End, where the money is spent, and punctilious attention is paid to fashionable standards, the frock coat, or in the evening the dress coat, is a necessary accompaniment of the silk hat.

One cannot go far in the streets of London without encountering the venders of newspapers and matches. Of course there are other street hawkers, but of them all these are the most numerous. There are the usual street-corner stands presided over by men, boys, and old women, where the newspapers may be readily obtained, but the assiduity and enthusiasm of this class, and particularly the itinerant venders, is best evidenced after midday and on into the evening, when the streets are more crowded and the editions of the afternoon papers are rapidly multiplying. But few persons have the fortitude to seriously attempt comprehension of the hawkings of these venders. They are no more easily understood than the announcements of the guards on an American elevated train. Happily or not an intelligent invention has come to the relief of a long-suffering public in the form of posters printed in large, plain type displaying important news headlines, which these venders hold suspended in their hands. The hawking still continues, but it is not so widespread or so conspicuous as it once was.

And the match sellers—they are omnipresent, always persistent but less noisy than many of their contemporaries in other



NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

lines. That they supply a real demand is manifest by their continued and increasing presence, and the source of the demand one is at once compelled to observe in the large number of men who smoke in the open air.

It is fairly exceptional to see men or boys



REGENT STREET.

smoking other than cigars or cigarettes in the cities of America, but in London pipes are most common. It is striking, this smoking of pipes in the streets, and as one passes farther east in the city it becomes more noticeable. Apparently it is not a serious breach of good form to smoke tobacco amidst the throng of the thoroughfares, and the great prevalence of the custom is not to be taken as a certain sign of intemperance. I once remarked the practice to an English scholar, who gave me a knowing look and replied with scientific seriousness that it was accounted for by the "extreme humidity of the atmosphere."

The means of transportation in London appear to be fully adequate for the population. The cable car, trolley, and other electric cars have not yet made inroads upon the streets, nor is the elevated railroad an appreciable factor in the rapid-transit facilities of the great city, there being comparatively few miles of it, covering a district which frequently escapes observation. Three ways of getting about quickly from place to place are at the disposal of the great number of people who must ride in London each day. These are the omnibus, the cab, and the un-

derground railroad. Of these the omnibus is most in evidence. It is everywhere present in all quarters of London, hundreds passing and repassing each day, as many as twenty-five being counted at a square within as many seconds.

The omnibus is one of the important social institutions of London, for it is employed as a means of transit by thousands if not millions every year. It is larger than the overland stage or mail-coach which did service in the territory of our great West during the pioneer days, and even to a later period. Quite the same is it in size as the ordinary omnibus to be seen in many of the small towns of America, except that the most-important part of this English vehicle begins where that of the American bus ends. It is the top of the English omnibus which is most popular, for here upon its roof a platform is built out in an extended way slightly over its body, upon which are placed seats, arranged to accommodate from sixteen to twenty persons. The driver sits in front and the top of the bus is reached by a winding stairway with an iron railing at the back of the bus.

Distances are great in London and most



PALL MALL AND SENIOR CARLTON CLUB.

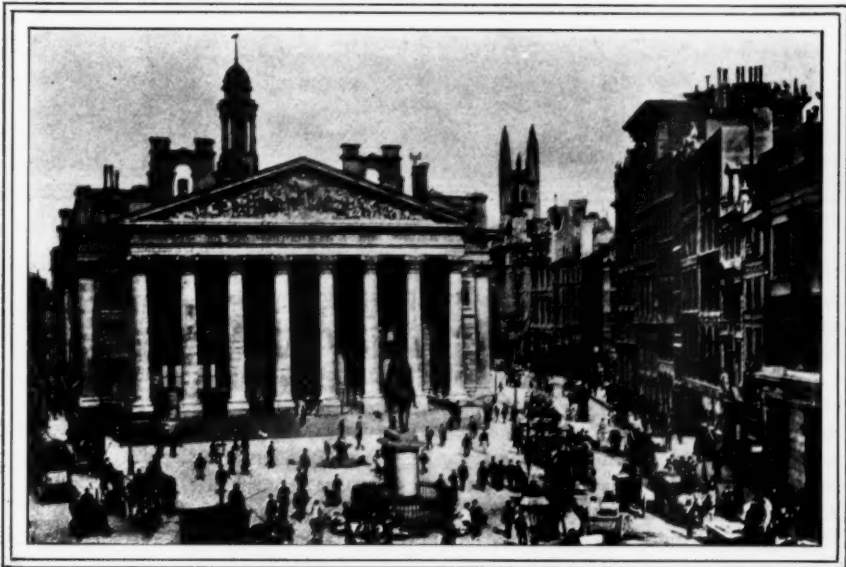
people ride. The first and most convenient resort of the people is the omnibus, and the preferable seats are on top. Riding here for the first time, one experiences a slight feeling of nervousness. It seems almost an impossibility for a bus, heavily loaded and top-heavy in appearance, to make its way, drawn by two horses, through the narrow, crowded thoroughfares. Were it not for the fact that the buses are substantially built and evenly balanced, and the traffic of the streets well managed, it would doubtless be an easy matter to overturn one, should a careless driver relax his vigilance for the moment. As it is, but few accidents occur.

The sides of these vehicles are covered with highly colored advertising posters, the horses are driven by men whose good nature is worth mentioning, and they are engineered by fairly courteous conductors, who stand on the rear platform and collect fares. These omnibuses, of which there are more than one hundred separate lines, nearly all operated by the same company, penetrate every quarter of London between eight o'clock in the morning and midnight. Each line has its particular route. They all keep to the left and stop at the corners

of streets and at many intermediate points to discharge and take on passengers. The fares vary ordinarily from a penny to a sixpence, that for the average distance probably being not more than two cents in American money.

London from the top of an omnibus is a strange kaleidoscopic picture, more full of interest and less debilitating than that afforded by a ride in a Chicago cable car or a New York elevated train. Here one may sit and go along with the procession, see a dozen or more different phases of social life in half an hour, and receive impressions which by experience I have found can be gained in no other way.

Cabs, too, are everywhere. There are more than ten thousand of them and nearly twice as many horses daily employed in the streets of London. They are much more of a necessity than a luxury, owing to their cheap fares. One of these, of which the larger proportion are two-wheeled hansoms, may be had by one person for a drive of two miles for about twenty-five cents, or by the hour at the rate of about fifty cents for the first hour and half that sum for every additional hour.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



The omnibuses and cabs are the chief means of transportation to be observed in London, but the most important factor in the intramural traffic is the underground railway, with lines running through tunnels under the buildings and streets of the city, radiating from its important centers, and extending to many of the suburbs. The immense traffic which flows through the conveniently located stations below the street level is for the most part concealed from view. The figures tell the story, however, for the number of passengers carried

much of ill humor and physical discomfort. Still the underground lines of London have much of facility, and an economic importance sufficient to offset their disadvantages.

The police officers of London are in truth public servants, and as a rule they have real appreciation of the character of their positions. They are intelligent and courteous. Upon them, in the main, rests the responsibility of handling the traffic of the streets. A policeman standing on duty in the middle of an important thoroughfare, where it is divided by a cross street, is the



ROTTEN ROW, IN HYDE PARK.

in a year amounts to a little less than one hundred million and their fares average less than five cents each. To enter one of the dimly lighted underground stations, and then be whirled along in the darkened subways through a continuous cloud of smoke is an experience which requires frequent repetition before one's patience and forbearance, not to say physical condition, is able to submit to the ordeal with grace.

In America, outside of St. Louis, there are few railroad tunnels which, in proportion to length, can be held responsible for so

central figure of a lively picture. For ten minutes, it may be, a constant stream of cabs, omnibuses, carts, and other vehicles has been passing up and down. Then his hand is uplifted and immediately there is a break in the lines; these two streams suddenly cease their flow, and by another swift motion of the hand the waiting lines on the cross street are set in motion. This is repeated many times daily in those quarters where traffic is most congested. Thus by tact and attention is the traffic of the streets greatly facilitated and absolutely controlled.

The London policeman is all-powerful; he is a law unto himself; he not only commands but inspires respect. From his snap-shot decisions there is no appeal, and his commands are accepted as finalities by impatient drivers, whose objections, if they have any, are lost in the din and noise. Nor is his attention confined to the procession of vehicles, for he pays quite as much notice to pedestrians. In stature he is ordinarily stalwart; his disposition is fearless, and he is seldom disconcerted. It is needless to suggest that his place "on the force" is not gained by a "political pull." On the contrary, the reason for his selection is substantially evidenced by his fitness, his intelligence, and his businesslike and courteous replies to the many reasonable and foolish questions put to him during every hour of the day. He understands his business and has pride in his calling.

A feature of street life in London is its military aspect. Tommy Atkins is a familiar figure and the gay colors of his uniform lend animation to more than one scene. And Tommy himself is not uninteresting on parade. A holiday for him is a serious matter, even if he doesn't look it, and as he prances along, not infrequently in company with his sweetheart, he forms an attractive part of the moving picture. His presence is commonplace and occasions little or no comment even from the street urchins, who seemingly have ceased to wonder at his brilliant plumage.

Not so with the Scotch Guards, however. One autumn afternoon I chanced to be walking for some distance behind one of them, a strong, well-built, vigorous fellow. On he marched, to all appearances totally oblivious of the sensation that followed in his wake. He wore abbreviated plaid skirts which fell far short of the knees and left his legs bare and unprotected down to the tops of his stockings, which partly covered his calves. His boots were stout; a close-

fitting blouse shielded the upper part of his body, and a distinctively Scotch cap set far over upon the side of his head completed the costume. Surely he was an unusual sight, even in cosmopolitan London. Every third or fourth person turned to look at him in passing, and for the whole time he was in my sight an increasing band of street urchins followed at his heels, making sport at his expense.

Altogether the rather somber character of London street life is relieved no little by the enlivening presence of her Majesty's soldiers, although it is to be remarked that the military coloring in the streets is far less conspicuous than in many cities on the Continent, as for example in Holland or Germany, where the uniforms are more numerous and of brighter colors.

But for the fact that it keeps moving, one would scarcely believe the reality of the picture to be seen at almost any point in the main thoroughfares of London. Vehicles of many sorts, the omnibuses towering above all the rest, are ever passing and repassing, monopolizing the whole of the narrow space between the sidewalks, being tangled and blockaded only to free themselves and proceed as before. And on either side is a never-ending procession of pedestrians representing all sorts and conditions. In the midst of the excitement, in the natural confusion of this great bustling throng, in the focus of these life centers, stands the London policeman, imperiously, unceasingly, and successfully maintaining order where, were once his vigilance relaxed, might be hopeless chaos.

The streets of London are its arteries. Through them flows that life which typifies much that is purely and wholly English. Here, in whatever quarter, are to be found the externals of the English character set off by the historic monuments of its founders, displayed amidst the most advanced civilization in history.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

### THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?"  
—*Job v. 11.*

[August 1.]

I WANT to speak to-day about God as the consoler. "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" And I have been led to these opening words by thinking how this side of God's life shows itself only to certain conditions of this life of ours. It is not for everybody. It is not for the very young and joyous. You would not go to a young man just bursting through the open doors of life, radiant with health, eager for work, with an infinite sense of vitality, and say, "Come, here is God, who consoles men. Give yourself to him." To such a soul you have something else to say: "Here is God the strengthener. Here is the setter of great tasks; the God who holds his crown of victory on the tops of high mountains up which his eager-hearted young heroes may climb to win it; the God who asks great sacrifices and who gives glorious rewards." You say nothing about the God of repair, the God of consolation, the God who takes the broken life into his hands and mends it; nothing of that God yet. The time will come for that. And is there anything more touching and pathetic in the history of man than to see how absolutely, without exception, the men and women who start out with only the need of tasks, of duties, of something which can call out their powers, and of the smile of God stimulating and encouraging them—how they all come, one by one, certainly up to the place in life where they need consolation?

The nature begins to break somewhere. Perhaps the physical strength gives way first. It is an epoch in a man's life when he takes his first medicine to repair the ravages of time, the wear of the machine. Before he has taken food for support; now he takes medicine for repair. He has reached

his need of consolation. Or perhaps it is the spirit that gives way before the body breaks. The social life decays, or with one blow is dashed to pieces. The trust we had in one another is dislodged. The terrible disappointment in self, the consciousness of sin, bursts or creeps in upon us, and then the hands for the first time are reached out for consolation. It is as if we had sailed gaily all day up and down a glorious coast, rejoicing in the winds that swept around its headlands and caught our sails, thinking the bolder the coast the better, never asking whether there were a place of refuge anywhere; till at last the storm burst upon us, and then we never thought the coast so beautiful as when we saw her open an unexpected harbor, and take us into still water behind the rocks that we had been glorying in, out of the tempest's reach.

And yet we cannot say how early in this life of ours the God of consolation may be needed, and may show himself to the needy soul. It is the glory of God's consolations that they reach every grade and kind of need. The child with his sorrows has as much right to them as the man with his. Indeed there is one view in which no trouble of man is great enough, and then there is another view in which no trouble of man is too small, to be worthy of touching the heart of God. And so let us count nobody out; let us all try to find how God consoles his people.

[August 8.]

FIRST of all, God is the consoler of man by the very fact of his existence. There is a class of passages in the Bible which to me seem mysteriously beautiful, and which appear to rest the peace of the human soul upon the mere fact of the existence of the larger life of God. Such is that verse of the forty-sixth Psalm, "Be still, and know that I am God." "Thou shalt know that I, the

Lord, am," is the noble promise that comes again and again, full of reassurance. It is because God is that man is bidden to be at peace. And this is not hard to understand. If anybody has ever felt that his life, with its little woes, was easier to bear because there were great men living the same human life with him, he can understand it perfectly. The men of larger life of whom he knew never came near him, never touched his life, never spoke to him, perhaps never knew of his existence. It was not what the great men of the world had done. It was simply that they had existed.

Indeed the power of mere activity is often overrated. It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellow men. Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. It seems to me that there is reassurance here for many of us who seem to have no chance for active usefulness. We can do nothing for our fellow men. But still it is good to know that we can be something for them; to know (and this we may know surely) that no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without somebody's being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

And now just so it is with God's life and the life of man. Here is an atheist. He is a thoughtful, conscientious man, but by failure after failure his life has been broken down into a low and hopeless tone. He has come to a terrible doubt whether there is any such thing as being good. He seems a mere sham to himself, and all his fellow men are shams around him. He has really lost the belief of absolute morality altogether. He has fallen down into the wretched theories of expediency, and he hates himself for lying there, and yet he cannot get away. And then suddenly or gradually it is made known to this man that there is a perfect God. Is that nothing to him? The

God does not speak to him yet. He does not know that the God cares for him; not even that the God is aware of him. Only this, that the God is; that purity is not a delusion, and justice not a guess, for there is a perfectly pure, just Being. Is it not like the sunrise to that poor broken man? Is he not comforted?

[August 15.]

BUT we must go a great deal farther than this. We begin with the knowledge of God's existence, and that consoles us when we are in perplexity and sorrow. But what comes next? The sympathy of this same God, whose existence is already real to us. It becomes known to us not merely that he is, but that he cares for us. Surely this is a great step forward. We had to convince ourselves perhaps that there was not something cold and distant in the thought of the divine existence as a source of human consolation. But here there can be no doubt. Any one will say, "If I could only be sure that he, the God of all things, really cares for me; that when any sorrow comes to me it strikes right at his heart, and he is sorry too—if I could be sure of this I do not know of anything I could not bear.

Who shall attempt to describe the indescribable, and tell the power of sympathy? You go to see your friend on whom some great sorrow has fallen. You say a few broken and faltering words, and then you go away disheartened. How entirely you have failed to do for him that which you went to do, that which you would have given the world to do. How you have seemed only to intrude on him with vulgar curiosity when you really longed to help him. How many times you have done this, and then how many times you have been afterward surprised to find that you really did help him with that silent visit. My dear friends, never let its seeming worthlessness make you keep back that sympathy of which your heart is full. Go and give it without asking yourself whether it is worth the while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to tell what it is worth. The sympathy of God for man has just this same

difficulty about it, if we try to analyze it. We cannot say that he has done anything for us. We cannot tell even of any thought that he has put into our minds. Merely he has been near us. He has known that we were in trouble and he has been sorry for us.

How do we learn of such a sympathy of God? How can we really come to believe that he knows our individual troubles, and sorrows for them with us? I know only the most simple answers. In the first place, give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures he has made, and that the only real, effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into his love, and knowing it separately surrounds it with his separate sympathy. In the next place, open the heart to that same conviction as it has been profoundly pressed upon the hearts of multitudes of men everywhere. It is not inconceivable. It is only the special prominence of certain ideas in our time which have made some people think it inconceivable that a personal God should care separately for every one of his million children. Above all, get the great spirit of the Bible. Read into the heart of the Book of Life until you are thoroughly possessed with its idea—the idea which gives it its whole consistency and shape, the idea without which it would all drop to pieces—that there is not one life which the Life Giver ever loses out of his sight; not one which sins so that he casts it away; not one which is not so near to him that whatever touches it touches him with sorrow or with joy.

[August 22.]

By his existence and by his felt sympathy, then, God gives his consolations to the souls of those who need them. But more than this. When your friend is in trouble you first of all try to remind him, in some most unobtrusive way, that you are living and that you are his friend. Any little token of your life, a gift of flowers, or any trifle, will do that. Then you go and sit down by him, and without a word let him know not merely in general that you are his friend, but that you are very sorry for him

in this special sorrow. But if you really respect him and care for his whole nature, you want to do something more than that. You want, in the kindest and gentlest way, to get certain great consoling thoughts home to his bruised and broken heart. And so it is with God. He too has his great truths, his ideas which he brings to the hearts he wishes to console. He does not treat his sufferers like children who are simply to be petted with soft words and patted with soft hands till they forget their grief. He deals with them as men who are capable of knowing the meanings, the explanations, and the purposes of the troubles that come to them. And so he gives them his great truths of consolation.

What are those truths? Education, spiritually, and immortality—these seem to be the sum of them. You are in great distress. Your friend is gone. Your life is broken. Your soul is stunned. Is it possible that, sitting still or walking drearily about in your grief, God should make you know education or the law of growth, the endless principle of the sacrifice of a present for a better future; should reveal spirituality, and make you know the soul's value as far superior to anything that can concern the outer life; should open to you immortality, and show you the endlessness of his plans, so that what has seemed to your wretchedness to be finished should appear to be only just begun, and not ready to be judged of yet?

Is there no consolation in these great thoughts? They do not take your sorrow off; and oh, my dear friend, whatever be your suffering, I beg you to learn first of all that not that, not to take your sorrow off, is what God means, but to put strength into you that you may carry it as the tired man, who has drunk the strength-giving river, lifts up his burden by the river-bank and goes singing on his way. Be sure your sorrow is not giving you its best unless it makes you a more thoughtful man than you have been before—unless it opens to you ideas that have before been unfamiliar; mostly these three ideas, education, spirituality, immortality. Those ideas are the keys of all the mysteries of life, and so the gateways to con-



solation. And it is wonderful to see how, just as soon as a man is really crushed and sorrowful, God seems by every avenue to be offering those great ideas for that man's acceptance. He seems to write them on the sky, to whisper them from every movement of the commonest machinery of life, to fill books with them that never seemed to know anything of them before, to make the vacant house and the full grave declare them. You are a child of God whom he is training. You are to live forever. Know these truths. By them triumph over the sorrow that he cannot take away, and be consoled.

[August 29.]

BUT even this is not all. God consoles us by what he is, by what he feels for us, by what he teaches us. But all these, as I tell them over, seem to have something passive about them. And there is hardly a sufferer who does not crave something more active. "Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down," he cries; "touch the mountains and they shall smoke." And so he prays for God to help him, to do something positive for him. What shall it be? Men are puzzled a good deal about prayer nowadays. I suppose a good many men have really stopped praying for some things which they used to pray for, and for some things which God very much wishes them to pray for still. But the prayer of men for what their souls will always count the greatest miracle of God, for spiritual regeneration, for newer, deeper, holier lives, that prayer has probably not been much affected by all the speculations about prayer. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Men will keep on praying that so long as they believe there is a God, even if they have long ceased to pray for the changing of the wind and the stopping of the pestilence.

And so when a man in trouble prays God to do something for him, this is the real miracle by which God stands ready to answer that man's prayer. He will not send an angel as he did to the women at the tomb, but he will come himself and show his presence and his power by working the

miracle of regeneration upon the soul that has cried out for him. My dear friends, that is the consummate consolation; everything leads up to that. I see a poor creature sitting in sorrow. He catches sight of God's existence and he is helped. God sends him assurance of his sympathy, and a smile finds its way across the face that seemed all given up to sorrow. God teaches him his truth, and the disheartened heart remembers once more what it was to be brave and strong. But then God comes and takes that soul, and positively, strongly lifts it up and away into the new life. He forgives the man for his sin, and he gives him the new heart. When we look into his glowing face, and ask the old question that Eliphaz asked of Job, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" how quick and sure his answer comes back: "No, very great!"

Are the consolations of God small with thee?—his existence, his sympathy, his truth, his power? As I recount them all it seems to me so great and beautiful to be the child of such a God! And pain and suffering grow holy when we think how through them the Father comes to his children. Let us not be cheated by mere theories to say that sorrow is not dreadful. Let us not stand here in perfect health with our unbroken friendships and dare to say that sickness is not wearisome, and bereavement is not sad. We only mock the sufferers all around us when we say that. It is very cruel. But let us claim that if a man really is close to God there is a victory over the pain and a transfiguration of the sadness.

And so if you want consolation you must come to him. It is not a dead phrase. It was not dead when he spoke it first in Jerusalem, and said, "Come to me." It was the very word of life. You must come to him, know him, love him, serve him. In his church and his service you must take your place. Nay, let us not say "must." Our duties are always best stated as our privileges. You may come to him, for he has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May we all come nearer and nearer to him, and find peace.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

## THE TAX ON INHERITANCES IN ITALY.

BY G. RICCA SALERNO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE tax on inheritances, which has been evolved by the more modern methods of financial administration, has become one of the principal resources of the budget in many states and notably in England, France, Holland, Belgium, and Austria. At its beginning it was limited in extent, indefinite, having no fixed relations. But with the progress of civilization it has gone on acquiring the characteristics of a genuine impost. It is first introduced here and there for especial reasons and is limited to collateral heirs and non-relatives. Then it is extended to direct relatives, parents or children, assumes greater proportions, until it finally reaches the conspicuous position it enjoys to-day. And as the *vicesima hereditatum* was established by Augustus in order to supply veterans of the Roman army with pensions and save the citizens from more serious burdens, as certain contributions levied in the Middle Ages and toward the Renaissance on hereditary property had an especial, feudal, and monarchistic character, so the taxes on estates which are now being laid in various states of the American Union are justified by peculiar and different motives, benevolent, educational, administrative, and the like. In the United States also the collateral inheritance tax alone is levied in the majority of instances. Direct inheritances are taxed in a few states only and then quite lightly. In some states the tax has even been declared unconstitutional.

Such was the situation in Italy in the years preceding our political unity, during which taxes on inheritances were levied only in part and but lightly. The idea prevailed that hereditary estates should not be subject to taxation, and that, touching the direct succession of the members of the family, it was an arbitrary thing, not at all legitimate. The application of the law passed under the French rule, in 1798, was

not far-reaching, and it was afterward considerably modified. Later on the different states of the peninsula had different laws, direct inheritances paying on the average one per cent, indirect and collateral five to ten per cent. In certain localities the direct successions were not taxed at all, in others all taxes of this nature were abolished for years at a time.

This was the primitive stage of the tax in Italy, before the formation of the new kingdom, and this is the stage which certain European countries of retarded civilization, or where the democratic movement is retarded, as Russia, Greece, Roumania, and Spain, have only now reached. Especially noticeable in this respect is the example of the German states, where a general tax on incomes has been developed and elaborated, but where the status of the inheritance tax is still undetermined. In Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse the direct heirs are entirely exempt so far as parents and children are concerned, while the next degree of relationship is taxed in Baden only, at one and two thirds per cent. The collateral heirs pay, according to their degree of relationship, from two to eight per cent in Saxony and Würtemberg, from three and a half to ten per cent in Baden, from four to nine in Hesse. In Bavaria, according to the law of 1879, the tax on inheritances is four per cent for parents, brothers, and sisters, six per cent for children and descendants to the fourth degree, and eight per cent in all other cases. There are numerous exemptions also, applicable to small estates. In Prussia according to the law of 1891 the tax is levied on the net assets of the estate, and is one per cent for pensions and annuities, two for lineal descendants, four for collateral heirs to the sixth degree, and eight for the other degrees and non-relatives. Sums of \$36 are exempt, while

lineal inheritances and those between husband and wife are not taxed unless exceeding \$218.

In 1852 a more regular, uniform, and complete method of levying the inheritance tax was established in Italy. The minimum of exemption was fixed at \$100 for direct successions. The per cent then levied was low and differed according to the degree of relationship, and the tax was levied only on the net assets of the estate, contrary to the French and Piedmontese laws previously existing. Bequests and inheritances were placed on the same footing and they were taxed at one half of one per cent for lineal descendants, two per cent for husbands and wives, five for brothers and sisters, uncles and nephews, great-uncles and grand-nephews, seven for cousins german, nine for relatives to the twelfth degree, ten for other connections and non-relatives.

The numerous legislative enactments passed since then have not altered the basis and the fundamental idea of the tax, though they have modified in some degree the amount of levy and the methods, according to the various requirements of the treasury. For instance, a law of 1866 reduced the lineal tax from five tenths of one per cent to two tenths, and abolished the exemption of \$100, introducing in its stead an exemption of the hereditary portion which the dowry laws demanded. In the collateral line relationship ended at the tenth degree. Other minor provisions were adopted. A law of 1868 raised the tax of lineal descendants from two tenths of one per cent to one and two tenths per cent, and this was applied to the entire estate, without dower or other exemption. An addition of one per cent was also made to the other classes up to and including the cousins german. A law of 1870 added two tenths to all, and one of 1888 another tenth to all but direct inheritances. The receipts have increased quite slowly from \$1,411,400 in 1862 to \$7,262,200 in 1894-95.

The last notable modifications of the tax were introduced by a law of 1894, which fixed at one and six tenths per cent the impost on direct inheritances, and raised all

the others to the extreme limit of fifteen per cent for the non-relatives. The transfers among the living, anticipating bequests, are taxed the same as the inheritances properly speaking. This law also abolished all exemptions which had been granted for various reasons by a law of 1874 and one of 1888. But the law of 1894 favored charities and mutual benefit associations, which in former laws had been classified with the inheritances of brothers and sisters. Their quota was reduced from seven per cent to five. A preceding regulation still remained in vigor, whereby gifts not less than \$10,000 in amount, to municipalities and provinces for beneficent, educational, or hygienic purposes, are taxed for a tenth only of the normal tariff.

There is, besides this, no exemption in favor of certain degrees of relationship, or to the advantage of members of the family, or for the benefit of religious institutions. The tax is uniformly applied with fiscal rigidity to all the taxpayers, whoever they may be, without regard to condition. A limit of six months is granted the heirs for the payment of the tax, and penalties are fixed for the cases where they fail to do so, and for insufficient returns. Besides, the treasury has a privilege, as it has in the case of all other taxes, of a tax on all property transferred, whether real estate or personal, while the heirs, legatees, and administrators are all and each responsible for the payment of the impost. The rigor of such regulations, and the comparative size and uniformity of the tax, have rendered the burdens of certain classes of taxpayers very severe, without procuring a corresponding return for the state. An official report has already remarked on the unreasonableness of placing collateral heirs from the fifth to the tenth degree of relationship on the same footing, subject to the same quota. One might also say that the same requirement of one and six tenths per cent for direct inheritances, though certainly not burdensome to large fortunes, constitutes a serious charge on the smallest estates. Then the Italian law, like the French, Austrian, English, and others, puts an equal tax on parents and

children, while in the more recent legislation, as in the case of certain German states and the Swiss cantons, there is a tendency to assess the latter more than the former.

If, then, we consider the difficulties and expenses inherent in the affidavits required to obtain deduction of the debts against the estate, the restrictive regulations of the laws on this point, which are interpreted by the courts in a sense even more restrictive, and the defects, the imperfections of the methods employed to ascertain the value of certain portions of the personal estate, we can easily understand how the burden bears more heavily on the smaller inheritances. In particular the small proprietors and manufacturers, who own property which cannot be easily concealed, should be favored with some alleviation of the tax. It is estimated that several score millions of dollars of personal property escape the vigilance of the treasury every year. Much of this is transferred from one person to another so it may not appear in the estate, which may soon be made available by the death of the owner. It is true that a law of 1888 obliges all who hold property received from relatives or parents in deposit to declare such property before completing the transfer. But this regulation does not apply to a whole mass of personal effects, such as stocks, bonds, and notes payable to bearer, which amount to a large sum and are easily hidden from the tax collector.

We would suggest, therefore, that the burden on the small estates should be lightened by facilitating methods for deducting the debts against them, by admitting frequent transfers of the same property, and especially by establishing a suitable minimum of exemption. Then the aggregate tax should be increased by introducing the progressive principle, the percentage of impost rising with the value of the estate, by distinguishing in the direct line of inheritance the progenitors from the descendants, and by grading the degree of relationship in the collateral line more equitably. There is great need that the tax on inheritances, freed from all the uncertainty and complications which attend the levying of taxes on

the property of the living, should acquire a distinct shape and should enter on the third phase of its historical development, in which it becomes a conspicuous part of the ordinary sources of revenue. Like the income tax it is susceptible of gradation, is flexible, adapted to the increase of wealth, and hence becomes an efficacious instrument of direct taxation. The most important of the innovations I propose for Italy is the introduction of the system of progressive taxation. This system is the chief characteristic of the inheritance tax in those countries of which I have spoken, countries of a civilization superior to ours.

England offers a good example of this method. In virtue of the law of 1894, carried by the Harcourt ministry, progressive taxation has been established. In the direct line the percentage of taxation varies from one per cent for estates of from \$500 to \$2,500 to eight per cent for those upwards of five million, and in the collateral line it varies from four per cent to eighteen. Estates less than \$500 are exempt from taxation in the direct line, and those less than \$5,000 are exempt from supplementary taxation in the collateral line. So the return to the treasury, which before amounted to about \$50,000,000, was immediately increased by more than \$15,000,000, and is gradually tending to surpass the returns from the income tax even. An analogous reform was recently proposed in France and approved by the Chamber of Deputies after a long and lively discussion. But it was rejected by the Senate. The graduation of successions was to rise from one per cent for estates under \$400 to four per cent for those of \$600,000 and more in the direct line, and eight and a half per cent to twenty per cent in the collateral line. No minimum of exemption was fixed but certain deductions were allowed which should not exceed \$200. The same system of graduated taxation obtains in certain English colonies and in the Swiss cantons. This system seems destined to be adopted by other states and before many years may be quite universal in its bearings.

To see how it would apply to Italy let us

take the inheritances which fell in during the fiscal year 1890-91. Then the total sum of bequests amounted to about \$196,715,000, divided somewhat as follows: the direct heirs received \$12,158,000; the husbands and wives, \$18,483,000; benevolent institutions, \$3,403,000; brothers and sisters, \$21,422,000; uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, great-uncles, and so on, \$22,310,000; cousins german, \$1,641,000; relatives to the tenth degree, \$1,412,000; non-relatives and other legatees, \$6,465,000. The tax collected on these estates amounted to \$7,292,000.

It will be seen from the above statistics that the largest percentage of inheritance (61.81) went to the direct heirs, while the collateral heirs to the fourth degree did not reach the percentage of twenty-three, and the rest scarcely exceeded fifteen per cent. Yet the tax paid by the direct heirs, notwithstanding the large sums they inherited, was but 25.63 per cent of the whole, or little more than a quarter. The collateral heirs to the fourth degree received hardly more than one fifth of the sum total of estates, and yet paid two fifths and more (24.60 per cent) of the tax. A useful measure, then, to introduce would be one looking to a more equal distribution of the tax, by which the direct heirs shall pay more. This could be accomplished by a progressive system of taxation and a separation of the direct heirs into the two classes of progenitors and descendants, on which the burden of the impost should be differently laid. This progressive tax should be accompanied by a minimum of exemption.

Again, taking the statistics of the fiscal year 1890-91 as a basis and applying these discriminations to it, we find that the estates under \$100 are of the least fiscal importance, since they contribute but 1.63 per cent of the total hereditary property. All these might be exempted with much benefit to the impecunious legatees and no particular injury to the government treasury. Still the minimum of exemption might be fixed at \$60 and this be combined with a partial exemption, or reduction of the rate on the estates between \$60 and \$100. The estates of \$100 and upward to \$800 reach but

10.49 per cent of the whole, while those from \$2,000 to \$10,000 amount to 20.74 per cent and those upward of \$10,000 constitute more than one half of the total, or 57.92 per cent. This last is a proportion which offers a broad margin to the application of higher rates.

Now if we take another standpoint of valuation and distinguish these sums by the degrees of relationship into which they came as estates we find that out of \$196,600,000 we have \$121,400,000 going to direct heirs. Of these more than \$69,000,000 came from estates exceeding \$10,000. By applying a graduated tax to this sum, making \$20,000 and \$200,000 the boundaries, and 2.5, 3.5, and 4 per cent the respective taxes, we obtain from these larger estates alone a revenue of \$2,352,600, while under the old system the total revenue from the entire \$121,400,000 was only \$1,919,800. After the yield of these \$69,000,000 there would still remain of direct inheritances some \$52,400,000, of which \$25,200,000 millions belong to estates between \$2,000 and \$10,000, \$11,600,000 to estates between \$800 and \$2,000, \$13,800,000 to those between \$100 and \$800, and \$2,000,000 to those lower than \$100. Considering this last category exempt from taxation, and applying to the other three classes the rates of 2, 1.6, and 1.2 per cent respectively, we obtain from the first class a return of \$505,200, from the second a return of \$168,400, and from the third one of \$166,000, or a total of \$779,800, to be added to the returns on the \$69,000,000 given above. We have, besides, the collateral heirs and the husbands and wives. Restricting the collaterals to the fourth degree of relationship and applying our same system of gradation, but rising to 7 per cent from 1.2 per cent, we would get a return of more than \$1,000,000 in excess of what was actually collected. These figures, it seems to me, speak sufficiently eloquently for the progress in method, and admit as well the principle of exemption for the smallest estates. More revenue would be obtained and the poorest classes would bear the lightest burdens.



## A GENTLEMAN OF DIXIE.

BY ELLEN CLAIRE CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MASTER.

A GENERAL of the Civil War, who was laid to rest not many months ago, in a reunion speech delivered years after '65 said that only two states of the Union knew what civil war meant. In one of these states—the southern—the scenes of this drama were enacted.

To a stranger who could have accompanied the master of Heart's Delight on his round of the estate that afternoon the fat acres must have appeared as God's own country. Even from the owner, accustomed to the rich verdure of the wooded hills intervening between him and the river, and to the sweep of the rolling prairies stretching to the front, the scene called for an exclamation, at once of delight in its beauty and satisfaction in its ownership. The trees and grass were bedecked with the glorious splendor of the young summer; the fleecy clouds, lazily, leisurely wafted along the vaulted blue, served but to intensify its pretense of rainlessness; the sun kissed the meadows till they were dazzling, and threw the tree-tops into still darker relief; over all brooded the calm of the sleeping Pan, as though nature were taking a Sabbath after the toils of the springtime; woodland on the east, flower-carpeted prairie on the north, while the western horizon was bounded by a succession of mounds whose heights fairly glowed with that purple light which is the most beautiful thing in nature, and without which a landscape appears as bare as washed grapes.

The master stood a moment at the barnyard gate, waiting for Job, the negro servant, to bring his horse, and in the interval surveyed the view with comprehensive glance. A few hundred yards away stood the "big house," newly painted, fronting the highway. To left and right and behind it stretched the section or more

of land belonging to its owner, while farther on down the road was a second section, his brother's property. The master's expression changed from thoughtful to tender as his brother came to mind.

"Dear Max!" he murmured half articulately. "I wish he were here to ride with me to-day—and Ned! But they will be coming home soon now."

South of his brother's acres lay those of Mrs. Chester, his wife's cousin, and adjoining his own lived his life-long friend and his father's friend before him, Mr. Dupey.

Yes, he was favored beyond most mortals, he thought. He had thought it many times before, but the felicity of his lot recurred to him with especial force that day—happiest of men in his wife, happy in his children, in Max, in his broad fields, surrounded by friends and kinsmen. He was wondering what single thing Providence had denied him, when Job interrupted with:

"Heah's yo' hoss, Mahs John."

The master mounted and Job still stood, cap in hand.

"Well, what is it, Job?" and the speaker's eyes twinkled humorously.

"Don' yo' wan' me go wid yeh?"

"No, I don't need you to-day."

"Den—he! he!—I 'low yo' don' keer ef I go er-feeshin'?"

"Not a bit, but don't stay too long; your mistress might need you."

"Yas, sah, dat's so, but I ain' gwine fuh. Dey say de creek am fa'r bilin' wid feesh sence de ribber done rez, an' dey'll bite lack musquitehs t'day."

The gods allow a man few moments when he may boast of absolute happiness; thrice blessed is he who is visited once a decade with supreme content! Just now the master could think of nothing to increase his felicity, yet a moment later he had ridden away with clouded brow, his mind disquieted with a momentous problem. He gave the

horse the bridle and rode along, his thoughts taking voice:

"How the question will be settled the Almighty only knows. I do not believe slavery is a crime; if I did I'd free my darkies, so help me God! What would those simple creatures do without a guardian?—a master? All of them—Job, even—are as helpless as infants. The time may come when in the evolution of the race they will be capable of self-government, but not yet—not yet. But it does look, though I won't admit it to Evelyn, as if we may have—"

"Well howd'y' do, colonel. There you air a talk'n' to yourself as usual. Jest this morn'n' I was say'n' to Siley, 'Colonel Seddon do beat all fur talk'n' out loud to hisself. He passed here t'other day when I was work'n' clost to the fence in the garden, and was jabber'n' away hard ez he could.' And here you air agin at the same trick."

Persons guilty of the colonel's weakness do not like to be caught in the act; possibly his face evinced a shade of displeasure.

"Lordy me, how I do run on!" the speaker continued after a momentary pause. "Siley says my tongue's loose at both ends, and I s'pose it's true. Did you want t' see Siley? He ain't here; he went to town."

This unceremonious interruption to the master's reflections had come from the wife of his overseer, immediately by whose cottage the bridle-path leading round the fields had taken him. The woman's voice was shrill and high-keyed, and her volubility jarred upon him.

Nearly a twelvemonth previous to this afternoon of early June, 1860, an ill-favored pair with one child had migrated to the county-seat, Jefferson, two miles distant from the Seddon home. There they were accorded the slight welcome usually given such uncomely strangers. The man, who answered to the name of Silas Wire, was of low stature, but a giant in muscle. He had a shock of black hair growing low on his forehead, small black eyes that shot fire when they were not concealed by his drooping lids, a swarthy skin, and close-shut lips that seemed never to have framed them-

selves into an agreeable sentence. In justice to Mr. Wire it must be said there was no deception about him—villain was written on every feature.

He and his wife were living examples of the theory that unlikes attract—matrimonially—for she was his exact opposite in appearance and temperament. She was tall and lean, with washed-out hair, eyes, and skin. Her head was almost the shape of an egg, set somewhat aslant, the small end forming the chin; there was no line to mark the top of her forehead and the beginning of her crown. Her mouth was large and ill-shaped, and when she talked one could not help wondering if her use of it were not responsible for its ugliness, for she was as loquacious as her husband was taciturn. Before she had been a resident of Jefferson two weeks every other resident knew that she had been reared in Kansas, that her maiden name was Susan Ketchum, that she had been married ten years, that she stood in considerable awe of her husband, whom she humored with wifely zeal, and that Kansas was still to her the paradise of states. Months afterward no one was any wiser concerning her husband's past, a sure token that she herself was ignorant of it. Even of his nativity there was no certainty beyond his vague claim to birth in the South.

When Colonel Seddon's overseer died this man applied for the position, and in default of a better was employed; but he found favor with neither the servants nor the master; the former feared and hated him, the latter distrusted. More than once the master's restraining hand was needed to check the lash of the overseer, who thought this the sovereign remedy for any remissness of care or energy.

Apology is due Colonel Seddon for keeping him so long in uncongenial company; in kindness to him this description must end.

With the manners of a southern gentleman toward women, born of his conviction that every woman is a lady, he raised his hat and responded with courtly, if forced, grace to Mrs. Wire's babbling.

"No, madam, I saw Silas this morning.

I am only taking my weekly ride around the farm."

Then without further ado he rode on, but Mrs. Wire was not yet through.

"When is the boys com'n' home?" she called after him.

He turned his horse round. "Who?" he questioned, not understanding.

"The boys—Max and Ned, your brother and son—ain't they com'n' home this week?"

Mrs. Wire had never seen the young gentlemen she named so familiarly, and there was a touch of acerbity in the master's tone as he answered:

"We look for them shortly. I cannot say exactly when they will be here."

But when he had quickened his horse's gait to avoid any further questioning, the woman's impudence struck him as so ludicrous that he laughed aloud, and the more he thought of it the more he laughed, until every shadow of misgiving was chased from his brow.

Mrs. Wire, leaning on the gate, looked after his retreating figure and mentally soliloquized:

"He is uncommon perlit, I declare. Oh, Kansas! wouldn't I be glad if Siley had them grand manners! He says, though, he ain't got time fur sech foolishness, and maybe he ain't. And p'r'aps 'twould be awful uncomfor'ble liv'n' with a man so high and mighty-like all the time. I jest can't imag'n' the colonel er-sett'n' by the kitchen fire, with his feet on the stove, real nice and homelike—I jest can't. It has a kind o' sober'n' effect jest to see him pass erlong the road. And Mis' Seddon, she's jest as bad; ain't never come in this house but onct, and that when little Sile had the pneumonia. That Nell o' hers, too, and little Sile's jest sooted to be playmates; and her and me could er spent many a pleasant afternoon er-sew'n' together. Ackchally them niggers puts on airs too. That sassy Job! say'n' we wusn't noth'n' but po' white trash! I furgot to tell Siley 'bout that—I'll tell him t'night."

On went the master past the fields of feathery hemp, odorous and graceful, suggestive of a bountiful return and a full

purse; on past the wheat-fields not yet turning to a waving sea of gold. Beyond lay row on row of corn, and here he found the darkies busy with hoe and plow. Their merry songs and loud guffaws reached him long before he saw them.

Arriving at the edge of the field he found Uncle Isaac, the sovereign of the colored element by right of age and his semi-clerical calling, vainly remonstrating with Pete, his recalcitrant offspring, because he persisted in taking a nap in the overseer's absence. Pete was a young giant of eighteen, black as ebony, with lips like a bellows and eyes like small saucers. He lay stretched at full length on the soft ground, looking at his father with mischievous defiance. In vain the old man entreated, threatened and denounced—Pete's only response was a loud snore, his eyes wide open. Such mockery was intolerable; but just as Isaac raised his hoe to apply it to the boy's head he saw the master. Pete, who had raised his hands to protect his skull, wondering why the blow did not fall looked out, and he, also, saw. With one bound, which threw his father sprawling to the ground, he reached his hoe and began plying it with wonderful assiduity.

Colonel Seddon had viewed the whole scene with ill-concealed amusement, and the climax appealed so thoroughly to his sense of humor that he restrained himself with difficulty. Recovering, he said with forced severity:

"Pete! you rascal! What do you mean? Isaac, the next time he refuses to work break the hoe handle over his head. It's a blessed thing for the lazy wretch that Mr. Wire didn't come to the field just then."

"Dat it am, mahsteh, dat it am," said Isaac, who had scrambled to his feet. "'Tw'u'd ben wus'n breckin' er hoe han'le ober his haid."

"Haw! haw! haw!" came in chorus from the others, except Pete, who was covered with shame.

"'Fo' Gord, mahsteh," Isaac continued, "dat Pete am mo' scan'lous den de Provilgul Son. Yo' heah me, yo' limb yo'! Ef yo' goes any fuhder in de way ob sin dar ain' no fat possum gwine be killed w'en yo'

comes back po' an' needy. Yo's bringin' meh gray ha'hs in sorreh t' de grabe."

This speech had long ago lost its pathos, so the master had no scruples about cutting it short, saying:

"The corn is looking as well as ever I saw it, Isaac."

"Dat's so, mahsteh, dat's so. It am bery fine. But, Lahd! how c'u'd yo' spect anyt'ing else wid de groun' black ez er niggeh's face, an' de rain comin' eber time we needs it? Lahd! mahsteh, w'en I fus' seed dis sile achter we come frum Firginny I was plum struck wid 'mazement."

This was another statement Colonel Seddon had heard a few score times; so, knowing that a long dissertation on the merits of the two states, very much to Virginia's disadvantage, would follow, he hurried away on his tour of inspection.

When he was at safe distance the hoes relaxed their energy, and Uncle Isaac's eulogy of the master, always delivered after sight of him if there was an audience, found willing if not disinterested listeners.

"Jes' look how straight he set on dat hoss! I tell yo' dar ain' no gemmuns lack de gemmuns ob our fambly."

"Does yo' mean yo'se'f, pappy?" interrupted the pert Pete, all his boldness returned, the master away.

"Yas, I does, yo' onregin'rit niggeh! I means mehse'f an' meh ole mahsteh, w'at was Kunul Seddon's pa, w'at teachd meh t' be er gemmun, an' meh Mahs John, an' Mahs Max, an' young mahsteh. All on us knows how t' 'poht ou'sebs. Dah was meh ole mahsteh, w'at died 'fo' yo' was bohned—him an' Mahs John's much erlack ez two black-eyed peas, on'y ole mahsteh wus mo' grandiferous in 'is manneh lack den Mahs John. Lahd! Lahd! I recomember w'en bofe uv us wus young in ole Firginny, an' we'd go t' pahties, an' I'd look in de windeh t' see de pretty ladies, an' dah he'd be er-scrapin' an' er-smilin' an' er-dancin'. No sech ketch in all de cyounty ez meh mahsteh. Wil', dough—mighty wil' sometimes. But it don' hurt rale gemmuns t' sow wil' oats lack it do po' white trash.

"An' mahsteh did sutny mah'y splendid.

Miss Nellie Maxwell was de lackliest ub all Kunul Maxwell's chillun, an' his fambly was a'mos' ez good ez ourn. Den ahteh mahsteh mah'ed he settle down an' jine de chu'ch, an' no man wus stiddy ez mahsteh. Mahs John an' Mahs Max jes' lack 'im, eben in dey looks. He had dem same shinin' black eyes an' 'ristocrat air, ez ole mis' call it. An' Mahs Ned, he's comin' right 'long in dey footprints, on'y he look lack he ma in de face. An' sutny ef eber der was er angel on dis arth it am Mis' Ebelyn; she'n mahsteh an' Mahs Max an' dey chillun is jes' de cream ub dis cyounty, an' nobody ain' gwine 'spute dat.

"Hi! yo' niggehs! yo' lazy, ohnery dogs! Git t' wuck! Use dem hoe han'les odder way 'cep'n' t' res' on 'em."

Meanwhile the master, all unconscious of the faithful old servitor's praise, was pursuing his way, noting a weak place in the fence here, there selecting trees to be felled for next winter's wood, next moment planning a change of crops for a depleted field, observant of everything, and remarking all with the eye of an experienced farmer. Yet not seldom, in the midst of these practical concerns, he halted his horse on some eminence to feast his soul on the gorgeous beauty of the day and the landscape, in which he delighted with a true lover's fervor.

On the way back, close upon the negro quarters, he saw his little daughter Nell running to meet him. Ned was the mother's idol, but this little maiden was the sunbeam of the father's heart. His face was alive with tenderness as he quickened his horse's gait and hastened toward her.

Regardless of her dainty white dress and best shoes she tore along the damp path, evidently with most important news to communicate; but she came to grief by plunging into a tiny pool of water, and was splashed from head to foot. The pause was momentary, however, for she started on faster than before, crying at the top of her voice:

"Father, hurry! hurry! Neddies come! Neddies come!"

By this time she had reached him, panting

with the run and excitement, her dark hair curling itself into a thousand ringlets, her cheeks rosy and eyes shining. The father stretched down his hand, which she grasped tightly with both her own, and in an instant she was seated before him in the saddle. As they sat thus together the idlest observer could not fail to note the striking resemblance between them. His eyes, hair, and clear-cut features were repeated in her. Colonel Seddon was a strikingly handsome man in spite of his forty-two years—rather, because of his years, with the maturity of judgment and unfaltering principles they had brought him—and his reproduction in the child was without any loss of comeliness. More than once Job, seeing them thus together, had declared to the other servants:

"No wondeh Missy Nell am de apple er mahsteh's eye, foh she's 'zackly lack 'im."

The colonel, in spite of Nell's happy tidings, could not repress a smile at her bespattered appearance.

"What will your mother say to this soiled dress, Nellie?"

"Oh, she won't care to-day, for Neddie has come. Father, aren't you glad Neddie and uncle are home again?"

"I am indeed. How did they happen to come so soon?"

"Neddie said he just s'posed the boats and trains ran faster 'cause he wanted to get home so bad. When they got to Jefferson they didn't wait for the carriage or a horse or anything, but walked home! I was playing in the back yard, and when the dogs barked as if they were glad about something I just thought maybe uncle and Neddie had come, and sure enough they had."

"And I was wishing for them this very day!"

"We knew how glad you'd be, so when Hannah had dressed me mother sent me to meet you. Uncle has gone over to Cousin Mary's to ask her and Cousin Edith and Cousin Adolphus to come to supper."

"That will be delightful, won't it?"

"Yes, sir—I mean—I'm glad Cousin Edith is coming and I don't mind Cousin Adolphus, but I wish Cousin Mary would

be a little sick—not much, but just a little sick, you know, with a headache or something—and couldn't come."

This naive speech Colonel Seddon attempted to rebuke, but his tone had in it so much of hidden laughter that the little maid felt sure of his sympathy.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE YOUNG MASTER.

THE heir had come home after his first long absence. While the master was being panegyricized by Uncle Isaac, two lithe figures in travel-stained garments were hurrying across fields to reach Heart's Delight. The older was undeniably like the master, but the younger had blonde hair and complexion, and eyes like the sky. In manner they were as unlike as in feature, for a natural reserve and dignity, in keeping with his broad-shouldered manhood, was apparent in the dark-haired, while his companion had an air of comradeship and joyous fellowship that was irresistible. Half the time he walked hat in hand, his yellow curls fanned by the breeze; he ran, he danced, he whistled, he sang, he talked; indeed at times he seemed to be doing all at once.

"See!" he cried, "there's the big elm I fell out of when I broke my collar-bone. And there's the creek! Bless the dear little stream with its muddy bottom! I wouldn't exchange it for all your clear creeks, if they flowed over gold pebbles! Do you remember, Max, how you taught me to swim? And once when I sneaked off, thinking I'd try it alone, and got beyond my depth, you happened along just in time to pull me out? You always did stand by me like a brick, Max."

All the boy's emotions were wrought to the utmost tension by the joy of the homecoming, after a ten-month's absence, and the sight of the familiar landmarks, and his eyes were brimming with tears. He actually delayed a moment to grasp his companion's hand, who was as much surprised as affected at this unusual demonstration.

"You were a brick to stand by, Ned," he replied, "but I don't remember anything worth mentioning."



When they came in sight of the yard Ned's delight swelled to ecstasy.

"Jove! but it's beautiful!—the same old place!—they have painted the house!—oh, the roses!—don't they smell sweet!"

Truly it was beautiful, this haven of rest and content to which two eager hearts had lost no time in coming. The deep, wide lawn swept by a gentle incline from the road to the house. Just outside the gate stood the stile-block, immaculate, as was the fence also, with its fresh coat of whitewash. At the sides the yard was inclosed by a hedge of rose-bushes, now a mass of red and white, that showered the air with their petals at every touch of the breeze and made it heavy with perfume. Forest trees, strong and splendid with their centuries of growth, cast silhouettes upon the thickly-matted bluegrass carpet, and lent to the surroundings an air of stately comfort that a landscape-gardener would strive in vain to imitate.

The house itself was large and comfortable, though hardly handsome. Across the entire front stretched a wide double gallery, supported by square columns; over it woodbine—here known only as honeysuckle—of half a dozen varieties climbed and rioted with a reckless prodigality of blossoms. The house was painted white, and the green shutters were greener by contrast. The interior arrangement was after the regulation pattern; the entrance was to a wide hall, out of which opened on one side the sitting-room, on the other the parlor; back of these were sleeping apartments, and the whole upper floor was devoted to the same purpose. At the rear of the hall a door led to a porch that had the dimensions of a barn, the dining-room opening off it at one side. Back of all, separated by an entry from the main building, was the kitchen, which looked the realm of Vulcan, with its huge fireplace and dusky divinities, gay in red bandannas and intent on culinary mysteries. Except the dining-room this was the most interesting apartment of the house, and the most important.

The furniture of the home was in keeping with its exterior; not a piece was for show, but all for service; consequently,

while there was not a superabundance, it was substantial even to elegance. Much of it was made of solid mahogany. In the dining-room was a sideboard handsome enough to distract any housekeeper of today. Many of the bedsteads were of the same material, great four-posted affairs, with the bed so high from the floor—and by much the higher because of the pounds of feathers composing it—that the mistress must needs get upon a chair to climb into it at night. Valances of white muslin curtailed the lower part, and high above the sleeper's head hung a Swiss canopy. Ah, dear! hygiene has done much for our sleeping arrangements, but it may be questioned if old-fashioned sleep did not disappear with the old-fashioned beds, where the linen was redolent of rose-leaves or sweet fern or other delicious odors, and the very appearance invited to repose. With such a bed, in addition to a high bureau surmounted by a small glass, the bedrooms at Heart's Delight needed little other furniture. Indeed the same absence of display and the same attention to comfort and refinement were everywhere apparent. In the parlor was a piano; no stain flecked the polished surfaces of the brass andirons, the chairs were capacious, the carpets not too good for everyday use.

Within calling distance from the rear fence the negro quarters formed a picturesque addition to the scene. Built of brick, which glowed in the afternoon sun, they supplied the bit of vivid color necessary. Close to them, though hidden from one approaching the front grounds, were the workshops, for Colonel Seddon, like others of his time and fortune, had his own mechanics, servants trained to the different trades from their boyhood.

Thus briefly and inadequately have been sketched the main features of the home round which the incidents of this story cluster; but words cannot convey an idea of the plenty, the prosperity, the generous hospitality, the kindness, the culture, the Christianity which filled in the outline and made of this spot as veritable a paradise as earth can know.

At the stile Max and Ned were greeted by the dogs in a pack, but the latter left his uncle the response to their welcome, and leaping the fence ran at full speed to the house. His mother, called to the window by the barking of the dogs, had only time to recognize Max when Ned entered the room like a whirlwind, clasped her tight, smothered her with kisses, and cried, "Mother! my dear, dear mother!"

Then it was her time. She held him off from her that she might look her eyes full; she drew him close again, caressing him as she would a baby. Happy tears bathed her cheeks. "Mother's boy—her only boy—home again!—the time was so long—my darling—my precious"—these and a score besides of tender endearments she murmured.

Between every mother and her eldest son there is a peculiar attachment. He is, or promises to be, the second man of the world to her. He is the representative of his father and at the same time a part of her own life; he is her contribution to the controlling force of the world, and so her love is admixed with deference, for every woman acknowledges a true man her master in many ways. Any other relation between a mother and her eldest son is unnatural and pitiful and betrays a deficiency in one of them.

While Mrs. Seddon and Ned were having this happy moment together, Nell, who had heard the dogs, ran to learn the occasion of their noise. She was too late to see her brother, but threw herself into Max's arms. They hurried into the house, and there she seized upon Ned, while Mrs. Seddon turned to Max, almost her child in care and affection, with a loving greeting.

"We did not think of your coming for several days yet," she said. "Your brother thought you would both be so in love with the Virginia cousins that you would spend some time with them after commencement."

"Oh, uncle, did you bring your sheep-skin?" interrupted Neil.

"Yes, miss, and you shall have the first sight of it. No, sister, Ned was in a hurry to get home, and we tore ourselves away from feminine charms."

"Just hear him, will you, mother! I

was crazy to get home, but the attraction for my uncle was just as great. He thinks Virginia girls don't compare with one peerless creature I could name."

Max reddened and asked hurriedly: "Where is my brother?"

"It is too bad," Mrs. Seddon replied, "he went this afternoon for his ride round the farm. I would send for him, but probably he would get back before the messenger could reach him."

By this time the darkies had learned the return of their young masters. A negro's talent for collecting news is something remarkable; he seems to absorb it from the air as one does measles or diphtheria. Max and Ned had only been home a few minutes, yet the servants were assembling from kitchen and quarters, and in ten minutes more Pete would be heading a train of admirers from the fields. Hannah, Job's sister, and nurse to both Ned and Nell, was the first to come, yet not until she had taken time to change her apron and head-kerchief. Ned saw her in the hall and ran to meet her, not even shrinking when she threw her capacious arms around him and squeezed him soundly.

"Bress de Lahd! meh boy's come home," she said again and again. Like his mother, she held him at arm's length, scanning his features. "Mo' lack yo' ma den eber, I declah. Yo's gettin' betteh lookin' 'eber day, honey. Yo's gwine be mos' ez good lookin' ez mahsteh ahteh all."

Max came forward, saying:

"Have you no welcome for me, Hannah?"

She made a deep courtesy, then seized the outstretched hand, exclaiming:

"'Deed I has, Mahs Max; I's pow'ful glad t' see yo' bofe."

"Hug him too, Hannah," said Ned mischievously.

"La, chile, ain' yo' done stop dem teasin' ways yit?"

Max, either because he feared such a catastrophe or because of his wish to humor Hannah's eagerness to pose as a belle, hastened to say:

"I thought you would be married before this, Hannah."

Hannah was a young maid of forty, but she simpered and looked shy, as she had seen her betters do under like circumstances.

Ned laughed and asked:

"Why don't you marry, Hannah?"

She shook her head.

"Now I lays down Hannah an' gits up Hannah—den I don' know who I is."

After the laugh at this speech had subsided, Ned inquired:

"Where's Job? and Pete, my old comrade? and Uncle Isaac? and all the darkies? Oh, it's so good to be home again!"

With that he seized his mother and kissed her, then kissed Nell, who had been holding to him as though he were a dream and might vanish. Max looked on and smiled, just as happy if less demonstrative.

The servants had now collected in a body at the back porch and were calling vociferously, "Mahs Max! Mahs Ned!" so the whole party went out to receive the compliments and felicitations negroes know so well how to bestow. A general hand-shaking with all the older ones followed, but the piccaninnies ran each other races, turned somersaults, stood on their heads, and in every way possible celebrated the occasion becomingly.

After due inquiry had been made concerning the health of every servant on the estate the darkies felt at liberty to comment on the personal appearance of the young gentlemen, but the criticism was as flattering as though passed by a son of Erin just from the Blarney stone. Yet it was sincere, for concealment was so impossible to those simple natures that they spoke as freely in one's presence as though he were away.

"Mahsteh betteh be lookin' out," said cook Julie, "er he won' be de fines' gemmun in de lan' no mo'."

"Dat ain' so," Job answered with spirit. "Ain' no man libbin' what kin tech mahsteh in looks."

"Sho! Mahs Ned beats mahsteh all t' pieces," rejoined Pete.

"Wul, I 'low Mahs Max am de lackliest one ub de bunch," put in Yellow Dick.

The discussion might have gone on indefinitely, but Mrs. Seddon soon ended

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it by sending Hannah to dress Nell, giving the cook and her assistants permission to try themselves in the supper, and scattering the others to their various tasks. Max, divining that the mother would like her boy all to herself for a time, volunteered to go and inform Mrs. Chester of their arrival. He made the offer hesitatingly, and was covered with confusion at Ned's immoderate laughter.

But Mrs. Seddon assented with alacrity, adding:

"Bring them back to supper. Tell Cousin Mary I will accept no excuse."

Then the mother listened with eager interest to all a boy would have to tell at such a time—the temptations, the victories, the friends he had made, the professors he most loved—till the arrival of Nell with her father broke off the conversation. Ned rushed from the house with a boyish whoop, but the greeting with his father might have been purely formal had not Nell cried in an aggrieved tone, "Why, Neddie, aren't you going to kiss father?" Whereupon he put up his lips with a most engaging shyness. His father kissed him heartily, but Ned's tenderness must have touched him, for there were tears in his eyes as he said, hoarsely:

"Thank God! you are at home again, safe and well, my son."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

It would be hardly possible to overestimate the privation to the well-to-do southern family in the straitened hospitality of *post-bellum* days. Before the war there was open house the year round. The latch-string was never drawn within. Many a guest came for three days and remained as many months. Expense had not to be considered; the rich acres yielded abundantly; there were servants waiting for orders. Hospitality was not only a gratification; it was a duty. Many of the southern aristocrats had brought the custom of lavish entertainment from their English homes, and penuriousness in this regard would have dishonored the family escutcheon. To

spectators it may seem to have been wasteful profusion, but to the actors it was glorious living. Country homes were given up to refined amusements and cultured conversation, and the most serious duty of life was helping to make elegant society.

Of such homes Colonel Seddon's was a type, for though he lived on the border-land between North and South he had brought to his adopted state all the customs of his Virginia ancestry. This night of Ned's arrival his face glowed with supreme satisfaction as he glanced from the bountifully spread table to the faces of his guests.

Besides the family there were Mr. Mayhew, the pastor of the Jefferson church to which the Seddons belonged, young Dupey, son of the colonel's old friend, Mrs. Chester—Cousin Mary—Mr. Adolphus Chester, her son, and Miss Edith Chester. The first two may be dismissed with brief descriptions.

Mr. Mayhew did not need his cloth to proclaim him a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. He had a face one would instinctively trust, and his brow was indicative of judgment as well as goodness. He had been educated for a lawyer, but believing it God's will that he should preach the Gospel he sacrificed worldly ambitions, though his prospects were the brightest, and obeyed the divine voice. Such a man is a hero.

George Dupey was the eldest and, in Africo-American dialect, the "lackliest" of five sons, and probably the best example this story will afford of the ill effects of slavery upon the owners. His father had the manners of a Chesterfield and could weep in sympathy with his friends, but was the most cruel master in the county. That negroes have feelings, affections, souls seemed never to have occurred to him; they were cattle that must be fed and clothed only to be kept alive, to be bought and sold, in every way to be maltreated, to be the objects on which his own or his sons' inhumanity could vent itself. In this atmosphere of refined brutality his family was reared. The four younger sons had their father's cruelty without his elegance.

Under different circumstances George might have developed into a generous manhood, but he could not outgrow the dwarfing effects of early training and daily example. Yet he was as polite as his father, cultured in books, not unhandsome, and very much in love with Edith Chester.

At Mrs. Seddon's right sat Mrs. Chester. She was about forty-five years of age, plump, well-dressed, and well-preserved. She had been a beautiful girl and could still boast of many charms, augmented as they were by the utmost care in her toilet. After much thought and numberless conferences with her mantua-maker, she had settled upon the costume she deemed most becoming, and this, except early in the morning, she wore with little variation the year round—always when she was receiving or making visits. The dress was a lustrous black silk, that rustled when she walked, with the starched swish so musical to feminine ears; this was set off by real lace ruffles at her neck and wrists and a tiny square of jaconet edged with Valenciennes on her head. In character she was a singular compound of pride, vanity, shrewd generosity—if one can be both generous and shrewd—love of display, and parental adoration.

Opposite Mrs. Chester sat her duckling, Theodosius Adolphus (Chester *père* had been something of an historian and hero-worshiper). To his mother Adolphus was a paragon without defect; to the rest of the world he was a rather dull, pompous, red-faced, enormously fat young gentleman of twenty-five, whose chief care in life was a good meal and whose chief pride his bejeweled hands. On the present occasion he was gorgeously attired in a suit of vivid blue broadcloth, a satin vest, highly polished boots, exquisite linen, and a huge stock that threatened to cut his neck in two, but the agony of which was easily borne when he caught sight of his reflection in the plate and glass on the table. It has been said that as long as a man has what he wishes to eat and a woman all she wishes to wear there is no reason why they should not live happily together. In Adolphus' case the

condition would have to be enlarged to include food, raiment, and a good chair, with plenty of leisure to enjoy it; for as long as he had these he was the most amiable of men.

At the lower end of the table, at Colonel Seddon's right hand, sat Edith Chester. Little need be said here of her character, for the development of that will be a task of after pages. In feature she resembled her mother, but traits shone in her clear brown eyes of which her mother did not know the existence. A mass of dark brown hair rippled from her broad white forehead; she had a sweet, red-lipped mouth, a sensitive nose, and a firm jaw that melted into a white, full throat. But neither her graceful form nor her beautiful features constituted her chief charm; that was her voice. According to her emotion it ranged the whole diapason, but every tone was clear and exquisitely musical. Once heard it would dwell in the memory forever. In laughter it rang out as clear as a sky-lark's, and all laughed with sympathy; when she was serious it was rich and full like an organ, as though heavy with unshed tears. If voice be an index to character—and surely we have no better—Edith Chester had the sweetness and innocence of Eve before the serpent entered the garden.

It was due to her voice, perhaps, more than to her bonny face that every man, woman, and child declared her the prettiest girl in seven states. Even during this very supper Job, after looking his fill through the half-closed door, retired to the kitchen to comment:

"It do beat all. Dah's Mahs 'Dolphus—he ain' no gret shecks at looks, ef he am so mons'ous big; nuh Mis' Ma'y, dough mahsteh do say she wus er pow'ful good-look'n' young lady, 'cepin' fuh dat rampageous cut t' huh eyes—'fo' Gord, dey kin peahs clean t'rough yeh lack er sword! But Miss Edie! oh, Lahd! she am prettier den ary rose in de gard'n, and her voice soun' jes' lack er anglu frum heaben."

It was over this assemblage that the master glanced with such unfeigned content.

"This is like living again," he said in

his cheery tone. "It was often very lonely during the cold days of last winter, with you boys away, Edith shut up at boarding-school, and Adolphus running off to town whenever he got the chance. Edith, you and Max may count your school-days the happiest of your life, but I am selfish enough to be glad they are over."

"I was just thinking with alarm," said Mrs. Seddon, "of the array of diplomas confronting us, and of how very careful I must be of my p's and q's in such learned company."

"Yes, indeed," her husband added, "with Max an A. M. from Virginia University, Edith B. L. from the oldest school in the state, Ned's title sprouting, and even little Nellie begging me to teach her Latin and Greek, we must be careful not to slip."

"My dear brother," expostulated Max, "who owned the first diploma in this family from my university?"

"I should say so," Ned insisted. "Why, father, the dons at college have not yet quit talking about your scholarship, and the relatives wished to know if you had forgotten your literary ambitions. They think you could have done anything in that line if—"

"Didn't the relatives say anything about me?" interrupted Mrs. Chester.

Ned winked at Max—who controlled himself by an effort till he noticed Edith's crimsoning face—and then answered:

"You know they did, Cousin Mary. Why they paid you enough compliments to turn your head. You must have been a Venus in your girlhood."

Mrs. Chester gave her head-dress a little pat and straightened her lace ruffles as she answered complacently:

"Yes, I was handsome, if I do say it myself. Edith looks very much as I did."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Edith.

"Well, I always considered it false modesty to pretend you don't know your own beauty. Why, I had more beaux than half a dozen girls could expect. I remember one night at a ball at Richmond—Senator Hilltop's son and I danced together, and actually nearly all the other dancers stopped just to watch us!"



Nell's eyes opened wide. "Mr. Mayhew says it's wrong to dance, Cousin Mary," she interposed, innocent of giving offense.

Mr. Mayhew chuckled, but Mrs. Seddon called reprovingly, "Nellie! Nellie!"

"It's not half so bad as bringing up little girls to be impudent to their elders," Mrs. Chester rejoined sharply. "I taught your Cousin Edith that children should be seen and not heard."

Nell was crushed, and George Dupey sympathetically covered her confusion by saying:

"I haven't heard you mention the political situation, Max. We think and talk of little else here."

It was the first mention since the young men's return of the vexatious problem that was then distracting the Union. When Ned and his mother were alone they had been dangerously near the subject, but she had skilfully avoided it, unwilling that any reference to what instinctively filled her with foreboding should cloud the joy of his coming. But postponement of the dread question was no longer possible.

"It's the same way in Virginia," Max answered quietly.

"Father," Ned broke in excitedly, "if this comes to war wouldn't you take the side of the South?"

"Certainly, my son."

"I told Max so, but he was sure you would go with the Yankees."

All eyes were turned toward Max in inquiry, though no one spoke.

He looked grave as he said:

"I don't think I expressed it that way. I didn't mean take sides with any section. I thought my brother would be loyal to his country."

"And so I am when my country deserves it, but when it interferes with private rights and state rights I am bound to it no longer. I hope you haven't taken up any absurd notions on this subject, Max."

"I think exactly what I have thought for years—that slavery is a crime."

The explosion of a bomb could not have caused greater consternation.

Mrs. Chester was the first to find her voice.

"Maxwell Seddon! when your father and grandfather and all the first families of Virginia have always owned slaves, then for you to say slavery is a crime!"

"I am sorry to differ from them, Mrs. Chester, but I think it is a crime, both against the owner and the slave," was the stout reply.

"You are using strong language, Max," said Colonel Seddon; "it smacks of quixotism. I have given the subject much thought—for I wish to do my duty, God knows!—and I am convinced that slavery is not only right but necessary. What could those simple, ignorant creatures do without a master?"

It was exactly the course of reasoning—nay, even the words—of his afternoon soliloquy.

"Learn to take care of themselves, just as they will have to, soon or late. At first they will suffer privation, perhaps half starve, but what of that? They will be free! Better miss a few dinners and escape the lash."

"You talk wildly, Max," said George Dupey. "A negro cares nothing for a beating if he has plenty to eat. Don't measure him as you would a white man."

Max began to answer excitedly, then hesitated, and finally was silent before he had uttered an intelligible word.

His brother, not noticing his confusion, continued the discussion by saying:

"The darkies are still children in mental development."

"And will remain so while they are kept in bondage."

"Max! do you think that after a century's advantages of freedom the negro race could equal the white? Could it ever?"

"No, I think not; it is an inferior people and will stay so. But it can be educated above the plane it now occupies. As we have a bad bargain on our hands let us do the best we can for the blacks and ourselves at the same time. Think how much contact with the Caucasian has already done for the negro."

"Then let them keep on developing in the same way. Why free them?"

"Because they have reached the stage where they can stand it, and you know there is not the slightest chance of any education for them so long as they are slaves. But above all I would free them for the sake of the South. Slavery is enslaving the owner; it is an anachronism that will bring ruin to those who vindicate it. The clock of heaven and destiny cannot be turned back to fit a survival of medievalism. I care not how disloyal you may think me, all my affections are with my own people, and I know the South can never assume the place it is entitled to in the Union while its best blood and brains are wasted in idleness. Say, Mr. Mayhew, if I am not right."

"In many respects I think you are; yet, as your brother and I are perfectly agreed on the subject, you and he are nearer together than you think. We too wish to see slavery abolished, but would use different means. In his own good time the Lord will show us the way, I doubt not, and then you will find your countrymen the most zealous abolitionists. As the North foisted the iniquity upon us I think it should let us solve the problem in our own way. But I feel no alarm about war; I have too much faith in our good sense for that."

Adolphus had now finished his supper and could afford to take a hand.

"I hope it will come to war. I long to get a chance at those rascally, impudent Yankees. We can clean up the whole set in three months. I'll undertake a dozen myself."

At this modest speech Ned burst into such uncontrollable laughter that his merriment restored the somewhat strained condition. As they left the dining-room Colonel Seddon laid his hand fondly on his brother's shoulder, saying:

"Max's heart is sound; he will forget these radical notions before he has been home a month."

Max smiled, but shook his head.

When seated in the parlor again Ned said:

"It seemed hardly fair, Edith, for these men to monopolize the conversation at supper; you use the time now in singing us

a song. Let us see how much you have improved during the year."

"While my lord sits by in judgment," said Edith demurely, but her eyes twinkled.

Ned did not enjoy raillery and made no further request, but Max said eagerly:

"Please sing. It has been so long since we heard you."

Without a word she went to the piano and sang a half dozen of the old songs which now, after so many years, thrill us as the newer, passionless rimes never can. Yet if one could hear her sing these songs they would find increase of meaning, for no matter what she sang her voice roused the best and purest in one's nature. As the rich cadences of the plaintive negro melody with which she concluded rose and fell, Mrs. Chester forgot herself, Mrs. Seddon's eyes were wet, and the master reclined in his chair in absolute bliss. Even George Dupey, who had been anathematizing Max for daring to usurp his office of leaning on the piano, was filled with gentler feelings, and wondered if there were any inhumanity in the treatment of his father's slaves. Mr. Mayhew composed a whole sermon of such burning eloquence that if he could have preached it he would have been immortalized. Ned dreamed of glory and martial exploit, and quivered with the force of the celestial fire kindling his veins. But Max!—breathing the perfume of her breath, watching the light of changing emotions on her face, he was in such a tumult of passion that he could not tell whether it had in it most of pain or of ecstasy.

For a moment after the singing there was silence. Ned broke it by saying simply:

"Thank you, Edith."

"I thank you too," said the pastor; "you have done me good."

The colonel added:

"I never heard you sing better, Edith."

But Max did not wish the spell broken.

"The evening is so beautiful—let us walk outdoors," he said, hardly trusting himself to speak and astonished at the composure of his voice.

But Edith did not know whether she dared trust herself with this young gentle-

man whose eyes had so dangerous a glow, and answered:

"Mamma may think it's too damp."

Mrs. Chester, however, was too worldly-wise to object to her daughter's walking with a desirable catch like young Seddon, and assented willingly, only conditioning that she put on her shawl. All eyes followed the pair with pleasure except those of Dupey and Adolphus. The latter took little heed of others' happiness, and George was chafing with jealousy. In company with Mr. Mayhew he soon took his departure, his heart like lead.

Those remaining arranged themselves in homely comfort. Ned pillowed his head on his mother's shoulder, while she caressed his face with loving strokes. Nell, cuddled in her father's lap, lay deliciously content. Mrs. Chester, as though she could not put off her stately mien, sat erect and dignified, her crisp tones in sharp contrast with Mrs. Seddon's soft, even speech. Adolphus lolled in the easiest chair, admiring his hands and talking occasionally of the university, where he had been two years, and on which he considered himself an authority.

As they thus sat and talked Ned said suddenly:

"In walking out to-day we met a man who must have moved in recently, as we didn't know him."

"Describe him," said Colonel Seddon.

"He had a diabolic face; it has been recurring to me ever since. He was short and heavy-set, with small black eyes and a quantity of black hair; on one cheek was a scar."

"The overseer!" exclaimed Mrs. Seddon.

"I suppose it was," her husband admitted, "though I had never judged him quite so severely."

"Your overseer! Whew! I shouldn't like that man to hold the lash over me, or even nourish a grudge against me. Father, I didn't like his looks at all."

"Oh, Wire knows on which side his bread is buttered; he doesn't dare be too severe," the master answered confidently.

"Such creatures as he can be easily kept under control," Adolphus added.

But Ned could not be convinced. "Perhaps you are right," he said, "but—I wish your overseer were a different man, that's all."

As Max and Edith left the hall he caught up from the rack a white silk shawl and deftly placed it around her head before she was aware of his intention.

"Let's go into the garden," she said. "I haven't seen Cousin Evelyn's garden since I came home."

What a place it was! Around a large circular bed were arranged smaller ones of various shapes, with wide gravel walks between. There were roses by the bushel; calycanthus blossoms still perfuming the air; odorous honeysuckles; a huge mock-orange, showering down its white petals; pinks of twenty varieties; phlox, sweet peas, nasturtiums—everything that the dear old-fashioned garden contained, even to the herbs for savory dishes.

After Max had filled Edith's hands with the choicest blossoms they sat down on a rustic seat beneath a wide-spreading lilac. The long twilight of the June evening was nearly spent; from every point of the horizon the purple shadows were crowding in like armed foes. The air was exquisitely soft and balmy. Away off in the west the evening star, like a spark shed from the sun in its swift descent, twinkled radiantly. Careless speech at such an hour is a profanation; the whole earth has been transformed into a temple for the Most High.

Max broke the silence after a pause.

"What do you think of the subject we were discussing at supper?" he asked.

"I hardly know. Slavery seems uncivilized—yet what could we do with the darkies were they free? The present condition is certainly bad, but I suppose we shall have to endure it."

"I don't believe we shall be allowed to endure it. Within a decade a change will come. The whole world is clamoring for it; not even Henry Clay could patch matters up much longer."

"But it does make me so angry," she said, clasping her hands, "for the northern

people to act as they do! Because slaves can't be used there advantageously they have none, and so they circumscribe the rights of the southern owner in every way possible. They know nothing about darkies—they are not capable of deciding this question! Let the South have time and it will solve the problem right."

"I wish I could think it, but I cannot. Don't you remember the picture of the Lady of Shalott in that volume of Tennyson brother prizes so highly, and used to let us look at on rare occasions? To me that picture symbolizes the South, every day more completely fettered with bands of its own weaving. The curse is upon the slaveholder; he has eyes but is blind—he is a slave himself and knows it not! He will never be free till another strikes off the shackles."

Edith could not fail to be moved by such earnestness.

"Why do you take it so seriously?" she asked.

"Listen to an incident of my childhood. Ten years ago, when I was a boy of thirteen, I was visiting at Mr. Dupey's. You remember Pompey, that servant he used to have?—as faithful a soul as ever lived. Well, Pompey had committed some trifling offense—was sent to town, I believe, and did not get back as soon as they thought he ought—and Mr. Dupey gave him a whipping. Oh, it was so horrible! I can't sit still now and talk of it. For years I'd awake in the night to hear the poor negro's pitiful cries and see the blood streaming from his lacerated back. After the beating a ball and chain were put on him, and yet he was forced to do his regular work. Not long after, before that hateful badge of servitude was taken off, he died; nor do I believe he has been the only servant on that farm murdered by ill treatment. I came very near being ungentlemanly enough to remind George of this at supper.

"You know how small a circumstance will turn the current of our lives. Though but a child I have never been the same since, for I then resolved to do all I could for the abolition of slavery. This determi-

nation has grown with my life, though until now I have never told it except to one friend at college. And while at first I saw only the slave's side, I now realize the calamity to the master also. That strengthens my purpose."

Max's strong feeling brought tears to Edith's eyes. After a moment she said:

"I have seen cruelty there too, but not so terrible as that. But I do not know another master so unkind. Mamma's servants have their own way pretty much, for all she uses such sharp language with them, and Cousin John is more like a father than a master."

"Yes, my brother is a model, and defends slavery partly because he judges other masters by himself. But one case like John Dupey's could not be atoned for by a hundred humane owners."

"Oh, you are extravagant! When you think of the privations, the anxieties—the ills of every kind saved to the slaves of the hundred humane masters they would surely outweigh the ill treatment of the one. But I agree to make your purpose mine if only you will not trust to an outside force to right wrongs in our midst. Other southerners feel as you do—within our own section there is a regenerating influence. Let us begin at once to leaven the mass."

Her confidence was so unmingled, her innocence so beautiful, her expression so angelic that he would not have been mortal had he not seemed to assent. In truth he could have thrown himself at her feet.

Then they talked of other things, her dark eyes inspiring him to an eloquence he did not dream he possessed. They talked till the stars were out and little Nell came calling:

"Cousin Edith! Cousin Edith! Your mamma is going home!"

"What do you think of our young lady?" Colonel Seddon asked his brother after their guests had departed.

Think of her! How could he think when he was intoxicated—on fire—he knew not what?

"She is a goddess in scarlet and gold," he answered deeply, almost solemnly.

"This whim of Max's annoys me," said Colonel Seddon to his wife when they were alone in their room.

"Oh, he will forget such notions before long," was the reassuring reply.

"But that isn't his way. He is quiet, you know, but very determined. I never knew him to exhibit such feeling as to-night."

"You don't fear any serious outcome to this discussion of war, do you?"

"Not if common sense and conservatism prevail; but you heard Adolphus to-night!"

Both smiled at the recollection.

"Edith may have something to do with changing Max's views," said the wife; "if ever I saw love-light in any one's eyes I saw it in his to-night."

"Yes, I saw it too. I wish it could be! Edith is the loveliest girl in the world—but one."

His fond eyes left no question of who the one was.

At the same hour another conversation was taking place between another husband and wife—Mr. Silas Wire and his amiable spouse.

"An' so this here Job's sayin' we are po' white trash, is he?"

"Yes, and I say it's long er that Mis' Seddon he's so impident. Never ben in this house but onct, an' that when little Sile was nigh dead with that awful spell of pneumonia."

While she spoke her husband sat biting his nails and letting all the ugly scowl of his soul show unrepressed. Finally he brought his clinched fist down upon his knee with force, saying:

"That Job 'ud better stand round me pretty lively, for all his master dotes on him so, or I'll give him a lashin' he won't soon forgit."

"Now, Siley, you be keerful, er you'll be los'n' your job."

"Shut up! You're always workin' me up an' then afraid I'll do somethin'. If that nigger cuts any antics round me I'll thrash him, job or no job. This place ain't goin' to last forever noway. War's comin' sure as fate, an' if the Yankees whip, these damned Humpty-Dumpties will take a fall. Then where'll your slaves an' their masters be? I'm layin' my plans for it now."

With this ominous prophecy Mr. Wire laid himself down to as sound repose as the just and conscience-free.

(*To be continued.*)

## HOW TO GUARD OUR YOUTH AGAINST BAD LITERATURE.

BY ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

**T**HIS is a most serious problem, and demands most earnest consideration.

The only effectual way, when we consider the environments which surround the youth of to-day, is to blindfold their eyes and stop their ears. This not being practicable, we must look for some method more feasible.

First, there must be a conviction upon the hearts of parents that wholesome food for the mind is as essential as wholesome food for the body. Parents must be as careful to quarantine the mind from contagions of immorality as they are to ward off infectious diseases from the body.

Character-building begins in earliest in-

fancy. Progress at first is not rapid, and yet the infantile mind begins to absorb influences—to store up impressions—long before there is outward indication of what is developing within. The smile of a mother's love, doubtless, is the first decoration in the chamber of imagery in the baby's heart. That love-look, accompanied by tender words, comforts, soothes, preserves harmony of feeling, and brings a sense of security. Happy is that mother who, realizing the higher interests of her child, enters this sacred chamber of her child's heart not only with her love, but introduces the love of Jesus Christ as something still more beautiful—hanging, as it were, these two pictures as



the first decorations upon the walls of memory's storehouse. Happy is the child thus blessed. Happier still in after life if the heart be further filled with beautiful stories, with divine influences of God's Word, with love for flowers, singing birds, and the innocent and lovely things from nature.

Parents are divinely appointed artists to decorate the walls of memory's storehouse, and marvelous resources are at their command. God's Word teems with hallowed influences. The fields and woods are filled with sweet perfumes of fruit and flowers. The forests are flecked with many-hued songsters. Babbling brooks offer their song of praise to their Creator. The lowing of the kine, the bleating of the lambs, the deep, ominous growl from the beasts of prey, all possess attractions which may be borrowed as helps. The lightning and the thunder, the storm-cloud and cyclone but tell of the power and majesty of the ruler of all hearts.

Good books, inspiring poems, sweet music, clean stories, all are elevating and within the reach of most parents. All these are helps—colors lent from heaven to be used in beautifying child life and character. Mingle these, as lines of beauty, tints, and colors are employed in some master work of art, and tastes will be formed and character established upon a lasting foundation.

Alas, how few parents there are who remember that divine and spiritual agencies are ever at hand; that all nature offers her perfume of sweetness, loveliness, majesty, and power as helps in beautifying child life, building up character, and forming a taste for noble things! Establishing a habit of right thinking, placing thought upon a high and lofty basis, creating a thirst for the beautiful are some of the best safeguards against low and defiling publications.

Having started right, care should be had that the mother's efforts are not checkmated by some vapid, sentimental, and weak-minded servant or nurse girl. Good reading should be furnished servants, and no servant should be allowed to bring into the home matters which are unclean, immoral, or criminal. Servants having care of children often read

or tell them trashy and sensational stories which pique curiosity, arouse a craving for the unreal and exaggerated, and familiarize the youthful mind with details of shocking crimes. These effects are often produced by the nurse's taking children before shop windows, news-stands, and bill-boards containing pictures of criminal and sensational matters, and for the sake of keeping them quiet allowing them to gaze upon things which would not for one moment be tolerated in the home by the parent. Native innocence is destroyed, tastes are perverted, and the receptive mind of childhood soon craves these unhealthy excitements.

Another source of danger is from advertising sheets and quack advertisements handed out upon the street or thrown into areas and vestibules, and often containing pernicious matters. Servants often read and discuss them in the presence of children. The fertile mind of youth quickly perceives that there is something which they are not presumed to know about, and curiosity thus awakened must be satisfied.

Still another foe is found in journals which scoff at religion and exalt gross and shameful things. These are too often admitted into homes where, if the writer of these degrading details should undertake to utter by word of mouth the very same matters, he would be at once kicked into the street. Why should a blackguard write, print, and send into the home matters which he would not be allowed to voice in the family circle? Why should decent men and women buy and read the sayings of a filthy-minded reporter, or the story of a divorce or contested will case reeking with filthy details? What use have our sons and daughters for the contents of the letters of libertines and unclean persons? It is bad enough to have these vile details in the court. Why admit them into the home? Yet thousands of professedly good people do it.

There are certain things which a parent can do to guard the home circle. Advertisements of trashy story papers, quack pamphlets, and suspicious circulars thrown into areas, vestibules, and front yards

can be immediately burned up. Newspapers and magazines which contain nude or suggestive pictures, details of criminal deeds, bloodshed, lust, and scandal can be barred from the home by a little watchfulness.

No editor or publisher should be permitted to send into the home a sentence or line which he could not utter as a guest in the drawing-room or parlor. No newspaper, religious or otherwise, should be permitted to place before the child the advertisement of any criminal or questionable business. No person should be permitted to introduce to the child any disreputable person by means of a paid advertisement. If the quack and the medical charlatan would not be employed by the parents to treat the son or daughter, then no publisher of any newspaper should presume to introduce or recommend any such person to the child through the advertisements in his paper.

But guard the home as sacredly as one may, there are foes lying in wait to curse the child as soon as he leaves the house. Bill-boards, walls of buildings, fences, and trunks of trees often contain matters which are practically finger-boards to destruction. Moral nuisances line the pathway of our children. News-stands and shop windows contain contaminating influences. The child passing from home to school, or from father's to grandfather's home, has thrust before its mind things which no child should look upon. Often the first shock to the child's modesty is received while walking the street with father or mother, by seeing some lewd picture upon the bill-boards or in a shop window.

The native innocence of childhood is destroyed. The early training is strained and stained. This is a critical time. The first lewd thought is an entering wedge of Satan to corrupt taste for the divine and beautiful and checkmate parental training. Evil thoughts, like bees, go in swarms. Given place for a moment, others recruit the leader, each one striving for the mastery over the soul. Imagination and fancy, the reproductive faculties of the mind, are awakened and set in motion.

When these looms are started, fed by

evil influences gathered from criminal and vicious books and pictures, then satanic entertainment is furnished the boy and the girl. The devil never loses an opportunity to weaken good intentions, and always assails the human soul at the most vulnerable point. In this connection study the present environments of the youth of this nation. As has already been seen, bill-boards and shop windows bid for the ruin of the young. These degrading things often start the cog-wheels of the reproductive faculties of the mind in motion. For instance, details of crimes in the daily press breed criminals. Many newspapers are, practically speaking, the primary department of crime. They not only give shocking detail of gross crimes, but they minutely discuss the weapon used and how it can be used to the best advantage. The particular kind of poison employed is named and its peculiar characteristics described; even the secret attack of highwaymen and burglars upon helpless men and women in the dark are told with blood-curdling detail.

To show that this is not visionary, I present a few facts gathered in the office of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice between the 15th of December last and the 15th of January, 1897. On the former date I began to collect clippings from the newspapers showing the number of boys and girls arrested for crimes; and although this record is very imperfect, yet the thirty days of up-to-date experiences disclose the following startling facts. These criminals, reported as twenty years of age and under, were arrested in the following numbers for the following crimes: horse-stealing, 1; perjury, 2; counterfeiting, 2; train-wrecking, 4; shoplifting, 6; grand larceny, 5; arson, 7; felonious assault, 9; highway robbery, 16; petty larceny, 28; burglary, 49; suicide, 3; attempted suicide, 5; attempted murder, 9; murder, 12; drunkenness, 7.

In many of the reports relating to these youthful criminals it is admitted that these crimes were the results of reading blood-and-thunder story papers, or the details of crimes as they appeared in the daily press.

Any thoughtful reader of current events has doubtless seen that whenever any revolting crime has been sensationally detailed in the daily press the same crime has been repeated in manner and form by those whose minds have been affected by these details.

Coming a step lower in the scale of corrupting influences we find still more terrible foes to public morality. Unclean publications, like canker-worms, do their work secretly and in the dark. Intemperance is the more chivalrous foe of the two, for it hangs out danger-signals in the red nose, the bleary eye, the bloated countenance, the tainted breath, and the reeling step. But a child whose mind has been affected by obscene books, pictures, and similar vicious influences too often conceals the infection within his or her heart. Unknown to parent and teacher the undermining influence goes on, while the child finds excitement and entertainment by imagination's bringing up those deadly and seductive things which have entered his mind through eye or ear. Corrupt thoughts and perverted imagination set the wheels of evil habits in motion. Evil habits are like grooves in the brain, into which the wheels of a perverted nature continue to run, destroying all manly and womanly instincts, discounting future usefulness, and mortgaging the soul to the spirit of evil. These secret evils rob the eye of its youthful luster, the cheek of its healthful flush, and the voice of its ring. They unnerve the arm and steal away the elastic step.

A man who ran away from his home and entered upon a life of dissipation because of the influence of an evil book upon him while at college, said among his last words: "Warn all young men to let these foolish books alone. They take you one step on a bad road and the rest comes quick and easy. If I try to have better thoughts the scenes of vice come right back to me, like a slap in the face. They are burned in. I cannot get rid of them. They come too between me and the memory of my precious mother. How dare I think of her? Oh, I could not look in her sweet face again!"

But most pathetic of all, just before his death, in a faint and feeble voice he said: "If through His infinite mercy I am ever forgiven, do you think I will cease to remember?" How could I enter heaven with those polluting scenes and those polluting memories clinging to me? Oh, if I could only forget!"

Another young man, just before he died, in speaking of the cloud that had come over his heart because of the influences sown in early days, said: "I cannot get a glimpse of God. I wait and wait, but I only see the awful scenes of my youth. I am in a far country where God is not."

His experience brings to mind the words of Sir Walter Scott: "A head which listens to folly in youth will hardly be honorable in old age."

Perhaps no more effectual way of warning parents and teachers concerning the dangers which assail the youth of this great nation can be found than by giving a few statistics gathered from the last report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. At the close of the writer's first twenty-five years of active service a meeting to celebrate that occasion was held in Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, on the evening of March 2, 1897, at which time the following statements, among others, were presented: "There have been 2,164 arrests made, and more than 70 tons' weight of contraband and immoral matters have been seized and destroyed."

These tons of matter included 63,149 pounds of books and 27,424 pounds of stereotyped plates for printing these books, or more than 45¼ tons in these two items alone.

There was also included in that report the following startling figures of matters seized in addition to the above: 874,593 photographs and pictures and 5,912 negatives for making photographs; 384 engraved steel and copper plates, 857 woodcuts and electro plates, and 58 lithographic stones, all for illustrating books; 2,396 obscene figures and images; 96,680 articles for immoral use; 1,582,718 circulars, songs, and poems; 564,942 lottery circulars;

3,321,391 lottery tickets; 1,812,000 pool tickets on horse-races, and 2,053,000 green-goods circulars.

These are all subtle, insidious, and deadly influences that have been prevented by the efforts of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice from doing their hellish work in the community. They, however, must be considered as representing only a percentage of each of the individual vices assailed. Duplicates of these matters seized have been sown in the community, and the harvest of this seed-sowing for evil will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are tried before the eternal bar of God's judgment.

There is another item in this report that speaks volumes of warning to parents and teachers; namely, "142,394 letters and 1,335,392 names and addresses seized in the possession of persons arrested."

To these addresses and those found in the old letters the venders of criminal matters send advertisements of their nefarious publications and implements of vice. Many children through the medium of the United States mail—the great artery of communication—have thrust upon them deadly influences, unbeknown to their closest friend. These atrocious foes, striking in the dark, every one of them, are recruiting agents for the infernal regions. Many and many a lovely boy and girl has thus received a mortal stab through these intrusive and unsought missives of vice.

When a boy or girl is discovered who has gone wrong in life, seek first to ascertain what influence has been secretly at work in the heart of this afflicted one. For all such tempted and tried ones let the utmost stretch of Christian sympathy and charity be extended.

## THE SUGAR BEET IN FRANCE.

BY P. P. DEHÉRAIN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE manufacture of sugar from beets dates from the beginning of the century. It will be remembered that, in order to reduce England, the emperor attempted to ruin its commerce by establishing the continental blockade. As sugar, produced up to that time exclusively in tropical regions, entered only by fraud and in small quantities, it reached excessive prices. Naturally an attempt was made to extract it from some of the vegetables which grow in France, and after unfruitful attempts advantage was taken of some interesting experiments made in Germany with the beet-root some years before.

The emperor was interested in the matter, and, thanks to large subsidies, the culture of the beet was established in several departments; factories arose, home-grown sugar appeared in market, and when the empire fell the new industry was established.

Several times, however, it almost dis-

appeared. Sugar, always considered a food luxury, had been from its origin heavily taxed by the various governments which succeeded each other in France. In addition the sugar cane planters of the colonies were jealous. They interceded with the government, and the Chambers discussed different bills, crushing the manufacture of beet sugar. Finally means was found of letting the rival industries live, and then the manufacture had a great extension in France. Up to 1846 the production had remained less than 33,250 tons of refined sugar, ten years later it reached 95,000 tons, and last season it amounted to 665,000 tons.

It must not be thought, however, that this augmentation is the sign of great prosperity. Production has progressed more rapidly than consumption, the price of sugar has lowered more than half; from \$12.00 per 100 kilos (220 pounds) it has fallen to-day to \$5.00.

The culture of the sugar beet, established

from the outset in the Northeast, was gradually extended to the West and South. During the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 this culture made at the same time the fortune of the planters and that of the manufacturers, while assuring relatively high salaries to the workmen.

This prosperity was not of long duration. While the cultivators continued to obtain abundant harvests, declaring themselves satisfied, the manufacturers complained of the quality of the roots, of which the proportion of sugar became too feeble for their treatment to continue advantageous. This impairing of quality was real and increased with the length of time the beet was cultivated in a region. It was at first thought to be due to the exhaustion of the soil, but experiments proved that this was not the case. After considerable difficulty and analysis of a great many beets, some of which were grown under known conditions while others were obtained from various parts of France, I discovered that the poverty of the roots in sugar coincided with their richness in nitrogen. Copious manures had so enriched the land in nitrogenous matters that it bore only bulky roots swollen with water and albuminous matters, but little charged with sugar.

The nitrogenous composts are injurious to the manufacturer because they lower the quality of the roots, but on the other hand they are very advantageous to the cultivator as they increase the amount of the harvest. The manufacturers attempted to restrain these abundant manures which ruined them, and the result was misunderstandings and dissatisfaction between them and the farmers.

All these discussions would have ceased if from this time the farmers had been incited to furnish rich beets by being paid a price graded according to the amount of sugar the beets contained. This solution, which had to be imposed several years later, was unfortunately postponed. The war between farmers and manufacturers continuing, the development of the French sugar factory was checked, and Germany, profiting very cleverly from it, pushed its

manufacture of sugar to the prodigious figure where we see it to-day.

At length the law of 1884 was passed. This law accorded a rebate of 8 per cent to the manufacturer. In other words, when the works put on sale 100 pounds of sugar the tax was collected upon only 92 pounds; the tax on the other 8 pounds was given to the manufacturer. Furthermore it was supposed that from a ton of beets only about 13 pounds of refined sugar could be extracted, and any excess of 13 pounds obtained was not taxed. This encouraged the manufacturer to perfect his apparatus so as to extract from the roots a large fraction of the sugar they contained; it constrained him besides to treat only beets rich in sugar.

The farmers had to be interested to produce such beets, and this was at length accomplished by coming to the only rational market basis—purchase at a price variable with the richness. The determination of the richness is very easy, as it depends upon the density of the juice.

The essential condition of obtaining roots rich in sugar is the judicious choice of the seed. The best seeds have been produced by Louis Vilmorin, who by means of careful selection and cultivation has succeeded in obtaining a race of beets remarkable for their saccharine qualities.

In a well-worked field, well fertilized, the farmer has sown good seed in rows from 14 to 16 inches apart; he has regularly separated the beets, leaving only one root every 10 or 12 inches, retaining about 9 to the square yard. Is he sure of obtaining a good harvest? Alas, no.

First of all, there is the legion of insects who enter upon war; then inclemencies of weather; the frost of the springtime which compels commencing to sow again; the drought which in May prevents the coming up, in July flattens upon the chapped soil the poorly watered leaves; the prolonged rains of autumn, which lower the quality. But if since the passage of the law of 1884 there have been bad years, others on the contrary have been very favorable. At the beginning, when the state abandoned the



whole tax on the excess of 13 pounds, the merchants realized handsome profits. New works arose, and although little by little the treasury diminished its favors, the impulse had been given, the industry has prospered.

In this connection it is fitting to indicate briefly how the sugar beet is treated in the works.

When at the end of September the beets spread out their leaves upon the soil, the farmer says they are ripe and proceeds to pull them. In hard ground this is difficult; he does not succeed in removing beets well fitted into the soil if he confines himself to making an effort upon the leaves; the beet must be upheaved with a fork in order that the women and children who follow the workmen may have nothing to do but to pick it up. As soon as the roots are out of the earth it is necessary to prepare them for delivery. Women and children armed with knives cut on one side the tapering part of the beet and on the other the neck adorned with leaves. The roots are disposed in heaps near the roads and covered with a thick bed of beet tops to preserve them from the frost.

When the beets are upon the road they must be got to the works, and here is a source of great expense which an attempt is being made to reduce. Some factories have small lines of railroad which carry loaded cars into their yards. Along the lines they set up scales on which are weighed the wagons, whose contents pass immediately into the cars.

As soon as a wagon-load of beets is weighed, a sample beet is taken off to establish the value of the load. This value is determined from the real weight of the beets and their richness in sugar.

Deliveries follow each other rapidly during the month of October. The beets are stored in long ditches or pits, where they are covered with a thick bed of earth to preserve them from frost. The essential thing is to shelter them from moisture. If water penetrates into the pits the beets begin to grow and form sprouts at the expense of the sugar they contain. They become impoverished and their treatment

no longer gives the excess which at present prices is the only source of profit.

The treatment of the beets when they are taken from the pits or wagons always commences by washing. Then they pass to the meter of the state. It is upon the indications of this apparatus that the tax is collected; it registers automatically each load of 1,100 pounds that it receives.

For a long time the roots were reduced to an impalpable pulp, which was then submitted to the action of hydraulic presses. The juice extracted by their powerful effort did not include all the sugar contained in the beets and this process is to-day abandoned. The machines now employed cut the beets into narrow ribbons which are immediately conducted to the diffusion vats.

Two liquids unequally charged with soluble matter separated by a porous wall tend to take the same composition. The soluble matter of the concentrated solution is diffused through the partition and distributed in the weaker solution until equilibrium is established. The method employed for exhausting the pieces of beets of the sugar they enclose rests upon these laws of diffusion. Methodical washing is employed. If beets impoverished by several successive washings receive pure water, they will abandon to it the last traces of the sugar they yet contain, while if liquids already charged with sugar borrowed from beets still richer are applied to fresh beets, these will give up a part of their sugar because the solution in their cells is more heavily charged than the exterior liquid.

Although by diffusion liquids are obtained very much less charged with foreign soluble matters than the black juice which flowed away from the hydraulic presses, these liquids are yet so impure that they must be treated before they are conducted to the evaporating apparatus.

The sweet liquids are clarified by the successive action of lime and carbonic acid. This purification commences by the addition to the liquids of lime mixed with water, a mixture called milk of lime because of its whiteness. This lime enters into combination with some of the soluble matters drawn

in during diffusion, but these combinations remain suspended and the liquid would not be limpid if carbonic acid were not then forced into it.

This first carbonation takes place in special vats; the carbonic acid precipitates the free lime and this precipitate acts as a fine meshed net to drag down the materials remaining in suspension up to that time. These clear liquids are poured off gently before the action of the carbonic acid upon the lime is exhausted, to avoid allowing the free precipitate to redissolve. When the rest of the lime has been separated by a second carbonation, liquids are obtained clear enough to be conducted to the evaporating apparatus. Evaporation in the open air and by fire has long since been abandoned. Sugar is a delicate substance which changes as soon as the temperature is elevated. To avoid this increase of temperature it is evaporated at low pressure by utilizing vapor as a source of heat. It is well known that a liquid boils at a lower temperature according as the pressure it supports is less. Again it is known that when water vapor is condensed to the liquid state it gives up most of the heat which has served to volatilize it and that in consequence it is an excellent means of warming a liquid to send in a current of vapor.

This knowledge has been utilized in the apparatus for the evaporation of the sugar juices. Three great metallic boilers are placed side by side, and the saccharine liquid passes through these in succession. The only heat applied is that of vapor.

As the liquids pass successively from the first boiler to the second, then to the third, their boiling point is lowered in proportion as, becoming more concentrated, they are more alterable. On leaving this boiler of triple effect the sugary juice deserves the name of syrup. It is then conducted to the last boiler.

Here the same principles are employed as in the triple boiler. A picked workman watches the tumultuous ebullition of the liquid; when he sees small crystals of sugar appearing, he admits a new quantity of syrup slowly so as not to dissolve

the crystals already formed; he continues this until the boiler is well filled and then the introduction of liquid ceases and evaporation continues. When the evaporation is thought to be far enough advanced, air is admitted and the mass is cooled.

The boiled mass is formed of little crystals impregnated with liquor saturated with sugar; the crystals are separated from the liquid by means of centrifugal force.

The sugar obtained by these different treatments forms small crystals, hard and bright, which enter only in a small way into consumption. It undergoes new treatment in the refineries, it is redissolved, and then submitted to a confused crystallization; it appears at last in the form of loaf sugar.

This great industry is interesting not only from its principal product, sugar, but also from its residuums. Among these, in the first rank, is molasses, which contains almost half its weight of sugar, whose crystallization is obstructed by the organic and saline impurities with which it is mixed.

Another residuum of sugar, the deposit obtained when the sugar is purified by means of milk of lime and carbonic acid, is valuable to the farmers, who employ it in the improvement of heavy ground.

But of all the residuums from sugar manufacture the pulp remaining after the sugar is extracted from the beets is much the most useful; to it is due the prosperity of the countries where the beet is cultivated, as it affords excellent nourishment for stock. The pulp is naturally put at the disposal of the farmers; it is easily preserved and serves as food for fattening cattle during the entire winter.

Ten years ago the quantity of sugar produced in the world did not exceed 4,750,000 tons, extracted in almost equal quantities from cane and the beet; since that epoch the manufacture has increased considerably. It is estimated that in 1894-95 it attained about 7,410,000 tons, to fall back to 6,365,000 in 1895-96. The part of the beet has become more important since the war which desolates Cuba has made the production there fall from 950,000 tons to 190,000. In spite of this great defi-

cit America yet brings to market a considerable quantity of sugar; during the last season Brazil produced 190,000 tons; Hawaii, which may be counted as a dependence of America, 152,000; Louisiana, 228,000; Argentine Republic, 95,000; the Lesser Antilles, 78,850. In Africa, Réunion gave 47,500 tons, Mauritius, 142,500, Egypt, 76,000.

It is in the extreme East that the extraction of sugar from cane is most active; the Philippines make 247,000 tons, and Java, which in less than ten years has doubled its production, gives 589,000. In Europe there exist four great producers of beet sugar: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and France. The manufacture has developed very unequally here. Twenty years ago France was first in rank; during the following years the production of the four countries became about equal. But since 1880 Germany has outstripped its competitors. Its production increased prodigiously until in 1894-95 it amounted to 1,710,000 tons; then it declined slightly, being 1,349,000 tons in 1896-97. The advance of Austria-Hungary has been less rapid; however it exceeded 950,000 tons in 1894-95, to fall back to 741,000 later on. Russia passed from 425,600 tons in 1889-90 to 693,500 in 1895-96. In France the production has declined from 735,300 tons in 1889-90 to 560,500 during the last season.

The quantity of sugar produced in the world by planters of cane as well as by cultivators of beets is, then, enormous. What becomes of it? In 1869 the total amount of sugar consumed was estimated at 1,900,000 tons. From that time it increased regularly until in 1891 it reached 5,225,000 tons; the next year it declined slightly, then it ascended to 5,700,000 tons in 1894.

But we have already seen that the production amounts to about 7,000,000 tons. There is, then, considerable discrepancy between production and consumption. The quantity of sugar produced in the world exceeds by a million tons what is consumed and the stock accumulating from year to year in the storehouses weighs upon prices and crushes them.

The situation is a very difficult one. Exportation becomes a necessity and all the producing states favor it. Recently Germany established an export bounty which led France to do the same. Nevertheless this is only a palliative, for French taxpayers could not long be made to pay for a merchandise destined for foreign consumption.

We have here an industry which lives only by profiting by a part of the tax on consumption which the treasury collects. It is a question, then, to know how this fraction of tax granted to the manufacture will produce the most useful effect. If the culture of the sugar beet has made the prosperity of some of the departments of France, it is because, owing to the pulp it furnishes, it permits fattening many cattle. It is the employment of this pulp which determines the increase of fertility. Then the law ought to favor the production of pulp, when in reality the law of 1884 restrains it. By laying the tax upon the beet put in the works, the manufacturers are forced to demand of the farmers roots of great richness, and in spite of repeated efforts of seed producers these beets are only slightly prolific. It is conceivable, then, that if the tax on the beet were transferred to the finished sugar (as has been done in Germany since 1891) prolific varieties might be used, giving more sugar and more pulp to the acre than those now sown. The increase of expense occasioned by the treatment of a greater quantity of beets would be largely compensated by a lowering of the purchase price. The premiums of the state would be offered only in the form of a bonus for manufacture.

By taking this step the situation would certainly be ameliorated without bringing about a solution of this inextricable difficulty, sprung from a production which, excessively excited by the premiums of the state, exceeds very much, each year, the quantities consumed. It is true the consumption might be increased, if the tax, which actually triples the price of sugar, were largely reduced. But who would dare to propose taking away from the budget \$20,000,000 of receipts?

## BELGIUM: ITS HISTORY, ART, AND SOCIAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D.

THE delta-lands at the mouths of the Scheldt, Maas, and Rhine—three of the most important rivers in Western Europe—have been, from the dawn of history, among the most populous on earth. It is no wonder that they have long been called "the cockpit of Europe," for in these Low Countries politics have always churned plenty of war and on these plains armies have met ever since history has had a record. Even before the lamp of written annals had shed its light, this was bloody ground; for here Celt and Teuton were ever struggling for mastery, but neither was able to annihilate the other. To-day, after unnumbered centuries, they abide, not as enemies but as rivals; in peace, though separate and distinct.

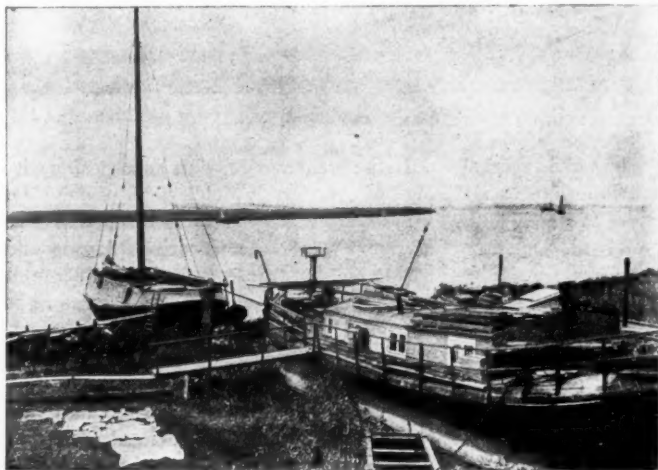
When in 1815 "the Dutch took Holland" from their French masters, a European congress joined ultra-Roman Catholic Belgium and ultra-Protestant Holland together in one; but the soldering did not last. In 1830 the revolution which overthrew the Bourbon king Charles XII. of France communicated its force to the adjacent land.

Apparently by a spontaneous movement the population in Brussels rose against the



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.

Dutch government. The blue blouse of the Belgian workman, worn as the uniform of generals as well as of privates, became the emblem of freedom and associated with Belgium military life. A new era of prosperity began. Long before, in 1648, when the Dutch had conquered peace from Spain after an eighty years' war that exhausted Spain and reduced her from a first to a third-class power, they had closed the Scheldt to navigation, thus paralyzing Antwerp as a commercial city. The Belgians in regaining their freedom in 1830 won also the navigation of the Scheldt. Under the fertilizing rain of commerce



THE RIVER SCHELDT FROM THE DOCKS.

Antwerp, so long commercially like a desert, became green and flourishing, and is now one of the imperial seats of the world's commerce. One of the noblest of the Belgians' modern triumphs of sculpture commemorates in gorgeous allegory this decisive event in their history. The inscription on the City Hall, "Peace begets art; art ennobles the people," is heartily believed in by these lovers of beauty. Antwerp enjoyed the honor of a successful international exposition in 1894. The grounds, including over one hundred acres, covered the site of the citadel once erected by the Spaniard Alva to overawe the city.

These stripes, red, yellow, and black, placed perpendicularly beside each other, are the old colors of the duchy of Brabant. That fertile province in the center of Belgium, so long a state by itself, containing over twelve hundred square miles and a dense population of over a million souls, has Brussels for its star and crown, even as of old (when not divided, as now, into two portions) it had Antwerp for its seaport. The Belgian national symbol is the standing lion of Brabant, with the national motto, "Union makes strength" (*L' Union fait la force*), which we see on all the coins, nickel, silver, and gold.



CITY HALL AND SQUARE, ANTWERP.

The Netherlands are rich in civic symbols and heraldic designs, the inheritances and interpreters of their past, all of which throw a glamour over the travail and struggle of ages gone. Some of these are but illustrated myths, which show how "the disease of language" takes on a hectic flush, which makes even decaying things beautiful. Let us note this, as we step off the steamer from New York—if we have traveled on the Red Star Line—and walk out into the great square of Antwerp. From the ship's peak and the City Hall we see the national flag fly-

In the great square, with its imposing City Hall of Antwerp, which fills all of one side, we see, not a piece of lace-work in stone, as in Louvain, nor the marvelous façade and daring spire of Brussels, but an edifice well suited for municipal business. To the right rise quaint and massive old edifices which have looked upon the stirring scenes of the sixteenth century. These were the old guild halls of those medieval trades-unions which so powerfully dominated local politics. They existed until the French Revolution, which swept away these strongholds of





FOUNTAIN OF BRABO, ANTWERP.

privilege in its flood-tide of democracy. Here in this square the very first martyrs of the Reformation, Heinrich Voes and Johannes Esch, were burnt by order of the great ecclesiastical corporation whose center was in Rome. This square has again and again been the burning-point of politics and of war, even as the city has repeatedly been the prey of foreign robbers and oppressors, or as Belgium has been coveted, seized, or like a shuttlecock knocked to and fro by its various owners.

Now, however, in this great space rises a work of art that sends fancy flying back of the looking-glass of history, turns the face to smiles, and provokes merry laughter. It is the colos-

sal bronze image of the prostrate giant from which Antwerp gets its name. Standing over him, victorious, is the young hero after whom, according to popular etymology and mythology, Brabant is called. Ancient local folk-lore delights to tell that long ago—"when pigs were swine"—there was a tyrannical giant who had his castle by the banks of the Scheldt and laid heavy toll upon all ships and captains passing his castle. The men who would not pay had their hands cut off and thrown into the Scheldt. From the giant's custom of casting hands (*hand werpen*) into the river, Antwerp got its name. The young hero Brabo, having attacked the castle and killed the colossus, cut off his big hand. Here in bronze he stands to-day, holding in his right hand the giant's lopped-off member, and about to fling it into the Scheldt. It is the Flemish ver-

sion of Jack the Giant Killer, or the Japanese Peach-prince, the Oni Conqueror. Aloft on a huge rockery, above and on which are various marine monsters, mermaids hold above their weed-robed heads ancient and dragon-



SHIPPING IN THE NEW DOCKS, ANTWERP.



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

prowed boats, whereon rests a castle with four towers. On each tower is a severed hand, and on top of all is Brabo, the hero of all the small boys of Brabant.

Prosaic etymologists, however, derive the name Antwerp from the Flemish *an t'werf*, that is, "on the wharf," where traffic first began. To-day the splendid city has overflowed far beyond the limits of its old wall lines. With forests of masts at its docks, steamers from the ends of the earth unloading or anchored in the stream, and the quaint historic edifices still standing, there are also rows, blocks, and squares of new houses, with high-priced vacant lots inviting the builder out toward the vastly

extended fortifications; all of which remind an American of a "booming" western city.

Even with the lands of art and song enticing him southward, the American tourist lingers in the Antwerp galleries, glowing with acres of pictured canvas and rich in groups of almost breathing marble. The great Antwerp cathedral is the gem of Netherlands' ecclesiastical architecture. In the Middle Ages the art and devotion, the genius and the consecrated wealth of Fleming and Walloon made the ocean yield up its treasures and every land its cunning art to adorn this fane, in which the mine, the sea-caves, the forest, and the starry skies seemed transfigured in fretted roof, glorious statuary, carvings, sculpture, painting, and all the splendors of religious symbolism. Here also the fury of the fanatical iconoclasts burst and swept like a storm, cleansing the edifice with the besom of destruction. When after two centuries the church, "all glorious within," had again put on new robes of color and gold, incense and light, it was

again inundated and left like a devastated landscape after the recession of a tidal wave, by the outbreak of the French Republicans in 1794. To-day, thrice renewed in splendor, it again challenges the admiration of sightseers and the devotion of the multitude, and is the shrine of art lovers.

As Holland is the land of Rembrandt, and Amsterdam the place to study the marvelous creations of this realist and wizard-king of light and shade, so Belgium is the land of Rubens, and Antwerp is the treasure-house of his triumphs in color. Wise were those rulers, Albert and Isabella, who, in the early days of the sixteenth century, knowing the genius of the southern Netherlanders,

covered the scars of war with the canvases of this mighty colorist. For two centuries, yea, three, the world has been delighted with Rubens. In this city Motley, our own countryman, who, above all who had ever attempted to do it, not only told the story of the Netherlands in truest form, but also made it most fascinating, drew inspiration not only from historic archives but even more from the splendors of Rubens' art. For Motley, himself a colorist in words, is an artist and dramatist even more than an historian. To those who are surfeited, it may be even to disgust, with Rubens' lush flesh tints and open-breasted women, there is "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Annunciation" to show the nobler side of the great Fleming's genius.

The center and capital of "the land of Rubens," as that consummate literary critic Busken Huet calls Belgium, is Brussels, a city which reminds the traveler at once of



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

same length of history. When the Hei-An-Jo or Castle of Peace, which became the Kio To, or premier city, was built in the heart of Japan, eleven centuries ago, there is mentioned in the old Belgic chronicles "a village in the marshes" (*broek*, marsh; *sele*, a cluster of habitations), and a century later the cross was reared upon a Christian church. Then, as for ages since, Bruges, with its canal leading to the sea, was the great mart of the country; and Ghent, according to the famous *mot* of the French king, is a glove big enough to hold Paris inside it. Situated on the great highway between the coast cities, Bruges and Ghent on the one side, and Cologne and interior Germany on the other, Brussels grew to be the center of fertile Brabant. Princes and nobles built their palaces on the wooded heights and hunted the wild boar in the luxuriant forests, while down below lived the traders and the humbler folk. The upper folks spoke French, the lower, German. There, in the contrast of language and modes of life on height and plain, we see an historic object-



STATUE OF RUBENS, ANTWERP.



THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

lesson, giving us at once in perspective the past ethnic history of the southern Netherlands, while it also foreshadows their future and explains to-day the critical problem of the nation. It further explains the structural weakness of the kingdom, and why the Belgians have no nationality in the sense that the Germans or French or English have.

Near so powerful a disturbing force as France and so potent a magnet as Paris, the men on the heights, the noblemen, their retainers, followers, tenants, and servants, speak the French language, read

French books, borrow French costumes, and are influenced all the way through by French models. On the other hand the traders, manufacturers, mechanics, and farmers inherit and further borrow German ideas and models and adhere tenaciously to their ancestral Teutonic speech. In medieval days Dutch and German were one language. Then, as now, the fashionable,

official, and most influential language and portion of the community was Walloon. A "Walloon" is nothing more than a "Gaul-on." The change of *g* into *w* is seen not only in "gild-helm," which becomes "William," or in "war-man," which becomes "guerre-man" or "German," but in "wal-nut," "Welsh," and "Corn-wall"—recalling also the ancient days when Welshmen or Wallachians were "foreigners" to the Teutonic people; that is, they were Roman, or had adopted Roman manners or customs. In our country we recognize in



PALACE OF THE NATIONS, BRUSSELS.

"Wallabout Bay," Brooklyn, the "Walloon's Boght," or the corner or bay where the Walloons, or first emigrants from the Netherlands, settled. To the Dutchman this was the "foreigner's" bay or bend, the Walloons being "foreigners" to the pure Dutch, even as American-born Spanish people are creoles to the Spaniards. Strictly speaking, the Walloons are the very much mixed descendants of the Belgii who defied Cæsar. "There was a cool, persistent temperament quite opposed to that of the Gauls of purely Celtic blood, a temperament which, allied with Dutch sturdiness, gave a basis for character not to be surpassed."

there is a large school of Belgian writers who use the French language, the country is flooded with cheap re-prints from the French, the leading papers are published in the French language, and the artistic, literary, and linguistic influence of Paris is overwhelming. The cosmopolitanism of the French writers is also very corrosive against all attempts to cherish purely local or national ideals. Hence, the Flemings, who are somewhat in the majority, do not get their language recognized as they would like in government, courts, schools, or by the country at large. Nor are they likely to do so while lacking a great literature in the



BOULEVARD ANSPACH, BRUSSELS.

To-day forty-one per cent of the Belgians speak French, or, more properly, Walloon, while forty-five per cent of the people speak Flemish, or Belgian Dutch. Since the Middle Ages the Saxon has become English, the Low German, Dutch, or Flemish, and the High German, modern German. In the early Middle Ages all these were one speech. A German does not understand Flemish, or Belgian Dutch, though a Hollander does not have much trouble with it. Though the Walloons are in the minority, France turns the scale of influence. Further,

Flemish tongue. Nevertheless, in four provinces Flemish is almost wholly spoken.

This ethnological and linguistic problem of Belgium is the greatest of all. The Walloon is ultra-Catholic, the Fleming only nominally so. The one is agricultural and the other manufacturing and industrial. The two elements are different in race, temperament, religious loyalty, and economic interests. Herein lies Belgium's great danger of national disintegration.

The most popular writer in Flemish was the celebrated novelist Hendrik Conscience,



born in Antwerp on December 30, 1812. His works, in nine volumes, contain over one hundred romances. These picture with marvelous faithfulness, and with tender sympathy and illuminating pathos, the humble life of the Belgian villagers. Among his writings are also histories and historical sketches which, while far from satisfying the critical student and man of research, delight the natives. As against the glammers of French influence, the Fleming loves to recall the splendors and achievements of his Teutonic forefathers in these lowlands which are his home. Hendrik Conscience died in Brussels on the 10th of September, 1883. On first visiting Antwerp I looked eagerly around to find some memorial of the Belgian Charles Dickens, but was disappointed to find only a rather shabby looking statue of Conscience set into a scant lot between two houses. Theodore Van Ryswijk, a Flemish poet who died in 1849, has also a monument in another part of the city, which I saw in passing. The statue of Conscience, by Joris, now stands in front of the Municipal Museum.



THE CITY HALL, BRUSSELS.

Space does not allow more than passing allusion to the wonderful school of Flemish painters, who in *genre* (subject or incident) are second to none in the world. These are perhaps best studied in the capital, to which we now travel with our readers in imagination. The likeness between Brussels and



PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

Paris is too strong to be accidental. This charming municipality, rich in marble and gilded architecture, is governed admirably with that mixture of ultra-conservatism and the spirit of progress which makes Belgium so worthy of study by the American. During this year,

1897, an international exposition under the patronage of His Majesty the king of the Belgians is being held in the beautiful city, having been opened on April 24. It is to be kept going at least six months. It includes the works of art, science, industry, and agriculture of the contributing nations, and especially an exhibition of the products of New Africa.

Travel alone will not give a foreigner very much insight into Belgian home life, and even the little experience which the writer has had among friends in Ghent does not allow him to speak with authority, yet many of his impressions of Belgian life are distinctly pleasing. There is a spirit of courtesy manifest among all classes which is quite delightful, and a love of politeness and ceremony with which we Americans cannot be said to be burdened. The Belgians seem never to be in a hurry, but always to have the time for polite greetings and conversation. Indeed the notice which even the errand boy and child bearing a message require of the man of business, whose moments are valuable, is something which over-busy Americans would not tolerate. The time and attention given to the vital matters of weddings and funerals is indeed astonishing to Yankees who carry split-second watches, while the quality and quantity of the stationery consumed for various domestic events and episodes, as our collection shows, would delight the heart of our paper-sellers and engravers. Everything is arranged, not only in the cities but throughout all the rural regions, to give employment to as many people as possible. Labor-saving machines do not seem to be in demand. Both the domestic and commercial establishments have many more persons figuring both on their pay-roll and in actuality than in our country. Hence, where everything throughout the kingdom is more crowded than in our broad land, more of the oil of politeness and the lubrication of courtesy seem to be an absolute necessity, and with the Belgians is not lacking.

A praiseworthy institution peculiar to the Netherlands are the *Beguinages*, institutions for the honorable self-maintenance of  
H—Aug.

women of all social ranks, who also assist the needy and care for the sick. Founded in the thirteenth century, the *Beguinages* have weathered all the revolutions that have wrecked many other things medieval, and they still flourish. Whether named from St. Begga, mother of Pepin, from Le Beque, a priest, or from the word *beggen*, to beg, these "nunneries" for single women or widows of spotless character promote active religious life. They were formerly numerous all over the Netherlands, north and south, but are now almost wholly in Belgium. Of the twenty or so still remaining, with thirteen hundred members, about one thousand are in Ghent; and here with a Flemish friend, wife of one of the university professors, I paid a visit to one of the largest and most famous. Thackeray has somewhere described their worship, which is held twice or thrice daily. Then the display of black robes, white linen headgear, and pure rosy faces in rapt devotion, seen in the dim religious light—the novices wearing also wreaths on their heads—is very impressive. The spotless cleanliness of everything is noticeable. To call about "coffee-time," that is, shortly after the midday meal, is to find, as my experience goes, very chatty, pleasant ladies, who know how to make superb lace handkerchiefs.

No country is more interesting to the traveler, because of its wealth of historic and artistic associations, its excellent government, its charming costumes, manners, and customs, the comfort of travel and transportation, the cheapness of the necessities of life, the beauty of its cities, the splendor of its cathedrals, and the charm of its civic architecture. Think of it! Here is a country having an area of less than twelve thousand square miles, or one fourth of North Carolina, in which live over six millions of people, so that in some places there are over seven hundred to the square mile, and yet they live peaceably and comfortably. The struggle for existence may indeed require unceasing industry, thrift, and foresight; but then, the people are used to these, and the general comfort and average richness of life make a notable triumph

of civilization. They have a king, but they have also manhood suffrage, and the sovereign is their servant and friend beloved, who addresses his people as "messieurs"—gentlemen. When the Liberals secured the extension of the franchise they were surprised at finding the first result an overwhelming Conservative victory.

As I pen the closing lines of this article I read of the announcement that the king of

the Belgians has offered an international prize of twenty-five thousand francs, to be awarded in 1901 for the best work on the military history of the Belgians from the time of the Roman invasion to the present day. The writers may use the English, Spanish, Italian, German, French, or Flemish language. Truly a grand theme! May some reader of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* win the prize.

### HERBERT SPENCER: AN EPISODE.

BY FOSTER COATES.

MY first glimpse of Herbert Spencer was as he leaned over a billiard-table in the Athenæum Club in London two years ago. I had been trying very hard for a week to arrange for an interview with him. My first move was to write to him directly, telling him frankly that I was in London for the purpose of gathering material for magazine and newspaper articles, and that I wanted to talk with him about his life, his work, and the social conditions of the day. I had been advised that Mr. Spencer would not, under any circumstances, see newspaper writers.

My brutally frank request must have paralyzed him, for in a day or two I received a finely worded reply from his secretary, written on the back of a printed note sheet stating that Mr. Spencer made it an invariable rule not to see members of the fourth estate. His secretary emphasized this fact not less elegantly than did the printed matter on the other page. Of course it was not necessary for me to reply, yet I felt it would be prudent to do so, and therefore wrote a brief note explaining that I had no desire to intrude and had hoped only to give to the American public a brief insight into the every-day life of one whose work had received more encouragement in the United States than in any other part of the world.

Very promptly, indeed the next day, I received a note in the same little round hand of Mr. Spencer's gifted secretary, saying

that Mr. Spencer had read my communication with interest but still felt that he had nothing to tell. But, it was added, if I happened to be in the region of the Athenæum Club at three o'clock on any afternoon perhaps Mr. Spencer would be there. I was in the region of the Athenæum Club at three o'clock that very afternoon—to be exact it was two minutes of three. I sent in my card and was told, with the usual Turveydrop obsequiousness of the English club servant, that Mr. Spencer was playing billiards. I was not horrified or shocked; I was speechless. Never in the wildest flight of my imagination had I pictured Herbert Spencer playing billiards!

The servant departed and returned in a few minutes to say that Mr. Spencer would see me in the billiard-room.

As I passed in I saw a rather stout, well-kept man, with grayish side whiskers, grayish hair, and pink and white cheeks, bending over the table and trying to pocket a ball. He did not at the moment look like a philosopher. He was dressed in the conventional style of the English banker. His silk hat was shiny, his trousers were dark gray and creased just the same as the trousers of any other well-to-do Englishman. His cutaway coat was black and well fitting. His stomach was comfortable looking, and from the brown "spats" over his shoes to the tip of his hat he looked a prosperous, contented Englishman who had found the world going very

well with him and who had a tin box full of consols laid aside for the proverbial "rainy day."

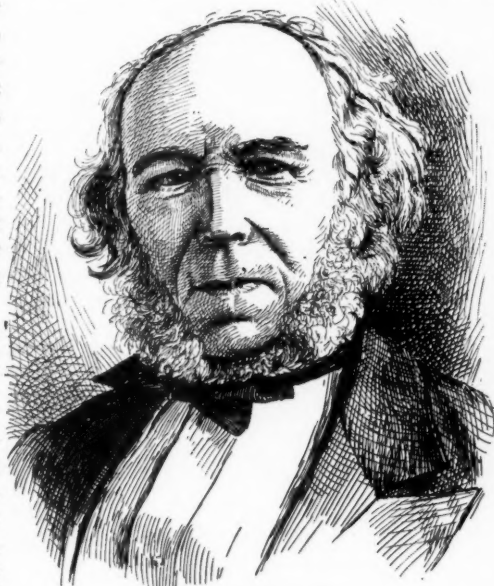
Mr. Spencer greeted me cordially, and during the next few minutes he chatted off and on about the weather, and explained that he would be at leisure when he had finished his game, and we could sit down quietly for a chat. I had not long to wait. Mr. Spencer does not know as much about billiards as he does about philosophy, but he managed to "scratch out" in fair shape. Then he conducted me up-stairs to the library and sat down in a comfortable leather-bottomed chair and proceeded to interview me. He asked me a great many questions about America, about New York, about the American people, about Boston, about our newspapers and our magazines, about our social conditions, and about politics. When it came my turn to ask questions I found that he shied off like a fractious colt. He explained that he really had nothing to say to the public. This coyness was

not feigned; he acted like one who did not care to have the search-light put upon his affairs. Nevertheless he was amenable to reason, and in the course of the next hour went over a great many topics which he has elaborated in his life-work, the "Synthetic Philosophy," recently completed.

"We are on the eve," said Mr. Spencer, "of a social revolution." As he said this he looked at me calmly and added, "I have a mind to change that and make it 'the eve of another French Revolution.'" He spoke about the chasm, ever widening, between the

rich and the poor. It was the old story, in which the rich were getting richer and poor poorer. He was a pessimist of the pessimists. He believed that we had fallen upon evil days. He was visibly disturbed at the prospect. He saw the cloud of trouble in the horizon. He said frankly that he did not believe the American republic had solved its greatest problems. The nation had passed through many trials, but he foresaw a struggle between the masses and the classes—a struggle that might be avoided for a time, but which would have to be fought out in the end.

Of the American people he spoke highly, and dwelt earnestly upon the fact that his works had received attention in the New World much earlier and more extensively than in the Old. He referred to his trip to this country, the honors showered upon him by literary men, and spoke most encouragingly of our literature as a whole. Concerning the daily newspapers he was not enthusiastic. Of the magazines he said that they compared more than favor-



HERBERT SPENCER.

ably with the magazines produced in any other country. He discussed men and matters on both sides of the Atlantic with a good deal of freedom; told me about his own works, the opposition he had encountered, the break-down of his health, and when I rose to leave he was not in the least the awful ogre I had imagined him to be upon reading the first letter from the secretary. He followed me to the door, shook me warmly by the hand, invited me to call again whenever I was in the neighborhood, gave me some messages to friends in

America, and made me promise that I would send him for revision a copy of the interview.

I had taken copious notes, and my stenographer was to meet me at my hotel, where I was to dictate the matter at once. Up to this moment it had been easy work. Mr. Spencer had acted like a delightful elder brother, and had been at considerable pains to explain in detail many things that I had asked him. In an hour after leaving the great philosopher I had dictated the interview and had instructed my stenographer to take it at once, for revision, to Mr. Spencer's house in Regent's Park.

I did not see that stenographer again. He disappeared, and I was wondering what had become of him, and what had become of my interview, when I received a rather sharp letter from Mr. Spencer, in his own hand, drawing my attention to the fact that he had not yet received the matter for revision, and bluntly asking me if I intended to print the article without letting him see it. I hurriedly explained by note that I had forwarded the manuscript but had not seen the stenographer since, so was at a loss to know what had become of it. I never found out; and at the expiration of a week I had received three more letters from Mr. Spencer, each couched in a little more vigorous English than the one preceding, and there was nothing to do but go to the Athenæum Club and admit frankly what I believed was true, that the stenographer had fallen by the wayside and the manuscript was lost to the world.

Mr. Spencer received me affably, listened calmly to my explanation, and seemed somewhat annoyed that I should have been put out in that way. I promised to return the next day with a competent and reliable man, so that there would be no doubt about the matter's being taken down word for word, just as it was uttered. I had told him that I could remember pretty nearly his answers to my questions, but he scoffed at the idea, and told me to come on the following day, ask the questions anew, and he would take pleasure in replying.

And this I did. I found a competent

stenographer who had been engaged for years in the House of Commons. I took him aside for five minutes before we entered the club. I told him what a great man Mr. Spencer was. He was inclined to argue the point with me. He did not think that all Mr. Spencer said was interesting. I had told him that I would ask the questions, Mr. Spencer would reply, and that I wanted him to take down every word that was uttered. This stenographer was one of those men who believe in saving time by epitomizing lengthy dialogues. I warned him again and again, and finally in a weakened condition timidly rang the bell at the entrance of the club and told the servant that I had an appointment with Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Spencer led me to a comfortable couch and sat himself down in a corner. This did not impress me favorably. I wanted my stenographer in that corner, myself in the other corner, and Mr. Spencer between us. With considerable trepidation I suggested that this arrangement would be easier for all of us. The great philosopher readily assented. And then came another trial of my life. The man with the note-book did not do as he was told. Mr. Spencer had been talking for perhaps four or five minutes, yet there was no note-book or pencil in sight. Perspiration was breaking out all over me. Finally in sheer desperation I turned to the stenographer and said: "Will you not, please, take this conversation word for word, as I requested?" In the most affable way this Englishman beamed upon me and replied, "Surely you don't want me to take this sort of talk!" I was compelled to explain once more that every word Mr. Spencer said was worth its weight in gold, and that I did not want a single sentence lost.

And then we started in. We went over the familiar ground, as I have before described. The subject was in a position from which he could not get away; he could not retreat in either direction. We held him in our grasp for quite an hour. I asked him all sorts of questions. It seemed to me that we discussed everything, from the beginning of the world to its possible end.



When we rose to go I promised Mr. Spencer that he should have the manuscript in his hands that evening. I went at once with the stenographer and saw the notes properly transcribed. I carried the copy myself to the philosopher's home, saw him again, and left it, and he promised to return it in a few days, with such corrections or amendments as he might desire to make. On the third day he sent me a line saying he had not yet finished the work, but would do so shortly. In three days more I received the manuscript. There was little left of the original work. It was cut, gashed, interlined, written over, written under, amended, annotated—indeed it had been born again. It was evident that the utmost pains had been spent upon every sentence. Not a statement was made that was not capable of verification. The whole system of his life was apparent in this work. I knew then, better than I had ever known before, how he had succeeded in the face of so many obstacles. Every sentence had been smoothed out carefully. It was a remarkably strong piece of work.

As I was going on the Continent for a few weeks, I sent Mr. Spencer a note saying that the article would not be published until my return to America, and that I would then send him some copies of it. I gave him the date of my sailing from Liverpool. When I reached the steamer I found a note from him recalling my promise and saying that he wanted me to be sure to send him half a dozen copies of the article.

After I had been in New York a week I received a cablegram from him, refreshing my memory, and before the article was printed I had two more cablegrams, showing his deep interest in the matter and, above all, his desire to be accurately reported.

Of Mr. Spencer's private life the world knows little. He lives at No. 64 Avenue Road, Regent's Park. He is seventy-six years of age. He was born in that garden spot in lovely England, Derbyshire, where all American travelers stop, either on their way from Liverpool to London or from London to Liverpool. His father was a

teacher. There was nothing remarkable to distinguish young Spencer from any other lad of his day. He was interested in a variety of subjects, including insects, and it is on record that for years the rearing of caterpillars, the catching and preserving of winged insects, and making drawings of them, were his regular occupations.

His father was a philosopher and the two made many experiments together. When he was thirteen he was sent to study with his uncle, who was rector of a church near by. He devoted his time to mathematics, and after a three years' course he returned to his father's house and began his studies for the great work of his life. At sixteen years of age he was an adept in geometry. At seventeen he was a civil engineer, and from that on he began to take more regular studies in mathematical and miscellaneous works. He made a botanical press and an herbarium, and practiced drawing and modeling. From these he went on to inventive schemes of all kinds, including experiments in watch-making and machinery, in the manufacture of type, a new printing-press, and so forth. Of course the bent of his mind was toward a literary life. He made an effort to secure work in London and failed. Then he returned to engineering. Meanwhile he contributed to the periodicals of the day many articles of interest to engineers and architects.

Along about 1850 he secured a position as writer for the *Economist*, and subsequently contributed to various reviews elaborate papers on what has since come to be known as the "doctrine of evolution." Of his works every reader knows something. At his greatest, indeed his undying effort, the "Synthetic Philosophy," the world at the moment is pausing in astonishment and wonder.

When he contemplated this work Mr. Spencer estimated that it would require at least twenty years of toil. This would give two years to each of the ten volumes outlined in his plan. Instead, however, thirty-six years were occupied closely, laboriously, in what is recognized as the greatest study in modern philosophy. This was done in

the face of opposition that very few men would have braved. Literary England knew little and cared less about the great plan. The author was broken down in health. He had no fixed income. The reading public had not given him any support. The prospect was discouraging in the extreme. Yet he went about the labor carefully, studiously, agreeing to work three hours each day. But this he found after awhile was quite impossible. He became a victim to insomnia. Sometimes he would not be able to write more than one paragraph in twenty-four hours. But he kept bravely at his task, paying no heed to what the world was saying or doing, shunning society, marking out his own line in life and determining to reach the top of the hill if life lasted.

Mr. Spencer is neither a Cambridge nor an Oxford man. He owes nothing to either of the great colleges; he owes more to his father and his uncle, and to his own correct mode of living and thinking, than to any other agency. While it is true that he has been a sufferer, he is neither a recluse nor an ascetic. It is said that he was fond of fishing and that in the old days he even engaged in bowling on the green. I have seen him play billiards. He cares little for general reading, but is fond of music and

good plays. He has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, of course, wherever books are read. He is loved and respected everywhere. He has written much on topics of the hour, lectured some, and traveled a great deal. His home is large, roomy, and comfortable. His last days are passing in pleasantness and peace.

Spencer's synthesis, at its beginning almost a hopeless task, has turned out to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, literary and philosophic mile-stone of the nineteenth century's progress. It is not too much to say that his system of philosophy is the most comprehensive wrought by any one thinker since the days of Plato. In the centuries to come he will be appreciated at his full worth. The recognition which he has received has been tardily, grudgingly given, but when the glories of the Victorian Age are summed up, chief among them will be the life-work of this great thinker who toiled on, uncomplainingly, for so many years. Monuments in bronze and stone there be, all over England, to soldiers, poets, statesmen, bankers, and merchants, but these will crumble and fade away and be forgotten, while the fame of Spencer will grow and his wisdom will live through all the ages.

## SOCIETY IN THE COW COUNTRY.\*

BY E. HOUGH.

THE West in the good old times, before the influx of the so-called better classes, was a great and lovable country. We go back to it yet in search of that vigorous individuality which all men love. In the cities men are much alike, and, for the most part, built upon rather a poor pattern of a man. The polish of generations wears out fiber and cuts down grain, so that eventually we have a finished product with little left of it except the finish. In modern life the test of survival is much a question of the money a man is able to make. The

successful money-maker can buy a part of the desirable things of life, and he may found a family, the latter, perhaps, not begun in love and mutual admiration of person so much as in admiration of the tangible evidences of that which is called success. Men do not love women because they are rich, nor do women admire men because they are rich; and, after all, the only problems of life are those of bread and butter and of love. All the rest is a mere juggling of these two. Such is the society of the artificial life of large communities. In the West the individual reigned, and there had not been established any creed of sandpaper.

\* From "The Story of the Cowboy." Copyright 1897 by D. Appleton & Co.

Among the little cow towns of the frontier the searcher for vivid things might have found abundance of material. Society was certainly a mixed matter enough. It was a womanless society for the most part, hence with some added virtues and lost vices, as well as with certain inversions of that phase. The inhabitants might be cowboys, half-breeds, gamblers, teamsters, hunters, freighters, small storekeepers, petty officials, dissipated professional men. The town was simply an eddy in the troubled stream of western immigration, and it caught the odd bits of driftwood and wreck—the flotsam and jetsam of a chaotic flood.

In the life of a modern business community a man must beware of too much wisdom. The specialist is the man who succeeds, and having once set his hand to an occupation one dare never leave it, under penalty of failure in what he has chosen as his life-work. In the West all this was different. Versatility was a necessity. The successful man must know how to do many things. The gleanings of any one field of activity were too small to afford a living of themselves. This fact was accepted by the citizens of the country, sometimes with the grim humor which marked the West. A young lawyer in a western town had out a sign which read, "John Jones, Attorney-at-Law. Real Estate and Insurance. Collections promptly attended to at all hours of the day or night. Good Ohio cider for sale at 5 cents a glass." A storekeeper had on his window the legend, "Wall Paper and Marriage Licenses," thus announcing two commodities for which there was but very small demand. One of the prominent citizens of such a town was a gambler, a farmer, a fighter, and a school-teacher all in one. There seemed to the minds of the inhabitants of the country nothing incongruous in this mixing up of occupations, it being taken for granted that a man would endeavor to make a living in the ways for which he seemed best fitted.

In any early cow town or mining-camp of the West there was sure to be a man from Leavenworth. No apparent reason for this curious fact seems ever to have been given, yet it is certainly true that no such town

ever was settled without a man from Leavenworth to take part in the inauguration. He was apt afterward to be one of the town officers. He was nearly always a lawyer, or claimed to have once been one. He was sure to be the first justice of the peace, and in that capacity of high dignity presented an interesting spectacle. The early western justice of the peace was a curious being at best. Apt to be fully alive to his own importance, he presided at his sessions with a wisdom and solemnity not to be equaled in the most august courts of the land. It was rarely that the justice knew much law, but he nearly always was acquainted with the parties to any suit and with the prisoner who happened to be at the bar, and usually he had a pretty accurate idea of what he was going to do with the case before it came up for trial. It may have been such a justice as this of whom the story is told that he made the defendant's lawyer sit down when he arose to reply to the arguments of the prosecution, saying that the counsel's talk served to "confuse the mind of the court." Yet the frontier justice of the peace usually came well within the bounds of common sense in his decisions.

The first female inhabitants of a cow town were sure to come from Kansas. The family from Kansas nearly always came in a wagon, and there were usually two or three girls, sure to become objects of admiration for a large cowboy contingent in a short period of time. One by one the girls from Kansas disappeared down the tortuous road of matrimony, yet still the supply seemed unexhausted, more girls coming from Kansas in some mysterious way.

There was always a sheriff in a cow town, and he was always the same sort of man—quiet, courageous, just, and much respected by his fellow men. The public of the cow town had little real respect for the courts, and the judicial side of the law was sometimes farcical; but, by some queer inversion of the matter, all had respect for the executive side of the law, and indeed recognized that side alone as the law itself. The sheriff was the law. He was worthy of this feeling, for nearly always he was a strong

and noble nature, worthy of an unqualified admiration.

There was always a barber in a cow town, and when a town was so run down that it could not support a barber it was spoken of with contempt. There might not be any minister of the Gospel or any church, but there were two or three saloons, which served as town hall and general clubrooms, being the meeting places of the inhabitants. There was no dentist or doctor, though there might be a druggist, who kept half a dozen or so jars and bottles.

There was always a little newspaper, a whimsical, curious little affair, which lived in some strange fashion, and whose columns showed a medley of registered and published brands and marks for the members of the cattle association living in that district, this business being almost the only source of revenue for the newspaper. Of news there was none, except such as all men knew. The editor of the paper had a certain prestige in political matters, but led withal an existence properly to be termed extrahazardous. This paper was ground out from the hand-press every week, or almost every week, with a regularity which under the circumstances was very commendable. Sooner or later, if one paper began to make more than a living, another paper came in, and then life assumed an added interest with the inhabitants. Both papers were then read, so that everybody might see what one editor was saying of the other.

One of the owners of the saloons was sure to be a gambler as well as a dispenser of fluids. He had more money than anybody else, and also a surer chance of sudden death. He always killed one or two men before his own time came, but his time came some day. If it seemed that the gambler's partner was getting too "bad" to be needed in the economy of the town, he was asked to "move on," and this he was wise enough to do. Another gambler came in then.

The lawyer of the town was something of a personage. His library did not amount to much, consisting probably of not more than two or three books—not very many, for one cannot carry many books when on

foot, and the lawyer nearly always walked into town; but the lawyer had all the authorities in his head, and so did not need a library. The lawyer was naturally a candidate for the territorial council, for county assessor, or anything else that had any pay attached to it. Of strictly legal work there was not much to do, but the lawyer always remembered his dignity, and you could always tell him in a crowd, for he was the only man in the town who did not wear "chaps" or overalls. He had no occasion to prosecute or defend any client for theft, for everybody in that country was afraid to steal, and burglary was a crime unknown. It was rarely that a man was prosecuted for horse-stealing; never unless the sheriff got to him first. A "killing" sometimes gave the lawyer a chance, but this was not a thing to make much stir about.

The cow town was very proud of any public improvements, very resentful of any attempt to cast slight upon such improvements, and very jealous of the pretensions of any other town of its neighborhood. It being rumored that a certain foothills city over toward the edge of the range was to have a railroad tunnel which would add to its attractions, it was gravely suggested by the citizens of a rival town located well out on the plains that the latter should also have a tunnel, and not allow itself to be surpassed in the race of progress "by any one-armed sheep-herding village." The county surveyor lost popularity because he tried to point out how expensive it would be to construct a tunnel out on the prairie.

The first coal-burning stove, the first piano, the first full-length mirror to come to town made each an occasion of popular rejoicing.

One time there came to a certain cow town on the range a Missouri family who brought along a few hogs, about half a dozen young porkers of very ordinary appearance, but which none the less became the objects of a popular ovation, as being the first hogs ever brought in on the range, and an attraction which it was not pretended could be duplicated by the rival town over in the foothills. These hogs were the pride

of the settlement for some time, until at an evil hour they chanced to be spied by a drunken cowpuncher, who was visiting town that day and enjoying himself according to his lights. When the cowpuncher saw these new and strange creatures in the streets of the town, he at once went back to his horse, got his rifle from his saddle, and forthwith inaugurated a hunt after them, this resulting in the early and violent death of all the "shotes."

No one objected in the least to his shooting in the streets, for that was the privilege of all men; but it was voted a public offense to kill those hogs. The cowpuncher was censured by some of the citizens, including the druggist, who at that time was pleasantly intoxicated himself, and he would have killed the druggist had not the latter pleaded that he was not armed. The cowpuncher, very fairly, it must be acknowledged, told the druggist to go back to his store and get his gun, and then to come on and they would have their little matter out together. With this invitation the druggist complied, and soon appeared at the corner of his cabin, six-shooter in hand, calling to the cowpuncher to come on down the street and be killed like a gentleman. The street was properly cleared for the accommodation of the two.

At this moment there appeared on the scene the sheriff of the county, who had concluded that this was a matter of sufficient note to warrant his interference. The sheriff was a large, burly man, who spoke very little at any time and was now quite silent as he walked up the street steadily, without any hurry, into a line directly between the hostile forces. His hands, with the thumbs lightly resting in his belt, made no move toward the long guns which hung at each side. His face was quite calm and stolid, with a certain dignity not easy to forget. He was not afraid, but he knew what was to be done. He walked up the street slowly, never hastening a step, until finally he reached the place where the cowpuncher stood, the latter having been puzzled by the slow and quiet advance until he had forgotten to begin shooting, though the druggist continued

to shout out defiance. The sheriff said nothing, and made no attempt to pull his gun, or to cover his man in the style usually mentioned in lurid western literature. He simply reached out his hand and took the cowpuncher's rifle away from him, setting it down against the side of a near-by house. Then he said: "Now, Jack, you d—d little fool you, I don't want no more of this. You go on down to my house an' go to bed to onct, an' don't you come out till you git plumb sober. Go on, now." And Jack went.

The sheriff then went on down to the druggist, who had by this time slipped into his store and hid his gun. Him the sheriff rated well as a disturber, but did not take in charge at all. The loss of the "shotes" was generally lamented, but on the following morning Jack apologized about that, paid for the "shotes," invited everybody to drink to their memory, and at the suggestion of friends he and the druggist shook hands over the matter and forgot all about it. This affair of course never got into the courts, as indeed why should it? The settlement reached was eminently the wisest and most effectual thing that could have been done, and showed well enough the sterling common sense of the sheriff, who retained the friendship of all parties.

In the rude conditions of the society of the frontier the man of "sand" was the man most respected. If one allowed himself to be "run over" by the first person, he might as well be prepared to meet the contempt of all the others. Sooner or later a man was put to the test and "sized up" for what sort of timber he contained. If he proved himself able to take care of himself, he was much less apt to meet trouble thereafter. The stranger in the cow town was at first troubled when he heard of a "killing" next door to him, but soon he became accustomed to such things and came to think little of them. It is not the case that all the dwellers on the frontier were brave men, but courage is much a matter of association, and comes partly from habit after long acquaintance with scenes of danger and violence. The citizens of the cow town all wore guns, and did not feel fully dressed



without such appurtenances. There was but one respectable way of settling a quarrel. It was not referred to the community, but to the individual, for in that land the individual was the supreme arbiter.

Sometimes in the winter season society in the cow town would be enlivened by a ball. Such an occasion was a singular and somewhat austere event, and one which it would be difficult to match to-day in all the land. The news of the coming ball spread after the mysterious fashion of the plains, so that in some way it became known in a short time far and wide across the range. The cowboys fifty miles away were sure to hear of it and to be on hand, coming horseback from their ranches, each man clad in what he thought was his best. The entire populace of the cow town was there, the ballroom being the largest room to be found in the town, wherever that might chance to be. Refreshments were on hand, sometimes actually cake, made by the fair hands of the girls from Kansas. A fiddler was obtained from some place, and this well-meaning, if not always melodious, individual was certain to have a hard night's work ahead of him.

Of course there was a great scarcity of lady partners, for the men outnumbered the women a dozen to one. No woman, whatever her personal description, needed to fear being slighted at such a ball. There were no wallflowers on the range. The Mexican washerwoman was sure of a partner for every dance, and the big girl from Kansas, and the little girl from Kansas, the wife of the man from Missouri, and all the other ladies of the country there assembled were fairly in danger of having their heads turned by the praise of their own loveliness.

The dancing costume of the men was various, but it was held a matter of course if a cowboy chose to dance in his regulation garb, "chaps," spurs, and all. In the more advanced stages of society it became etiquette for a gentleman to lay aside his gun when engaging in the dance, but he nearly always retained a pistol or knife somewhere about him, for he knew there might be occasion to use it.

Between dances the cowpuncher entertained his fair one with the polite small talk of the place: surmises that the weekly mail had been delayed by some mule's getting "alkalied over on the flats"; talk of the last hold-up of the mail; statistics of the number of cattle shipped last year, and the probable number to be shipped this; details of the last "killing" in the part of the country from which the cowpuncher came, etc. It sometimes happened that the lady was not averse to sharing with her escort a bit of the liquid refreshments that were provided. The effects of this, the stir of the dancing, the music, the whirl and go of it all, so unusual in the experience of most of the attendants, kept things moving in a fashion that became more and more lively as the hours passed by.

Out of this ball, as out of other balls, were sure to arise happiness, heartburnings, jealousies, and some marriages. An engagement on the plains was usually soon followed by a marriage, and such an engagement was not made to be broken; or if it was broken to the advantage of another man there was apt to be trouble over it between the men. Sometimes the night of the ball did not pass without such trouble. Any such affair was apt to be handled most delicately in the next issue of the paper, although funeral notices were not customary there, the papers being printed only each week or so.

The cow town was sure to have among its dwellers some of the odd characters which drifted about the West in the old times, men who had somehow gotten a warp into their natures, and had ceased to fit in with the specifications of civilization. Some of these men were educated, and had known other conditions of life. Bitter cynics never lived than some of these wrecks of the range. There was Tom O—, a cowpuncher, apparently as ignorant and illiterate as any man that ever walked, but who had his Shakespeare at his tongue's end, and could quote Byron by the yard. A cheerful fatalist, Tom accepted the fact that luck was against him, and looked upon life as the grimmest of jokes, pre-

pared for his edification. No matter how ill his fortune, Tom never complained, even as he never hoped.

The foreman of the O T ranch was a good cowman, who stood well with the men of his own outfit and of the neighboring ranches. This man never at any time was known by any other name but that of "Springtime." His real name one cannot give, for it seems that no one ever thought of asking him what it was. "Springtime" was a quiet man, although at times given to meditative song. His song never got beyond the first line, which ran—

Whe-e-en the springtime cometh, ge-e-ntle  
Annie-e-e-e!

His neighbors gave him the name "Springtime" in all gravity, as being the title by which he would be most readily and generally known.

Other citizens of the cow town were One-eyed Davis, and Hard-winter Johnson, and Cut-bank Bill, and Two-finger Haines, and Straight-goods Allen, and, of course, Tex and Shorty and Red, and all sorts of citizens whose names never got further along than that, unless in connection with their respective ranch brands.

No one seemed to take amiss these clinging nicknames, and indeed it was well to accept them without protest. A singular incident in a man's life, or a distinguishing personal peculiarity, was usually the origin of the name. In the simple and direct methods of thought which obtained it was considered wise to give a man a name by which he would be known easily and precisely. There might, indeed, have been a certain courtesy in this plains nomenclature. It was one of the jests of the later West to ask a man, "What was your name back in the States?" but this was never seriously done in the cow country of the early times, because it might have been one of the things one would rather have left unsaid. Too much personal curiosity was not good form, and met with many discouragements.

In short, the cow town of the good old times was a gathering of men of most heterogeneous sorts, a mass of particles which

could not mix or blend. Of types there were abundance, for each man was a study of himself. He had lived alone, forced to defend himself and to support himself under the most varying and trying circumstances, very often cut off from all manner of human aid or companionship for months at a time. Needing his self-reliance, his self-reliance grew. Forced to be independent, his independence grew. Many of these men had been crowded out of the herd in the States, and had so wandered far away from the original pastures of their fellows. They met in the great and kindly country of the old West, a number of these rogues of the herd, and it was a rough sort of herd they made up among themselves. They could not blend; not until again the sweep of the original herd had caught up with them, and perforce taken them in again among its numbers. Then, as they saw the inevitable, as they saw the old West gone forever, leaving no place whither they might wander farther, they turned their hands to the ways of civilization, and did as best they could. In many cases they became quiet and useful and diligent citizens, who to-day resent the raking up of the grotesque features of their past, and have a contempt for the men who try to write about that past with feigned wisdom and unfeigned sensationalism.

Among those citizens of the old cow town were many strange characters, but also many noble ones, many lovable ones. A friend in that society was really a friend. Alike the basest and the grandest traits of human nature were shown in the daily life of the place. Honor was something more than a name, and truth something less than a jest. The cynicisms were large, they were never petty. The surroundings were large, the men were large, their character was large. Good manhood was something respected, and true womanhood something revered. We do very ill if we find only grotesque and ludicrous things in such a society as this. We might do well if we went to it for some of its essential traits—traits now so uncommon among us that we call them peculiarities.

Over this vast, unsettled region of the old West the cattle of the cowman roamed, and this wild grazing was almost the only possible industry of the country. Therefore the employments of the cowman's occupation were practically the only ones open to a man in search of a means of making a living. Almost everybody had at one time or another tried his hand at "punching cows," and therefore the little town which made the headquarters of the surrounding country was sure to have all the flavor of the range. Its existence, of course, depended upon the trade of the great ranches which lay about it, at distances, perhaps, of forty, fifty, or even nearly a hundred miles.

Now and then, therefore, the residents of the town would have the quiet of their daily lives broken by the visits of the men from the cow ranches, near or far. Then the merchant sold his goods, the saloon-keeper smiled with pleasure, the editor had use for his pencil, the lawyer stood in readiness, the justice of the peace pricked up his ears, and the coroner idly sauntered forth. The cowman was great. He was the baron of the range. Cheap cattle and still cheaper mavericks, free grass and free water, with prices always rising in the markets at the end of the drive—no wonder that the cowman was king and that money was free

upon the range. No wonder that things were lively when the cow outfit rolled into town, and that the pleasantries of the men were tolerated. It was known that if they shot holes in the saloon looking-glasses they would come in the next day and settle for the damage, and besides throw the saloon open to the public. Those were the good old days—the days when one cowman rode into a restaurant and ordered "a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs" for his supper; or when a certain cowman who had just sold his beef drive to good advantage came home and "opened the town," ending his protracted season of festivities by ordering for himself at the little tumble-down hotel a bath of champagne, filled with the wine at five dollars a bottle. His wishes were complied with cheerfully, though the last champagne of the cow town went into the bath.

One can see it now, the little cow town of the far-away country, a speck on the great gray plain, the mountains lying beyond it, blue and calm, all about the face of nature looking on at it sleepily, through eyes half shut and amused, everywhere a strange, moving, thrilling silence—that mysterious, awful, fascinating silence of the plains, whose charm steals into the blood, never thereafter to be eliminated.

## A SUNSET BREEZE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ALL of the livelong day there was scarcely a rustle of leaves,  
 The writhing river burned like a molten serpent of fire;  
 The reaper dropped his scythe, and the binder fled from his sheaves,  
 And a breeze on the throbbing brow was the world's supreme desire.

When the disk of the sun dipped down there sprang from out of the west  
 A sudden wafture of wind that crinkled the unmown grain;  
 The kine were glad in the field, and the bird was glad on the nest,  
 And the heart of the mother leaped that her prayer was not in vain.

For the sunset breeze stole in with healing upon its breath,  
 Winnowed the fevered air with a single sweetening sweep;  
 Out of the back-swung door slipped the pallid angel of death,  
 And lo! as the mother knelt, the baby smiled in its sleep.

## WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

### WHAT WE GAIN IN THE BICYCLE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE bicycle has taken what appears to be a firm and permanent hold upon popular esteem. At first, when we had but the old "ordinary," riding a wheel was at best a very dangerous venture. The "bicycle high with the slippery seat" could never have won the confidence of prudent people; nor was it possible to believe that public highways would ever be made smooth enough to give the rider a fair prospect when setting out for a journey. In fact the old "ordinary" was a tricky plaything only manageable by the expert rider, and women were left quite out of consideration when it came time to mount. A few "circus ladies" might have been seen perched aloft on a slim-tired, tipsy rim behind which danced a tiny hoop; but even they gazed wildly at the ground before them, expecting disaster and wondering why it had not already come.

It is very different now. The safety bicycle does not belie its name; it is safe when used with reasonable care—safe for man, woman, child, old people, invalids, everybody—and the charm of its motion makes one's first successful spin upon it a most memorable delight. Not everybody rides; but yet it may be said that the world is awheel, and the riders have the road.

Much has been written, not all of it intelligently, about how to ride with greatest comfort, grace, and safety. The first error I desire to expose is the somewhat prevalent notion that one must sit bolt upright in the saddle. Some person who knew as little about physiology as about the curve of beauty, proclaimed with oracular stupidity that to lean over the handle-bar could end in nothing but deadly disease to the rider, and that gracefulness of bearing absolutely required a vertical body. All of which is absurd, and has misled many bicyclists into

the stiffest and most ridiculous of riding poses, giving them that self-conscious and over-braced appearance characteristic of the full-fledged duffer in all the departments of athletics.

Neither health nor grace can possibly keep company with such a rider. Free and deep breathing is interfered with when the leg-muscles are improperly strained, and in order to sit ramrod-straight in the saddle the bicycle rider must necessarily pedal almost altogether with the leg from the knee down, as his position gives him little control of the upper part of the legs. Most women have found this out at the sewing-machine; by leaning the body forward at a certain angle the thigh muscles receive proper bracing at the hip-joints and so are enabled to do their work without undue strain. Moreover, perfect breathing is not so much dependent upon a vertical back as upon a free chest. By leaning over the handle-bar just enough to thrust back the shoulder-points slightly, when the arms are nearly straight, you open your chest and give full play to your lungs. Of course I do not recommend the high-looped scorch-er's position on the wheel; but even that is not so bad as the gate-post attitude affected by the advocates of the straight line of beauty; and what can be said of those who lean backward, with indrawn chin and arms reaching forward almost level with the shoulders?

On level, smoothly paved streets there is so little exertion in driving the wheel that ease of position and grace of movement are all that one need look to; but riding on country highways demands a considerable outlay of muscular force, and climbing a moderately steep hill will be found extremely exhausting to the woman of slight physical development unless she have ex-

cellent command of her wheel, which is impossible while sitting bolt upright. But there is no need to go rushing off to the other extreme, imitating trackmen and reckless scorchers by doubling the body like a half-shut jackknife and almost resting the chin on the top of the steering-post. A gentle and easeful inclination forward, just enough to balance the entire person when in vigorous action, is the perfect position, giving grace, comfort, and a healthful cooperation of the lungs, heart, nerves, and muscles. I have concluded my study of this subject by ascertaining that the "average person" will probably find a departure of about twenty degrees from the vertical nearly the best position for ordinary road riding. Of course not a little depends upon the physical make-up of the rider; but no person should sit vertically over the saddle, much less lean backward.

This trouble about learning a correct habit of sitting is well understood by horsemen, and the best teachers of the equestrian art never permit their pupils to hold themselves straight and stiff on horseback. But with the bicyclist (much more than with the horseman or equestrienne) the position is the key to everything. It controls heart-action, muscular movements, nerve-force, and breathing.

Having once mastered the best habit of riding (for good riding must be habitual) the wheelwoman has at her command a source of incomparable delight from which health, strength, and longevity are drawn into the centers of life. I am not so enthusiastic on the subject of wheeling, however, that I can call it the "best of all physical exercises." It is scarcely equal to walking, and it cannot be compared to archery, which is a combination of walking with perfect exercise of nearly every muscle in the body and arms.

The bicycle has a great advantage over archery on account of the quickness and ease with which one learns to ride, while to be a fair shot with the bow requires months and even years of assiduous training attended with considerable expense. Indeed it is not one in a hundred persons who can

ever be a reasonably expert archer. The same may be said of fencing, with the additional remark that it is far too violent exercise for any save perfectly healthy and vigorous physiques. But bicycling may be learned in a week, and no persons save cripples and certain invalids are debarred from it. Add to this that it is the most exhilarating of all exercises, none excepted, and its case is made out, the secret of its universal popularity explained.

Women, perhaps more than men, are benefited by wheeling. Before the bicycle was perfected, horseback riding was the only outdoor exercise of the kind suited to feminine needs, and good, gentle, sound riding horses were hard to find, expensive to buy, and still more expensive to take care of, so that few women kept one. Good bicycles, although costly, seem to be within the means of almost every person; at all events hundreds and thousands of women and girls who never could have owned a horse go gaily over our streets and roads on bicycles that are quite equal in price to any but the finest Kentucky steeds. The good effect of this change from sedentary indoor life to free and exhilarating exercise in the open air is already quite noticeable even to the casual observer. Prejudice has rapidly given way before the fascinating progress of what at first seemed but the fad of an hour, and we have already become accustomed to seeing sunbrowned faces, once sallow and languid, whisk past us at every turn of the street. The magnetism of vivid health has overcome conservative barriers that were impregnable to every other force. And this is, let us hope, but the beginning of a revolution, humane and soundly rational, which will bring an era of vigorous physical life to women.

A little logical consideration will convince any fair mind that the charm of bicycling is not likely to prove evanescent. It has its source in an elemental, indestructible need of the human animal for swift and pleasurable movements. There is a sense of romance which comes of rapid flight. We have dreamed of it—we have felt it in yachting, in rowing, in the wild gallop on



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horseback, even in the swing of our childhood; but the wheel and the rider are one, as the centaur and his horse-body were one, and when the flight begins it is an intensely personal affair. All this great gain of speed comes from one's own feet; it is like treading the air with wings on one's heels; we skim the road as a swallow skims a stream, and the triumph of it thrills in blood and nerves.

Here arises the (possibly great) danger

threatened by the bicycle. A fascination so strong usually bears a reserve of subtle evil somewhere in its influence. In another paper we may consider how to avoid developing this evil by a proper regard for correct dress, moderation in the use of the wheel, a healthful habit of riding, and many other points which careless persons are apt to overlook, and how to draw upon the bicycle for all its treasures of wholesome delight and usefulness.

## THE FIRST OF AUGUST AS KEPT BY THE JAMAICAN DARKIES.

BY CARITA WARD.

THE 1st of August is observed as a public holiday among the Jamaican darkies. It is to them what the Fourth of July is to the American.\* It is not, however, a day of general rejoicing, for the white people take no interest or part in it beyond giving their employees the essentials with which to celebrate.

It is the custom of every overseer or proprietor to give to the darkies employed on his property all the bamboo and cocoanut limbs of which the dancing booths are made, an ox to be barbecued, the necessary fuel to do this, a certain amount of Jamaica rum and *santa*† for drink, and sometimes he even supplies the music for the night's entertainment.

One of these celebrations as seen by an onlooker is very striking and decidedly picturesque. If one were to visit the spot chosen he would see before him a smooth space whose greensward looks like a rich green carpet (Jamaica grass is very different from the grass here, having a large, glossy blade and being closely interwoven or matted together) on which are several booths, forming a circle, made of bamboo and cocoanut limbs and decorated with the bright scarlet of the hybiscus and canna or Indian shot, toned down by the feathery, delicate looking blossom or arrow of the

sugar-cane. In each booth is spread a long table on which are piled oranges, pineapples, mangoes, bananas, star apples, large platters filled with buns, breadfruit roasted and divided into sections, and plantains sliced and fried. In fact the table is groaning under its weight and is only waiting for the ox to be cooked. In the center of the space surrounded by the booths is the huge spit and fire over which is being roasted the whole ox, and squatting around are the darkies, looking what they are, a perfectly happy, contented crowd, and forming a gorgeous sight in their holiday attire. They are laughing and chatting, telling "duppee stories" (ghost-stories), and wonderful adventures with the much-dreaded myth "the rolling calf."

The proprietor is expected to visit each booth for a minute or two, making a general remark here and there, and to nominate the king and queen for the occasion, chosen by the villagers beforehand. The feasting—the real business of the day—commences by his inviting the king, queen, and retinue to be seated; he then makes a short speech in honor of the elected king and queen, closing with a right royal "three times three" to the queen of all monarchs, Her Majesty Victoria, queen of many climes and of the hearts of her subjects.

The noise, joking, and laughter which now follow are indeed "confusion worse confounded." Soon there remains nothing of

\* On August 1, 1834, slavery was abolished in the island of Jamaica, by the imperial act of William IV. of England.

† A drink made from rum and Seville orange juice.

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eatables or drinkables, and the tables and benches are hustled out of the booths.

Mounted on an impromptu platform will now be seen a stump orator, whose speeches would convulse the most sober-minded person in existence. These speeches are largely sprinkled with quotations and misquotations from the Bible, and under all peep out here and there some shrewd points, showing a clearer insight and keener wit than one would expect from that source. Frequently native proverbs, such as "Tan tuddy neber spoil dance," or "Rock stone in ribber bottom no feel sun hot," or "When cow no habe tail God Almighty brush fly," are brought in, and so opportunely as to be quite forcible.

Then follow glees of native composition, usually topical. The darkies' voices as a rule are full and rich, and are aided by a naturally correct ear, so that this singing is very enjoyable to the audience.

The booths now begin to be crowded again, and soon the scraping of many violins, the tinkling of the tambourines, and the booming sound of the big drum deaden all other sounds. A most striking scene follows. The dances are decidedly unique, sometimes resembling a heathenish war-dance, one central figure emerging and capering around like a lunatic in the worst stages of insanity, while at other times the poetry and grace of motion are simply entrancing.

The quaint bobs and courtesies and the dramatic but silent courting scenes enacted in the dance are charming. The man in dumb show appears to be using all his persuasive powers to overcome his partner's shyness, while she demurely coquets with him, in perfect time and harmony with the music. This scene is still prettier if it be an old couple dancing, for then the old-fashioned gestures, bobs, and dips are more gracefully intensified.

The dancing is kept up all night and only ceases with the rising sun.

Should you ask a Jamaica darcy whether he is better off now that he is free than when he was a slave, if it happened to be a man old enough to remember the days of

slavery the answer would invariably be: "Massa, me no know; me used to hab a bery good time during slabery; sometimes de driber was cross and used to whip consid'able, but tudder times tings warn't too bad. Old massa used to hab us come up to de great house eb'ry now and den and preach a sarmon powerful long about de sins ob de darkies and de duty we did hab to perform; den him would say: 'But on de whole you hab done your duty bery well. See dat you keep it up or you'll be sorry for it. Williams, take dis note to de still-house, and bookkeeper will give each man a drink and de women some *santa*.' I tell you, massa, dose was good times, 'cause de rum did make us feel kind ob libely so we used to go to de trash house, start de fiddlers, and dance and sing till daylight. Now'days de times is changed; de young niggehs don't tink we old niggehs want good times and dey say we know notting—dat we don't eben know B from a bull's foot. Ah, massa, eddication is a fine ting, and freedom is a fine ting, but we used to hab some good times in old massa's day."

Should your question be repeated to a young darcy, he would grin, showing every tooth in his head, and say: "I nebber was a slabe, massa, but I tank de Lord dat when I work a couple ob weeks, so dat de money jingle in me side pocket, I can go to me yard an' sit down till not a quatter leff, an' not a man can say, 'Hi, you lazy niggeh! go to wuck.' Yes, massa, freedom is a grand ting!"

His idea of freedom is that no one can compel him to work when he does not feel like it—and he very often does not feel like it; and as he has generally very little if any ambition, and no fear of starvation, in a land where nature is so prodigal with her gifts, he can and does take life very easy, perfectly contented if he has eight shillings (\$2.00) in his pocket, as he knows that will last him and his family for housekeeping purposes for two, three, or even four weeks.

The darcy's house consists usually of a thatched hut with three rooms—a general living-room and two bedrooms—half a dozen plates and dishes, a few mugs with

inscriptions on them, two or three bright-colored glasses, and two iron pots, a black pan, and a shut can for cooking utensils. A kerosene tin or very large calabash gourds are used to bring and hold the necessary water from the pond, river, or spring.

The women do almost all the hard work among these people, as they look after the preparing, planting, and cultivating of the "provision ground," where all the vegetables—yams, cassavas, plantains, bread-fruit, bananas, cocoas, etc.—are grown. These form the chief support of the family, both as food and as sale products. A darky wants no meat if only he can have a couple of cocoanuts (the oil of which is used in place of butter for both eating and cooking) or a few alligator pears, or some of the delicious *akee*.

Dear to the heart of every darky woman is "market day," when she can put on a dress starched stiff enough to stand alone, tie on her head a large many-colored handkerchief in lieu of a hat, and set out, carrying a pair of shoes slung over her shoulders, to be put on when near the town. On top of her head is placed a wad called a "cotta," on which rests the very heavy load which she carries, balancing it without touching it with her hands, for five, ten, or even fifteen miles, laughing, talking, chewing sugarcane, or knitting as she walks. These loads are usually so heavy that the women cannot remove them without aid.

Market is held every Saturday and on the day before any public holiday, so that should you be going toward a town on the

31st of July, for instance, you would see numbers of these women, dressed as just described. If you went slowly, you would hear a continuous jabber of, "Howdy coz! Ah, how you do?" This is the common form of salutation, every one being considered a cousin, brother, or sister, with "mudder" the more honored title given to an old woman.

Should you pass these people, whether you know them or not, without an ordinary "Good morning" or "Good afternoon," as the case may be, the comments you would at once hear on "him manners" would be overwhelming, but should you speak in passing, you would be amused, at least, at the impression made, for such remarks as the following fly freely: "Hi, dat am a sweet-spoken gentleman!" "How him handsome!" "You can see him is an educated gentleman." "Ah, what me tell you, coz? Me no did say dat it is money mek de hog, but manners dat mek de gentleman."

Should you stop and ask one of these darkies how far you are from any given spot, no matter whether the distance be one, five, or ten miles, the answer would invariably be, "Not too fur, sar." Certainly the Jamaica darky is the most accommodating and encouraging person one could meet on a tiresome journey, for on receiving such an answer one feels encouraged to go forward again—to get the same reply at perhaps the end of five miles.

Surely these good-natured, contented Jamaica darkies are the happiest, most care-free people on the globe.

## WOMEN MOUNTAIN TOURISTS.

BY TH. GIRM-HOCHBERG.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

ONE of my favorite pastimes used to consist in making plans, lovely, detailed plans for a journey. With Baedeker on my right hand and a watering-place book on my left I used to dream myself in the region of the high Alps, as yet unknown to me. I regarded the most difficult

cult passes as wholly within my province, and was terrified neither by glaciers nor grass slopes, but in thought mounted the highest peaks without fear of avalanche or rolling stone, because at that time I had no conception of them whatever. That there are many Alpine pilgrims, both men

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and women, as unenlightened as I, was plain to my mind in later times at every retreat in the mountains. Without any idea of the demands which mountain climbing makes on those undertaking it, without adequate knowledge of the difficultness of the route, without a thought of the danger to which they exposed their companions as well as themselves, indeed in which they entangled even the guides, they undertook to climb peaks that taxed not a little even those who were accustomed to the exercise.

I cannot state that it was specially the women who so behaved, but I found continually that the women greatly overvalued their strength in comparison with that of the stronger sex.

In no other region is woman placed so completely on an equality with man as in mountain climbing, for here in physical and intellectual strength they go hand in hand. A shining example of this is Hermine Tauscher-Geduly. Not only did she accompany her husband on the most difficult high mountain tours, such as up the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, the Trafoier precipice, but she also described her journeys in such a poetical, refined, and withal characteristic manner as to find scarcely an equal. She grew intellectually and physically with her task, and just there lie the educative and developing features of this sport. Whether I bring home folios of pressed flowers, filled sketch-books, or successful photographs, whether I collect beetles or butterflies, makes little difference, but that the memory of victories over rocks and glaciers raises my mind above the commonplace, that the manifold impressions of nature, the mountain solitudes in all their magnificence and silence carry me above the petty cares of the day, that they widen and sharpen my intellectual vision, is to me the highest gain that I bring back to my level country. Is this gain not worth the many discomforts and annoyances, the exertion and dangers?

Before undertaking an extensive tour, of course you must get in thorough training. Practice both for distance and speed is needed. You must begin with easy, short journeys, of three or four hours' length at

the most, and gradually progress to greater tasks. Do not mount quickly, but for the first half-hour advance very leisurely. Do not drink much cold water and do not halt for every beautiful view, but continue to climb at an even pace until the resting place is reached that was decided upon at the start.

No doubt the first trip will be followed by a disagreeable stiffness in the knees, upper thighs, and, if the mountain staff used is of iron, also in the arms and shoulders. This affection will be felt especially in climbing stairs. It may be relieved by keeping in motion. Resting, in this case doubly sweet, only aggravates the stiffness and awkwardness.

On the way you must follow the directions of the guides exactly, and in conversation with them should strike a friendly tone. For these men, who with pleasure and devotion manage their responsible undertaking, on whose descriptions, strength, and foresight the success of the tour depends, and to whose self-denial you owe perhaps your very lives, are almost without exception true and reliable men. Therefore it is not wise to be niggardly for the sake of a few quarters or half-dollars.

No more should any discrimination against the guides be made in the choice of food and drink during a common march. So long as you live on the provisions you take with you they concern only yourself, but in the shelter huts, mountain inns, and the like you should board cheaply, always with the guides. It is different when you spend the night in the large Swiss glacier hotels. There guides and tourists would best look after themselves independently. On starting out the visitor receives from the landlord a bill for the guide's quarters, even if it is not itemized in the charges.

In regard to provisions, first make sure of some roasted meat, avoiding pork roast or cutlet, for their cold fat easily go against one; likewise the sharp, salted ham, for it causes thirst. A few slices of Swiss cheese will be needed and a box or glass of butter, for, without the butter, white bread, which is almost inevitable in the mountains, tastes too flat. You would better take a

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whole loaf of bread; what is not eaten goes to the guide, who finds use at home for all that remains. If you wish anything more, a few cakes and some chocolate may be added.

After lunching on a summit you never must leave paper bags, empty flasks, eggshells, and the like strewn about, but must gather all such litter together in one corner and cover it with stones or snow. You owe this to your successors.

Now that you have prepared for the comfort of the inner man you must look to the outer man. First in importance are the feet, for with them lies all your power of doing or not doing. Hence the question of woolen or cotton stockings already has been vigorously discussed. For years I have worn cotton stockings, and always have found them good enough.

That the now comfortably clothed foot should wear none but a thoroughly comfortable shoe, goes without saying. Still on all sides are to be seen pointed, narrow shapes, uppers very low, reaching scarcely above the ankles, and high heels. And in these tourists try to climb mountains! If they do not succeed they lament not the boots but the bad way, the hot weather, or various innocent objects.

A proper mountain shoe must be comfortably wide, not too short, and sufficiently roomy to allow the toes to move. That it be made of good, strong leather not varnished or waxed, but greased, is desirable to secure resistance to water and snow. The heel must be broad and low, the sole of double thickness, and both must have nails projecting from them, those on the heel being wing-shaped to insure a firm footing. For the longer journeys over snow and ice, close-fitting gaiters of sailcloth are used, but they are not necessary for climbing tours.

On the question of underclothing ladies are hard to influence. I only mention, therefore, that the petticoats must be reduced to a minimum, and so should take the form of trousers.

The rest of the costume for mountain climbers is considered abundantly, if not

always practically, every year in most fashion magazines. Coarse woolen stuffs, year after year are quoted as fashionable. But that one must endure heavy woolen clothes on hot days is far more a matter of fashionable appearance than of discretion.

Sunburn is the evil most feared by women. Many are the persons I have seen with burnt, peeling cheeks, noses pimpled and red, an appearance which bespeaks constant itching and burning. In such cases patience is the only restorer. However some alleviation is afforded by water into which parsley leaves have been squeezed, a household remedy that originated in the *Algau Alps*. It is best to treat your skin prudently, especially if it is sensitive; those who dope systematically with all sorts of toilet essences and creams only make the skin doubly susceptible to the effects of the sun and snow.

A blue veil lends a little protection, but can be endured only on broad-rimmed hats, else it makes the head too warm. Broad-rimmed hats, too, are advisable. Light panama hats fastened securely to the head afford a fine protection and are not in the least damaged by rain.

It is disagreeable, I must confess, when preparing for a tour to think about what you would do in case one of the party should sprain an arm, cut a finger, or damage a foot—to mention only the lightest possible accidents; but the question should not be neglected. Many guides carry with them some salicyl wadding, and perhaps some sticking-plaster, but one cannot count on their doing so. Therefore it is best to provide yourself with wadding, sticking-plaster, vaseline, and a few pins to secure bandages. Moreover it is a good plan at the beginning of the journey to wrap the toes with wadding to protect the tender skin between them.

The mountain staff and ice-pick require special attention. In selecting a staff you should have various qualities in view. It must be strong, consequently of growing wood, unpolished, and not too heavy, although it must be able to bear up the entire weight of the one who carries it. You



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might make the following test: lay the ends of the staff on chairs, so that two thirds of it are supported; sit on the other third, and if it bears your weight it is safe for your use.

The pick generally has a point of iron. Most ready-made picks are too heavy for women's hands and the so-called women's picks are good only for walking. Therefore it is better to have an ice-pick specially made. The guides know the shapes best suited to the different localities in the Alps. For instance the Tyrolese pattern used on the highlands in Berne is in the form of a shovel, and the length of the handle varies. There is a difference in the views of high tourists as to whether the pick is an absolute necessity. While the Algau natives and those from the Bregenge wood use the mountain staff more, a Welshman, a guide from the village of Grindelwald or adjacent regions, such as the central Alps, would not undertake even an easy tour without a pick.

In conclusion let me give a few words of warning. The dwellers of the plain are charmed with the splendor of the Alpine flora and wish to take home with them, fresh or pressed, every specimen they see. Since most of them are unaware of the dangers in flower-gathering on the shelving, grassy slopes, it often is the imperative duty of the guide to hold them back. More human lives have fallen victims to the sorcery of the *edelweiss* than to the notorious ice fairy, and even the Alpine shepherds often lose their lives in plucking this flower. We may well content ourselves with easier conquests. Alpine roses, gentians, the little brown cabbage rose with its fragrance like vanilla, deep blue forget-me-nots, and, in the snowy regions, the fine stalked soldanel and the bright varieties of saxifrage are so beautiful that we can find enjoyment enough in them even if the *edelweiss* does not grace our bouquet.

### THE SUNSTROKE SECRET.

BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE author of the "Handbook of Health and Longevity" exhorts his readers not to lose their tempers in warm weather, but that advice is rather hard to follow when you return from a few weeks' summer outing and find a nest of rats in your sideboard.

"Just look at these shreds," said my sister the other day, holding up a bundle of demolished napkins. "They were as good as new a month ago, and now they are hardly fit for dishcloths, the way the owner of that nest has ripped them. And it took the boys nearly an hour to run that little wretch down," she added; "it really seems as if the most mischievous things were the hardest to kill."

An investigator of popular fallacies is often tempted to a similar conclusion. Like rats, pernicious superstitions seem to have about a dozen lives each. A sanitary delusion can be chased out of a hundred lurking-places and kicked all over the neigh-

borhood, and after all escape to its hidden den and continue its work of mischief.

Fifty years after the revelations of Florence Nightingale, millions of housekeepers still ascribe catarrhs to the influence of fresh air, and swelter in an atmosphere of lung-destroying miasmas, with a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit, rather than seek relief by opening a bedroom window. Fevers and agues are still attributed to a diet of fruit, sick-headaches are doctored with the beverages that caused them; but the most amazing surrender of reason to hearsay is, after all, the prevalent explanation of sun-strokes. Physiology, it is true, has only begun to form a branch of public school education, but a vestige of the gift for recognizing the connection of cause and effect ought to convince every observer that the natural inclination to dispense with artificial headwear in midsummer *cannot* have anything to do with the injurious, and often fatal, effects of sun heat. "Don't run

around without your hat, or you'll have a sunstroke in a minute!" is an admonition heard on each summer day from north Britain to southern California.

Has it never occurred to the repeaters of that cuckoo-cry that the natural head-cover of a human being is already more redundant than that of any other mammal—with the possible exception of the Abyssinian mane-baboons, that get shock-headed in cold weather, but drop their periwigs in the dog-days—and that the natives of some of the warmest regions of this planet go bareheaded the year round, and with perfect impunity? Hats were unknown during the long centuries of Greek and Roman health-worship; the ancient nations of the Mediterranean coast-lands wore helmets in war, but used caps only in bitter cold weather or in burlesquing the effeminate races of Western Asia. The emperor Hadrian, in his fiftieth year, traveled bareheaded to the shores of the Black Sea, and back again by way of Egypt and Northern Africa, and poked fun at a Bythinian Cræsus who would not venture on a journey without taking his physician along.

"But our variable climate—" insists the hearsay-monger, still clinging to the shadow of a possibility to blame the trouble on outdoor grievances. In a climate of extreme thermal contrasts the natives of Kamchatka, northern Japan, and Bolivia dispense with hats and know sunstrokes only from the experience of their foreign visitors. In Tierra del Fuego the brooding heat of December (the midsummer of the western hemisphere) is often broken by snow-storms, straight from the iceberg regions of the Antarctic Ocean, yet the aborigines would not take umbrellas for a present and frequently go to sleep under the scorching rays of the noonday sun.

Besides, the temperature of an average North American summer afternoon is a mere trifle compared with the furnace heat of a rolling-mill, where men of all nations work for hours together, and avoid collapse by a minimum of dry goods and a maximum of water-drinking. They get an hour's recess at noon, but generally squat in the draught

of the ore-shed and merely toy with their lunch, preferring rest to repletion, and waiting to indemnify their appetite at the end of the working-day. They mostly own their own homes, and in that respect enjoy a great advantage over the farm-hands and railway laborers, who in stress of circumstances have to bolt a meal of greasy food and directly after are marched out again to toil in the glare of the dog-day sun. The presence of a bullying taskmaster keeps them in harness, but their organism cannot do double work; the process of digestion is interrupted, and at night the stomach has to deal with a mass of fermented *ingesta*, often much worse than useless for purposes of nutrition.

For a time the marvelous resources of the internal economy utilize each night to undo the mischief of the day, but the repetition of the outrage finally breaks down the resisting power of the stoutest constitution. Under the shadow of impending evil the hired man throws up his job and goes a-tramping, the farmer's boy runs away to try his luck in the maelstrom of city life. But the hope of weathering the ordeal of fire inspires others to conquer their misgivings, and some day the self-regulating faculty of the organism succumbs to the burden of discomfort: the blood begins to ferment, and the worn-out laborer is carried home in the delirium of a brain fever. His system might have resisted the bake-oven heat of the sun-blistered fields, with the aid of a refrigerating diet it might have neutralized the combined calorific influence of sunlight, severe labor, and superfluous clothing; but it could bear up no longer against the quadruple weight of dry goods, drudgery, dyspepsias, and dog-day weather. The patient tosses in the agony of brain-convulsions, raving of flight to shady retreats at the brink of a mountain brook, and in his lucid intervals begins to realize the meaning of the presentiments of coming trouble that have haunted him for weeks. It is too late now; the disregard of urgent warnings has avenged itself. Few persons ever entirely recover from the after-effects of a sunstroke. The fever may subside, but paroxysms of sick-headaches recur on slight provocation.

The convalescent complains of languor, drowsiness, and lack of appetite, and the organ of the mind rarely regains its former vigor.

Yet all that trouble might have been avoided by heeding the sanitary maxim, Never eat till you have leisure to digest. Frost is a powerful digestive stimulant, yet even in midwinter only men with a large reserve fund of health can hope to escape the evil consequences of engaging in hard work immediately after a full meal. In warm weather neither gluttony nor intemperance is more speedily ruinous. Eating at the wrong time, rather than over-eating, fills America with dyspeptics, and drives millions of refugees from the farms to the cities, where work after dinner is at least not apt to be hard work and outdoor work.

Our Spanish-American neighbors compromise the matter by a three hours' siesta, but a still better plan was that of the ancient educators who taught their pupils to avoid repletion till the day's work was done. It is not necessary to forego the noontime meal altogether. Few dyspeptics ever would listen to the mere proposition of such a heresy against the rules of established customs. But in warm weather hard-working men who can be induced to consult the monitions of their own sanitary instincts would be surprised to find how small a quantum of solid food will stay the stomach during the noon-hour recess. It is a cooling drink—spring-water or a glass of cold lemonade—the system craves, and after adding a few graham crackers or a handful of dates the desire for rest overcomes the clamors of appetite, and a catnap in the shade will do more to restore the heat-relaxed vigor than a stack of greasy steaks. An hour and a half ought to be the minimum of the noonday pause, and an eight-hour night added to the cool evening hours would accomplish the digestion of almost any supper.

Housekeepers, too, would share the benefits of that arrangement. Cooking, frying, carving, and dish-washing, while the mercury climbs to the edge of the fever-heat mark, explain the fits of ill temper that

make Bridget mourn the day of her birth and drive the *pater familias* to the dramshop.

All sorts of time-schedules could be modified to suit that change of program, but even under present circumstances America ought to vote a statue to the reformer who devised the school plan adopted by the city of Louisville, Ky. Instead of supplementing the morning work with an after-dinner session that makes existence a curse to teachers and scholars, the public schools of Falls City open at 8 a. m., teach with short pauses till 2 p. m. (half past one on extra hot days), and then close for dinner, play, outdoor rambles, and all. Their day's work is done, and the long afternoon leaves time for the accomplishment of manifold other tasks, digestion included. And it is a perhaps accidental, but certainly noteworthy coincidence that since the introduction of that plan the sunstroke wards of the city have hardly ever been troubled with juvenile patients. Boys with and without their hats play on sun-scorched commons more than ever, but they do not now so often play immediately after dinner. Under the old *régime* the noon-hour recess was Hobson's choice, but a youngster left to the guidance of his own instincts can be relied upon to indulge in a good-sized siesta.

"We will never get rid of that delusion till we change the name of a 'cold,'" said a lady at a convention of the St. Louis Hygienic Reform Association. "We ought to call it 'catching dust' or 'catching microbes.' The mischievous synonym of a catarrh will continue to scare non-observers into crazy precautions against the cool air of the outdoor world."

And it is not impossible that we shall have to adopt a new nomenclature to describe the effects of our midsummer mistakes before our contemporaries will cease to fight "sunstrokes" with straw hats. To speak of beefsteak-strokes or flannel-under-shirt-strokes would be more to the point; but the revival of a deep-rooted delusion cannot be obviated till nurses learn to consider a "sunstroke" patient the victim of after-dinner work.

## CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE jubilee in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign at once takes a notable place in history for calling together, in London on June 22, the greatest number of persons the world ever has seen at one gathering. Still the celebration was not limited to London. It was general throughout the island and reached into the colonies. In many places of Ireland, however, it did not take the form of merrymaking, but crape and black flags were thrown to the breeze instead of the patriotic colors that clothed the rest of the empire in joyous holiday attire. The ceremonies lasted a fortnight, beginning with religious observances on June 20, the anniversary of Accession Day. On the next day the queen entered London, and there the most elaborate of all the preparations had been made. The whole great metropolis was gorgeous with decorations; illuminations and festivities there were, too numerous to mention, and a number of decorations and titles were conferred, but the crowning event of the jubilee was the magnificent parade on June 22. Never did the sun look down on such a heterogeneous assemblage. In contrast to the queen, the royal family, and their attendant English-

men, typifying the highest civilization, were the Malays from New Zealand, the coal-black Africans, the yellow Chinese, strange faces and costumes from every quarter of the globe, forming an impressive object-lesson in the vast resources and extent of the British Empire—and not least in line were ambassadors from nearly every civilized country in the world. The cheers of welcome accorded the colonial contingent were equaled only by those given the queen herself. Among the dignitaries in the procession, Gladstone was conspicuous for his absence. The envoy extraordinary of Turkey, though present, was not announced with the others of his rank, this precaution being taken to avert a hostile demonstration by the populace. The United States was represented by Col. John Hay, ambassador to the court of St. James, and a special embassy headed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid and including Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. Though the queen was in good health and endured the wearisome journey without ill results, it is said she was too nearly blind to see the people who gathered to pay her homage. Closely rivaling the pageant of June 22 in impressiveness was the naval display of June 26 at Spithead. Here one hundred and fifty war-ships of all kinds, besides twenty torpedo boats, were assembled, forming the largest fleet of fighting ships known to history.

*New York Tribune. (N. Y.)*

Nations may differ with Great Britain on matters of policy. But men and women the world over, under whatever flag, will honor themselves in paying some tribute of esteem to the personality of the British sovereign.

*The Chicago Record. (Ill.)*

It is a certainty that no other nation at the present time could make a manifestation of such impressive character or secure the cooperation in such degree of all the civilized nations of the earth.

*The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)*

Largely—chiefly, in fact—it is a personal celebration; a glorification of the good queen herself—now the most aged sovereign in Europe. It is her personal influence for good; her leaning to constitutional government; her determined and mainly successful purpose to keep her court free from

everything approaching any scandal or immorality; her governing desire, in all her action on public matters, to be right and just, that has made her honored and beloved by her people.

*The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. (N. Y.)*

One reason for the queen's happy reign is that with rare good sense she has been content to allow the Commons to govern. She has avoided conflict with the great representative body, obeyed its mandates, and signed its measures.

*The Commercial Appeal. (Memphis, Tenn.)*

The Victorian era is the most splendid procession in history. It has been an age of poets and philosophers, of musical revolution, of revolt in art, of miracles in science, of triumphant civilization, and of advancing democracy; yet she who has given her name to it has been the slightest possible factor in its glory and achievement.

*The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)*

Stripped of silly rodomontade and spurious sentimentality, the "Diamond Jubilee" of Queen Victoria is avowedly designed to be a grand revival and consecration of the nearly moribund belief in the unity of the British Empire. It is at the same time secretly intended to resuscitate the monarchical sentiment not only in the British possessions but in the United States as well. Down with republics and the notion of political and social equality! Up with the idea of courts and castes and classes! That is the real clandestine purport of the queen's Diamond Jubilee.

*The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)*

Those who are wont to belittle the queen's importance in the rule of the British Empire should not forget that, while there is a constitutional government, the queen's preeminent prerogatives have stood, and still stand. It has been due to Victoria's personal modesty and unostentatious offices that the exercise of this prerogative has so rarely attracted public attention, yet it has been asserted on some occasions with absolute power.

*The Boston Herald. (Mass.)*

It is the realization of the great national gains that have been made in the last sixty years, and how far these might have been, under another ruler, arrested or prevented, which leads the many million subjects of Victoria to welcome her jubilee, and to shout with unaffected sincerity, "God save the queen."

*Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

Amid the pomp and acclaim of the week's pagentry it will not be forgotten that Victoria has during her long reign always exalted the home and the homely virtues.

*The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)*

If the Grand Old Man had been weak enough to accept the peerage which has more than once been offered to him during the present reign he might now have been permitted to ride in one of the front carriages of the line.

*The Cleveland Leader. (Ohio.)*

If there is to be an imperial federation which must strengthen the bonds between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, no intelligent American can fail to perceive that in such a change his own country may be deeply concerned.

*The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)*

The queen's dislike of Gladstone crops out in his being excluded from sharing, in any prominent way, in the jubilee ceremonies. The royal figurehead and her family put another nail in the coffin of British monarchy when they play such pranks.

*The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)*

No period of human history has witnessed such mighty changes as the Victorian era. In these threescore years the population of the United Kingdom has nearly doubled, while its property has trebled, and the advance in its foreign trade has been over four hundred and fifty per cent.

*The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)*

The spectacle in London, with typical representatives from all sections of England, Ireland, and Scotland—representatives not only from every colony but from every race in the colonies, all in line to do honor to the sovereign—is significant beyond any other spectacle of the time.

*The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)*

Her long reign will go into history without one reproach. Surely there is hardly a parallel among sovereigns, in the fruition of hopes, to hers.

## ANNEXATION OF HAWAII BY TREATY.

In the midst of Japan's hostile objections to Hawaii's immigration policy and the United States Senate's threats of abrogating Hawaii's present reciprocity treaty with the United States, President McKinley sent to the Senate a treaty calling for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. This he did on June 16. The treaty was signed by Secretary of State Sherman representing the United States and by Francis M. Hatch, Lorin A. Thurston, and Wm. A. Kinney representing the Hawaiian government. By its provisions the republic of Hawaii cedes to the United States absolutely, from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, all rights of sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands and their dependencies, the same to be annexed as the territory of Hawaii. She also cedes to the United States all her public, government, or crown lands, and public properties of whatever description; the same are to be governed not by the existing United States laws on public lands but by special laws to be enacted by the United States Congress, and the proceeds from such properties are to be applied to educational and other public purposes for the benefit of the inhabitants of Hawaii. Congress shall provide a local government and until then the present officers shall continue their services under the direction of the president of the United States and subject to removal by him. All treaties of Hawaii with other nations shall give place to those between the United States and those nations. Hawaii's debt to the extent of \$4,000,000 will be assumed by the United States government. "There shall be no further immigration of Chinese into the Hawaiian Islands, except upon such conditions as are now or may hereafter be allowed by the laws of the United States, and no Chinese by



reason of anything herein contained shall be allowed to enter the United States from the Hawaiian Islands." Finally, the president shall appoint a commission of five persons, at least two of them to be "residents of the Hawaiian Islands," who shall speedily recommend to Congress suitable legislation for the territory of Hawaii. On June 19 the Japanese minister filed with the State Department at Washington, D. C., a protest against the treaty. On June 23 Senator Morgan, of Alabama, introduced into the Senate a bill calling for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands in accordance with the new treaty or else by act of Congress.

(Dem.) *The Sun*. (New York, N. Y.)

The sentiment of the American people and the teaching of our history are in favor of accepting her [Hawaii], and we have faith that Congress will duly act in accordance with this sentiment.

(Rep.) *New York Tribune*. (N. Y.)

The main fact is that the submission of an annexation treaty to the Senate, though not imperatively demanded at this time by public sentiment, unquestionably declares a policy which the country approves and has confidently expected to see realized in the near future.

(Ind. Dem.) *World Herald*. (Omaha, Neb.)

The annexation of Hawaii will benefit none but the sugar king of that island, and his benefits will be bought and presented to him by the American people. Let Hawaii remain an independent republic.

(Rep.) *Wheeling Intelligencer*. (W. Va.)

Hawaii is desirable for the United States navy as a strategic point, and in this respect is of incalculable value to this country. It would, therefore, be almost a crime for this government to permit any foreign nation to gain control of the islands. Unless action is soon taken such a thing may occur.

(Dem.) *The Times*. (Hartford, Conn.)

We do not feel certain that the annexation of those islands would be of any advantage to our republic. It would be something of a burden, and it might endanger the peace and welfare of our country. Still, for the free use of the United States shipping and the navy on the Pacific, it would have advantages.

(Ind.) *Public Ledger*. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The scheme of Hawaiian annexation is supported mainly by jingoes and jobbers. With Hawaii as an American territory shiploads of carpetbaggers would go out to hold federal office and push the natives to the wall even more closely than the original colonists did.

(Ind.) *Detroit News*. (Mich.)

If the Sandwich Islands were only barren rocks in the midst of the ocean, they should be ours lest they might become the property of another and perhaps hostile nation. They cannot maintain themselves alone, and if we should neglect them, they would sooner or later fall into the hands of a rival. The cordon of fortified islands and stations which Great Britain has drawn around our Atlantic front should be warning enough to the least far-sighted of our citizens to arm patriotism against a similar danger in the Pacific. If he never does anything

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else, this alone will make President McKinley's name glorious in history.

(Rep.) *The Mail and Express*. (New York, N. Y.)

The consolidation of Hawaii with the United States will be to the immediate and increasing advantage of both countries.

(Dem.) *Times-Union*. (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Perhaps the chief objection to annexation is that it involves a departure from the traditional policy of the country. It adds the United States to the list of land-grabbing nations. It marks a beginning in a new policy that may lead to all kinds of complications with foreign nations.

(Rep.) *San Francisco Chronicle*. (Cal.)

In 1893, when the Hawaiian annexation treaty was withdrawn from the Senate, the people would have welcomed its ratification, and as the new treaty has now in effect been submitted to the people as well as to their representatives in Congress, its acceptance is assured.

(Dem.) *Richmond Times*. (Va.)

To annex Hawaii is to commence foreign complications, which General Washington was so earnest in counseling his countrymen to avoid, and it is to bring another state into the Union with a large colored and mongrel population. We shall see no end of trouble started by this event if we should actually annex the island.

(Ind.) *The News*. (Indianapolis, Ind.)

The time to stop this business is at the beginning. The people should make themselves heard in opposition to the supposed policy of the McKinley administration on the Hawaiian question.

(Dem.) *Baltimore Sun*. (Md.)

The annexation is undesirable in itself and objectionable for its inevitable consequences. The influence that promotes it is, of course, that of the sugar-planters, who, anticipating the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, desire to escape the duty on sugar by bringing Hawaii within our tariff wall.

(Ind.) *Washington Times*. (D. C.)

It is an excellent bargain for us, and it will be shameful if the Senate does not promptly close it.

(Rep.) *The Cleveland Leader*. (Ohio.)

Congress may not get to the annexation treaty before next winter, but the document should be ratified as soon as it can be reached. The Democrats who are opposing ratification may probably arrive at the conclusion some time that they are working in the interest of the sugar trust, and that may cause them to change their minds.

## COMMISSIONERS' REPORT ON THE RUIZ CASE.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.  
United States Consul General at Havana.

WHAT action the administration will take as a result of the Ruiz inquiry still remains a matter of conjecture to the public. The inquiry, authorized by both the American and Spanish governments, was conducted by a commission consisting of Dr. Congosto, Spanish consul at Philadelphia, Pa., United States Consul General Lee, and special commissioner, Mr. Wm. J. Calhoun, of Illinois, who was appointed April 28 by President McKinley. Mr. Calhoun returned home on June 8 with the reports. The commissioners, failing to agree on admitted facts, sent a joint report on the facts not in dispute and then each sent a separate report on his own conclusions in the matter. Mr. Calhoun made his report in person to President McKinley. General Lee's version of the case, as published, is that Dr. Ruiz, the naturalized American dentist living in Guanabacoa, Cuba, was imprisoned on a false charge, that he was taken alive and well to his cell and "at the end of three hundred and fifteen hours was brought out a corpse, having been subjected to *incomunicado* imprisonment, in violation of his treaty rights, two hundred and forty-three hours over and above the seventy-two hour limit. From the time he was placed *incomunicado* until his death all knowledge of his condition was confined to his jailers, and therefore there can be no other testimony except that of these officials as to the mode of his treatment or manner of his death, and it could not be expected that in case of bad treatment they would testify against themselves or against each other. So such testimony should be received not with 'a grain of salt,' but with a barrel." General Lee continues: "I therefore conclude, saying, as I have done in all previous reports about this case, that whether Dr. Ruiz killed himself or was killed by some one else, will, under the existing conditions, always remain unknown." Dr. Congosto's report is claimed by the Spanish government to show conclusively that no treaty rights were violated in the Ruiz case.



DR. CONGOSTO.  
Spanish Consul at Philadelphia, Pa.

(Dem.) *The Sun.* (New York, N. Y.)

Spain must be called to account for the wrong she has done to the country in the death of this



MR. WM. J. CALHOUN.  
Special Commissioner to Cuba.

citizen, and her high-handed procedures and her violations of treaty rights must stop.

(Rep.) *The Kansas City Journal.* (Mo.)

Whatever the administration's policies, they will be pursued with greater intelligence for this report.

(Dem.) *The Chattanooga Times.* (Tenn.)

The notion that the Ruiz case can lead to war with Spain is babyish. Spain did not murder Ruiz.

(Ind.) *The Evening Star.* (Washington, D. C.)

The end is not in sight, unless by means of intervention of some kind by the United States, and that is the point with which it is reasonable to assume the president now will charge himself.

(Dem.) *The Atlanta Constitution.* (Ga.)

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Dr. Ruiz came to his death by reason of self-inflicted blows, it nevertheless remains that Spain is guilty of his death in permitting him to lie in prison without means of communicating with any one except the jailers.

## PRESIDENT FAURE ESCAPES ASSASSINATION.

As if the recent Paris holocaust were not disaster enough for France, an attempt was made, June 13, on the life of her president, M. Felix Faure. Attended by a large guard of dragoons he was riding to Longchamps to see the Grand Prix (the great horse-race run on the Sunday of Ascot week). As he approached some shrubbery on the Avenue des Acacias a bomb exploded. Though no one was injured by the explosion, a detective mistaken for an anarchist was beaten into insensibility by the crowd. Meanwhile the real criminal escaped. President Faure went on his way bowing right and left as if nothing had happened and by his composure won fresh popularity everywhere. Nevertheless the incident made a profound impression on the populace who have not forgotten the death of their president, M. Carnot, three years ago by the dagger of an assassin.



PRESIDENT FAURE.

*Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

The moral seems to be that the style of our American presidents in going about unattended is as safe as any and much more consistent with a republican form of government than the pomp and ceremony of the president of France.

*The Boston Herald. (Mass.)*

The attempt to assassinate President Faure, of the French Republic, by means of an explosive bomb, is only another proof of the perils run by the recognized representatives of government, without regard to what that government may be.

*The Syracuse Post. (N. Y.)*

President Faure is making one of the best executives France has known. He is a man of scholarship,

breadth of view, personal courage, much patriotism, kind heart and loyal devotion to the best interests of his country. The friends of good government everywhere, particularly the friends of a republican government, will rejoice at his escape on Sunday.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)*

Regicide is a crime that has often figured in history, and while some of the monarchs who met this fate were tyrants and oppressors, this was no justification for the deed. But when such crimes are committed in a free republic, where liberty reigns and the people are sovereign, then the attempt to kill the man who has been chosen to guide the destinies of the nation is something for which there is no excuse; something that belongs only to an age of barbarism.

*The Buffalo Courier-Record. (N. Y.)*

In several cases, particularly in France, it has been suspected that alleged murderous plots simply resulted from the imagination of secret police agents or detectives, or were spurious performances arranged for political purposes, or with a view to obtaining personal promotion and other rewards. Whether the reported new attempt against the life of the French president has this fictitious character later accounts may show.

*The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)*

The only reasonable explanation is in an unbalanced mind, reflecting no sane antagonism to the republic.

## THE TARIFF BILL PASSES THE SENATE.

THE Dingley tariff bill passed the Senate after receiving 874 amendments. It came to a vote on July 7, after a continuous debate of six weeks, and received a majority of 10 ballots in its favor, 38 votes being cast for and 28 against it. Seven of the senators present did not vote. Of the ayes, 35 were given by Republicans, 2 by Silver Republicans, and 1 by a Democrat. The tendency of the changes made in the Senate from the Senate Finance Committee's revision (reported to the Senate on May 4) of the House bill has been to revert to the House adjustment. Some new provisions are added, most important of which is a stamp tax on bonds, debentures, and certificates of stock. New reciprocity and retaliatory measures are substituted for those of the House, and the anti-trust sections of the Wilson Bill are embodied in the new bill. From the Senate the bill was referred to the joint conference committee of the House and Senate.

(*Rep.*) *New York Tribune.* (*N. Y.*)

It cannot be supposed that the people will be entirely satisfied if the Senate decides to pass a bill which will not raise more than enough revenue to cover expenditures for the first year. The country has had one tariff for deficit, and does not desire another.

(*Ind.*) *The Ledger.* (*Tacoma, Wash.*)

The protective policy is not only stronger to-day than it ever was because of this support it is getting from the South, and because it has thus lost that semblance of being a sectional question, which it once had, but because a majority realize that it is, and must be the best policy for a country not yet thoroughly developed and so thickly populated as to make it necessary to find a larger market for the products of its people abroad than can be found at home.

(*Dem.*) *Charleston News and Courier.* (*S. C.*)

If rich tourists can be allowed to bring in \$50,000,000 worth of clothing, free of duty, every year, at the loss of \$20,000,000 revenue to the government, it would really appear that the hard-working and poor tobacco farmers could be exempted from the payment of internal revenue duties to the same amount. If the government can spare the revenue in the one case it can in the other. Or is it to be understood that revenue is raised by taxing tobacco in order that the millionaire travelers can be excused from paying duty on their imported pauper-made toggery?

(*Dem.*) *The Chattanooga Times.* (*Tenn.*)

The rich tourists should not be favored. Neither should the users of tobacco, which is at once a luxury and a poison. The consumer and not the producer pays the tobacco tax; and we want it put as high as it can be without promoting fraud. All luxuries, whether consumed by the prince or the pauper, should be taxed all they will bear; and all rich tourists should be made to pay duty on the toggery they import. There is no need to omit a just and proper tax in order to excuse an improper exemption.

(*Rep.*) *The Cleveland Leader.* (*Ohio.*)

Most of the opposition to the proposed new American tariff comes from foreign countries. That is why it is likely to prove of great benefit to the people of the United States. Of course the foreigners have the right to protest, but as President McKinley says, there is no sentiment in trade.

(*Ind.*) *Public Ledger.* (*Philadelphia, Pa.*)

It would be as unreasonable as unjust to expect the Dingley-Aldrich tariff to be without errors or imperfections, but there is apparently cause to fear that the framers of it have made the very grave mistake of making the secondary the primal provision of their bill; that they have made protection, and not revenue, the dominating principle of their measure.

It similarly seems as if they have not considered as carefully as they should their duty to avoid the appearance of promoting the interests of any of the great monopolistic trusts or combinations which are in restraint of trade, and the interests of which are opposed to the interests of the millions of consumers.

(*Dem.*) *The Sun.* (*New York, N. Y.*)

A provision of the tariff which shall abolish the deficit in the federal revenue and end commercial uncertainty is much too important for more time to be wasted now with essays upon a theory long ago discarded, and with pharisaic reviling of Democrats who know that a tariff for revenue only is not their party's principle and who are sincere enough to say so.

(*Dem.*) *Times-Union.* (*Jacksonville, Fla.*)

Southern representatives are, perhaps, as much free-traders as ever, but they seem to have come to the conclusion that the best way to kill the mania of protection is to make protection universal. When protection becomes universal—affecting everybody alike—it will at the same time become impossible. It will have no advocates, because there will be no beneficiaries.

(*Rep.*) *Kennebec Journal.* (*Augusta, Me.*)

Truly Congress is acting in a very sensible manner relative to the tariff bill.

(*Ind.*) *The Times-Herald.* (*Chicago, Ill.*)

With the growing prospect of a speedy enactment of a tariff law the tide of trade is getting stronger and rising higher. Great business changes are not expected until Congress adjourns, but removal of uncertainty is bringing into operation buying forces which have been restricted for many months past.

(*Dem.*) *The Chicago Evening Post.* (*Ill.*)

While it is gratifying to record a victory for the Republican caucus, it may be stated frankly that the logical champions of protection are not necessarily committed to the Senate schedule. The Dingley rates on sugar would, in fact, be preferred by them, and if the Senate had voted to retain the Dingley schedule there would have been no cause for dissatisfaction.

(*Rep.*) *The Indianapolis Journal.* (*Ind.*)

The Senate bill is not so satisfactory to cattle-growers as is the House bill. For that reason cattle-growers favor the House schedule. The votes in the Senate of the last two weeks have made it quite clear that the policy of protection was never so much in favor throughout the whole country as at the present time. Senators who declare that they are not protectionists on general principles show by their votes that they are in favor of the protection of local industries.

(*Ind.*) *The Chicago Record.* (*Ill.*)

The bill as it stands is a curious compromise between the effort to provide high protection and the necessity of raising sufficient revenues.

## CORNELL WINS THE BOAT-RACE.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY.  
Coach of Cornell.

THE brilliant victory of Cornell over Yale and Harvard in the intercollegiate boat-race of June 25, which is also a triumph of the American over the English stroke, is all the more glorious in view of the world-famed prowess of the vanquished contestants. The race covered a four-mile course down the Hudson River, from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Cornell's crew, coached by Charles E. Courtney, rowed the typically American stroke, a long slide with but little back motion. Harvard rowed the typically English stroke, a short slide and a long back pull, as taught by Rudolph C. Lehmann, the Cambridge oarsman who came to this country on purpose to coach the Harvard crew. And Yale, coached by "Bob" Cook who has been identified with so many of Yale's conquests, rowed a stroke decidedly more of the English than the American type. The crews also illustrated different standards of age and physique. The average weight of Cornell was 160¾ pounds, of Yale, 172¼, of Harvard, 169; the average height of Cornell was 5:10½, of Yale, 6:00, of Harvard, 5:10¾; Cornell's average age was 21¾, Yale's, 20¾, and Harvard's, 21¼. Thus "the Cornell boat carried over one hundred pounds less live weight

(including coxswain) than Yale and about seventy-two pounds less than Harvard." Before the start the Yale and Harvard men scarcely deigned to count Cornell in the race. At the finish Cornell pulled over the line two and a half clean lengths in the lead, and kept on at racing speed half a mile farther to reach her launch. The Yale crew followed draggingly and once over the line immediately "let her run." Harvard reached the goal at least three and a half lengths behind Yale. Her stroke had collapsed in his seat and the other men were utterly exhausted.



"BOB" COOK.  
Coach of Yale.

*New York Tribune. (N. Y.)*

The maximum of power with the minimum of effort is what all oarsmen require of a stroke. Does the English stroke, when perfectly exemplified, produce the combination? Mr. Courtney thinks not, and his opinion just now appears to be worth having.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)*

And there is another thing in Cornell's victory to rejoice over, and that is that her's was the distinctly American stroke. We feel sorry for Mr. Lehmann, but must admit we did not look for his stroke to triumph. It has triumphed over Americans at

Henley, but not from innate superiority, but from the more advantageous English conditions.

*The Chicago Record. (Ill.)*

There is no limit to the theories that can be manufactured after a well-matched boat-race. But no theory will be superior to the hypothesis that Cornell won because she had the better crew.

*The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)*

The splendid victory of Friday was not more a tribute to the superior muscle and methods of the



RUDOLPH C. LEHMANN.  
Coach of Harvard.

Ithacans than it was a rebuke to the all too prevalent practice of going abroad for our manners.



## PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT TENNESSEE'S EXPOSITION.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

THE journey of the presidential party to the Tennessee Exposition and vicinity proved to be a succession of ovations offered by the southern people all along the route. The party consisted of President and Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's aunt; Dr. N. L. Bates, the president's physician, and Mrs. Bates; Secretary and Mrs. Porter, Secretary and Mrs. Sherman, Secretary and Mrs. Alger, Miss Frances Alger, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Gary, the Misses Gary, Secretary and Miss Wilson, H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions; General Charles H. Grosvenor, Joseph P. Smith, director of the Bureau of American Republics, and his son; F. C. Squires, Secretary Alger's private secretary, and twenty-three newspaper men.

They left Washington on June 8, going by way of Louisville, and arrived in Nashville, Tenn., on June 11. At Nashville extensive preparations had been made in their honor. June 11 had been proclaimed a holiday, and the citizens turned out in a body to greet the president. Their number was swelled by thousands of people from other parts of the state. President McKinley's speech at the exposition was received with

unbounded applause. Beginning with the settlement of Tennessee he outlined the history of the state down to the Civil War, of which he declared: "The men who opposed each other in dreadful battle a third of a century ago are once more and forever united together under one flag in a never-to-be-broken union." He then led up to the exposition, saying: "You have done wisely in exhibiting these [resources] to your own people and to your sister states, and at no time could the display be more effective than now, when what the country needs more than all else is restored confidence in itself." The home return was made by the way of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Asheville, N. C.

(Dem.) *The Chicago Evening Post.* (Ill.)

We know not which to admire more, the happy form in which President McKinley phrased his address at Nashville yesterday or the generous and loyal spirit in which it was received.

(Rep.) *Baltimore American.* (Md.)

All the way from Washington to Nashville there was a kindly reception for the president to whom the South gave more votes than to any Republican in the country's history. The southerners have opened to him their warm appreciation and support.

(Dem.) *The Chattanooga Times.* (Tenn.)

It is not at all in disparagement of President McKinley to recognize his inferiority to some other public men, living and dead, in the rather non-

essential accomplishment of impromptu public speaking. He is probably a better magistrate than he would be if he were a readier and more florid talker.

(Rep.) *The Republican Standard.* (Bridgeport, Conn.)

President McKinley has once more demonstrated his ability to make the speech fit the time in the most appropriate manner.

(Dem.) *The Sun.* (New York, N. Y.)

It has been made manifest at Nashville within a week that the language of animosity against the veterans of the Union army which was contained in a resolution recently adopted by a Confederate post in Tennessee did not express the sentiments of the people of that loyal state.

## THE GRECO-TURKISH SITUATION.

THE peace negotiations between Turkey and Greece are still hanging fire. On June 19 it was reported unofficially that some progress was being made, though slowly, toward a final settlement. Turkey, it was said, had ceased to insist on occupying Thessaly and had compromised by accepting the small region north of the Peneios River, while the creditors of Greece seemed inclined to advance the twenty million dollars indemnity demanded by Turkey. However, on July 7 the Porte announced that it would not agree to placing the frontier line in Thessaly north of the river Peneios, which, it asserted, was the natural boundary, and, furthermore, that Turkey would renew hostilities if the peace compact was not finished within a week. On the same day Russia was reported to have sent a circular note to the powers recommending action to hurry the conclusion of peace. According to the same despatch Germany, who heretofore has

been lenient to the Turks, now insists on Turkey's accepting the strategic boundary defined by the powers. Meanwhile, on June 27, the Turks in Epirus seized several important positions near Agrapha. As this would enable them to cut off the Greek's retreat in case of a renewal of hostilities, the Greek government ordered its troops to proceed in force to Karpenisi.

*Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

The Turkish army is becoming accustomed to the occupation of Greek territory. This species of squatter sovereignty is hard to dislodge if continued long. It may develop into a title which will require the expenditure of much treasure and much life to set aside. The restive, anxious feeling at Athens is natural and is not without substantial cause.

*The Chattanooga Times. (Tenn.)*

It looks as though it would not be long before the old cry of the janizaries, "Christians on the hooks, Jews on the spit," would be heard again under the walls of Vienna.

*San Francisco Chronicle. (Cal.)*

If it is true that the Turks are devastating Thessaly they are simply acting as other soldiers have always done in an enemy's country.

*The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)*

Even if peace is the outcome of all the delay and counsel that have been going on since the armistice began, it promises to be a patchwork affair only, with little durability. The evidence of this is afforded by the extraordinary sums being voted in every country of Europe for naval purposes and the general preparations for emergencies, the nature of which will appear when the decisions of the confer-

ences between the concert and the Turk are made known, and the way in which they are carried out by the latter is seen.

*Providence Journal. (R. I.)*

The mutual intriguing of the foreign offices can merely be guessed at. Nobody really knows what is going on behind the closed office doors of the diplomats. The spectacular fact which is beyond denial and important enough to attract general attention is that Turkey continues to increase her army in the field.

*The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)*

This thing unspeakable holds on to power at Constantinople like a hyena in a beauty-spot, and every other animal in the entire international jungle is afraid to speak or do. Where are the brave men we read about in days long gone? Is there nothing left in Europe but bankrupts and cowards?

*Times-Union. (Jacksonville, Fla.)*

If the war should continue Greece would have to submit unconditionally to Turkey. Turkey would at once accede to a demand of the united powers.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)*

The policy of the powers has been responsible for the vitality of Turkey, and they may yet reap the fruits of their mutual jealousies.

### ALVAN GRAHAM CLARK.



ALVAN G. CLARK.  
Astronomer and Telescope-Maker.

THE world of science loses one of its greatest promoters in the death of the astronomer and telescope-maker, Alvan Graham Clark, which occurred in Cambridge, Mass., on June 9. The younger of two sons, he was born July 10, 1832, at Fall River, Mass. At the age of twenty-one years, equipped with a good school education and the training necessary for the profession of a practical machinist, he joined his brother and father Alvan Clark in the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of optical instruments. By about 1856 this firm had won for the United States the fame of producing the best telescopes of any country in the world. Alvan G. spent many years abroad in the study of optics in both its astronomical and its purely mechanical relations. He discovered fourteen double stars. Of these, the companion to Sirius brought him the most fame. He found it on January 31, 1862, with a new 18-inch lens that he was testing just after its completion by the firm for the Dearborn Observatory, at Chicago, Ill. In recognition of this discovery the French Academy of Sciences awarded him the Lalande prize. Mr. Clark accompanied the eclipse expedition of 1870 to Spain and

of 1878 to Wyoming. Most of his work on the products of the firm is inseparable from the efforts of his partners. Still after the death of his father in 1887 it remained for him to finish the 36-inch refractor for the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, Cal., and the 40-inch objective for the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis. With the former glass the fifth satellite of Jupiter was discovered by Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory. The latter glass gives indication of having reached the limit of size for

clear definition. Mr. Clark did not transmit his skill to his descendants, his one son having died years ago. His successor in the work is Mr. Carl Lundin, with whom he has been associated for twenty-five years.

*Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

It is worthy of note that this genial and kindly man was broad of vision, and while engaged upon what proved the culmination of his life-work, freely hinted in an address delivered before the Congress of Astronomy and Astro-Physics that much greater things are possible of attainment in telescope construction.

*The Times. (Hartford, Conn.)*

It is an honorable ambition to become a world-famed inventor, general, music composer, historian,

or poet; and surely it is not less deserving of honor and fame to give to the world a new and greater eye for revealing new glories in the fathomless depths of the heavens. This honor clearly belongs to the Clarks, father and son. The latter, too, was not only a great telescope-maker—he was also a notably searching and successful observer. He was the last of the famous lens-makers. Others, no doubt, will arise to carry on the important work; but it may be doubted whether any will quite equal the fine work of the Clarks.

### OUR NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

At last the present administration has disposed of the important diplomatic post of minister to Spain. It was formally accepted on June 17 by Gen. Stewart L. Woodford of New York. Mr. Woodford was born in 1835. In the beginning of the Civil War he was at the head of the bureau for special prosecution in cases concerned with seizures under the blockading rules and his work here won recognition from President Lincoln. He enlisted as a private in 1862, rose to the rank of colonel, and was brevetted brigadier-general. At the close of the war he reorganized the governments of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., and in 1885 he resumed his law practice in New York. In 1866 he was elected lieutenant-governor of New York. Later he was elected congressman from the third district of New York and was United States attorney for the southern district of New York. Since 1883 he has held no public office but has been active as a member of the law firm of Arnoux, Ritch, and Woodford, of New York City. It is not yet announced when General Woodford will replace the present minister, Mr. Hannis Taylor.



GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD,  
United States Minister to Spain.

*(Ind.) Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

By nominating General Stewart L. Woodford for minister to Spain, President McKinley has probably cleared up a situation that was becoming embarrassing, as it was understood that he would declare no policy with regard to Cuba until our government was represented at Madrid by a minister identified with his administration. General Woodford is one

of the most prominent Republicans in New York, a man of high social and political standing, and as he has not been identified with the Cuban question in any way there seems to be no reason why his nomination should not be acceptable to Spain.

*(Rep.) The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)*

The work awaiting him is one of almost immeasurable difficulty and importance. It requires statesmanship of the very highest order, and it presents a greater opportunity for usefulness and distinction in the cause of humanity and progress than any diplomatic negotiation in which this government has engaged in the last thirty years. We cannot doubt that General Woodford will respond to the full measure of the emergency awaiting him in Madrid.

*(Rep.) The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)*

Of all the foreign missions within the gift of the president and the senate the most important, in the present state of affairs, is the mission to Spain. Next to it is the mission to Turkey.

*The Standard. (London, England.)*

Hitherto no ambassador has ever presented his credentials while the court was sojourning at San Sebastian. Therefore it is not expected that Gen. Stewart L. Woodford will arrive before the autumn. In the meantime Hannis Taylor accompanies the queen regent and court to San Sebastian.

## MRS. MARGARET O. OLIPHANT.



MRS. MARGARET O. OLIPHANT.

to her many newspaper contributions. She also edited Blackwood's "Foreign Classics for English Readers," herself contributing the volumes on Dante and Cervantes. Her biographies alone would have made her fame permanent. Of these, the volumes on "St. Francis d'Assisi," and "Count Charles de Montalembert" especially won public favor. Others of her most popular books are: "Chronicles of Carlingford," a translation of Montalembert's "History of the Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard"; "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second," "The Makers of Florence, Dante, Giotto, Savonarola and their City," "Dante," "Sheridan," "The Makers of Venice," and "The Second Son," her last novel of importance.

*Providence Journal.* (R. I.)

Her first book was a remarkable one, especially if we remember that she was but a young girl when she wrote it; and no succeeding book of hers has ever fallen below a certain level. It might have more or less interest, a greater or less degree of strength; it was always the work of an artist and it bore the impress of conscientious effort. Of all the names that mark Victorian literature, that of Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant will not be the first to be forgotten. Her fame is as secure, we feel confident,

as that of Jane Austen or George Eliot; and in some respects she was a more finished artist than either.

*The Chicago Evening Post.* (Ill.)

She was one of the most versatile authors of her day, and as a novelist, biographical writer, and historian was a distinct and positive success. Her novels have been recognized as a feature of the best English literature for years, their popularity being still in no way diminished. However, it was in her biographical writings that Mrs. Oliphant was at her best.

## THE ANGLO-VENEZUELAN TREATY RATIFIED.

THE Anglo-Venezuelan boundary negotiations were closed on June 14 so far as the United States is concerned. The treaty, it will be remembered, was brought about by the good offices of the Cleveland administration. In its original form it was signed on November 12, 1896, by the then United States secretary of state and England's ambassador to the United States Sir Julian Pauncefote, but Venezuela refused to approve the negotiations unless she were allowed to name one of the arbiters. The treaty was modified to grant this request and on February 2 received the signatures of the Venezuelan minister to the United States Señor Andrade and Sir Julian Pauncefote. On June 14 the final ratifications were exchanged by Señor Andrade and Sir Julian Pauncefote on behalf of their respective governments. The transaction took place at the State Department in Washington, D. C., in the presence of the acting Secretary of State William R. Day and Assistant Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler, who has been active in framing the documents concerned with the treaty. With the completion of this final step the treaty at once, on June 14, became binding on both Great Britain and Venezuela. It requires both countries immediately to begin the work of preparing their cases for submission to a board of arbitrators at its meeting in Paris next winter. Four of the arbitrators, two for each country, are designated in the treaty. They

are Baron Herschelt and Sir Richard Collins for Great Britain, and for Venezuela, Chief Justice Fuller (chosen by Venezuela) and Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court. These four are to elect a fifth arbiter within three months from the date of the exchange of the final ratifications or, if they fail to agree in the matter, the selection shall be made by King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway.

*New York Tribune. (N. Y.)*

By the final ratification of the boundary treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela, the labor and responsibility of the United States in that matter are ended. That is cause for congratulation; and this still more, that the labor was performed and the responsibility discharged in a manner on the whole worthy of a great nation.

*The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)*

It redounds to the honor of the commission that, besides having rendered an important service to the cause of justice and international peace, it has also, with the cooperation of its scholarly secretary, Mr. Mallet-Prevost, made a contribution of almost inestimable worth to the annals of American discovery and development.

### THE NEW LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

THOUGH the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., on July 1 passed into the control of a new chief librarian, John Russell Young, of Philadelphia, it has not lost the services of its old chief, A. R. Spofford, Mr. Spofford being retained as first assistant. The new librarian is a scholar and one of the most prominent newspaper writers in the United States. He has been at various times managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, *New York Herald* and other large papers. In 1869 he was admitted to the New York bar. In 1887 he accompanied General Grant around the world. His newspaper incidents describing this trip he afterward published in a volume entitled "Around the World With General Grant." Mr. Young was appointed minister to China by President Arthur in 1882 and in this capacity served until in 1885. For some time he was one of the vice-presidents of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. At the time of his appointment as librarian Mr. Young was editor and one of the proprietors of the Philadelphia *Evening Star*.



JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.  
New Librarian of Congress.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)*

The library is large, and while it is far from being in the first rank in the world, it is now in a position to become so. It is therefore not to the past, but to the future that we look when saying that Mr. Young's nomination is the best that could possibly have been made. Mr. Young is not a college man; he is not a scholastic in a certain sense, and yet he is one of the ripest scholars in America, and he will bring to his new work the best that there is in scholarship, joined to the most practical good sense. We heartily congratulate Mr. Young.

*The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)*

The expected appointment of John Russell Young as librarian of Congress has been made, and a most admirable selection it is, too. Mr. Young is very well known as a journalist of high standing and great executive ability.

### DELAWARE'S NEW CONSTITUTION.

THE new state constitution that went into effect in Delaware on June 10 was adopted without first being submitted to a vote of the people. It is the work of a constitutional convention of thirty members, all but one of whom gave it their signatures. Conspicuous among its provisions are those fixing a new basis of representation, those to suppress bribery at elections and in the legislature, to guard the suffrage, to give the governor special veto power and restrict his appointing power, to increase the number of judges and limit their term of office, and to invest the power of divorce in the courts instead of in the legislature. One of the suffrage clauses, to go into effect in 1900, requires each voter to be able to read the Delaware constitution in the English language and to write his own name.



(*Rep.*) *New York Tribune.* (N. Y.)

The changes in the constitution were confined to the correction of well-recognized abuses by methods not the least experimental. The Anglo-Saxon slowness to project theory into law has been conspicuously illustrated.

(*Ind.*) *Providence Journal.* (R. I.)

There is progress in the provisions of the new instrument.

(*Dem.*) *The Argus.* (Albany, N. Y.)

This is not an unreasonable educational test. It has been tried with satisfactory results in Massachusetts.

(*Ind.*) *The Republican.* (Springfield, Mass.)

Here is a case where, in the full ripeness of peaceful working government by the people, a fundamental law is proclaimed without the direct approval of the people. It is manifest that such a

course is contrary to the spirit of popular government, however much it may be sanctioned by the letter of laws decreed generations ago.

(*Dem.*) *The Times.* (Hartford, Conn.)

The constitution is generally regarded as a decided improvement, and a hopeful thing about it is that its adoption was so nearly unanimous.

(*Rep.*) *The News.* (Wilmington, Del.)

The document will be found, upon examination, to meet existing conditions and to provide for certain reforms that could not be obtained at the hands of the general assembly. That the constitution as prepared is perfect we do not believe, but it is as near perfect as can be secured.

(*Ind.*) *The Public Ledger.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The convention has brought to its duties diligence and a sincere desire to incorporate in the new law the principles which make for good government.

## BARNEY BARNATO.



BARNEY BARNATO.

THE meteoric career of the South African multi-millionaire speculator known as the "The Diamond King" or "The King of the Kafirs" and reputed to be the richest man in the world, ended on June 14 in his suicide. Though his fortune has been estimated at \$300,000,000, just how it was accumulated always has remained a mystery nor are the facts of his early youth definitely known. He was born about forty-four years ago in London and originally was called Barney Isaacs. It generally is claimed that he is the son of a Jewish rag-peddler, Joseph Isaacs of the White Chapel district. Barney grew up uneducated and at the age of about eighteen years was a small second-hand dealer in Petticoat Lane, London, and enjoyed local fame as an expert in sleight of hand. Finally he devoted himself altogether to the latter business, traveling about the country. When the diamond fever began, Barney and his brother Joe joined the migration to Cape Colony, Africa, and it was in Africa that Barney took the name Barnato. Here for a while he picked up a living as street peddler, barber, actor, circus clown,

mining-camp follower, etc. It is said his first success came from his discovery of diamonds in a deserted mine, that he worked the mine and sold claims on it amounting to \$10,000,000. At this time he married. It is certain that by 1886 he was known in Johannesburg as a heavy speculator in mining properties. For two years there was rivalry between him and the Cecil Rhodes faction but in 1888 they united their interests. Meanwhile he had served a couple of terms in the Cape Colony legislature. About 1888 he left Africa for London. Here one of his most famous speculations was the Kafir mining scheme. Fabulous stories of his wealth that were circulated were given color by his lavish expenditures, and finally society, royalty included, welcomed him everywhere. Since 1894 he has controlled the English bank exchanges. His wife and three children survive him.

*New York Tribune.* (N. Y.)

There is no cause to speak, in this case, evil of the dead. Barnato had his faults, but it would be difficult to find any one on 'change entitled to cast stones at him.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (Pa.)

Nothing save the story of the "South Sea Bubble" can compare with the tale of this man's doings, his

bold and unscrupulous methods, the ease with which he influenced European exchanges and caused them to rise or fall at his simple nod; the cold calculation with which he originated booms and organized companies and caused thousands of men and women to pour their money into his lap by the mere magic of his name. And yet, while we may stand amazed at his daring, at the keenness of his perceptive faculties

and the deftness of his financial jugglery, there can be no feeling of regret at his untimely end.

*Public Ledger.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The worst thing that has been said about Barney Barnato is that he was a very rich man. He may

have been vulgar, but it does not appear that he was wicked. The world is better, instead of worse, for his having lived in it; which is more than can be said of some of his prominent "Afrikander" associates.

### A DISCOVERY ABOUT FLOWERS.

*Popular Science News.* (New York, N. Y.)

It is but a short time since Sir John Lubbock, Grant Allen, and others, proclaimed that insects created all the beauty of flowers, namely, by being attracted to and so pollenizing those that varied in the direction of beauty. A second series of experiments by Prof. Felix Plateau, of Ghent, has been followed by a third series, from which he draws the following conclusions: 1. That insects show the most complete indifference for the different colors which flowers of the same species or of the same genus may present. 2. That they fly unhesitatingly

toward flowers habitually neglected by them on account of their total lack or small supply of nectar, the moment one places in them an artificial nectar, represented by honey. 3. That they cease their visits to flowers from which the nectiferous portions have been eliminated (but in which the inflorescence remains intact) and that they renew their visits if one afterward replaces the eliminated nectar by honey. The details of these experiments and observations are given with the utmost care and their importance cannot be questioned. The results are published in the bulletin of the Belgian Academy.

### FEVER IN PLANTS.

*The Literary Digest.* (New York, N. Y.)

A PHENOMENON in wounded plants that seems to correspond exactly to what we should call fever in animals has been discovered in England by H. M. Richards. His experiments, which are described by him in *The Annals of Botany*, are thus epitomized in a note in *Natural Science* (May): "He finds that accompanying the increased rate of respiration is an increase in the temperature of the parts affected. A kind of fever supervenes, and as in the case of respiration, the disturbance runs a definite course, and attains its maximum some twenty-four hours after injury. It is interesting to note that the attempt to rally from an injury is accompanied by somewhat the same symptoms, increased rate of

respiration and evolution of heat, in plants as in animals. Owing to the nature of the case the reaction is less obvious in the former than in the latter, and a delicate thermoelectric element was required to appreciate the rise in temperature; but compared with the ordinary temperature of plants in relation to the surrounding medium, the rise after injury is 'as great, if not greater than in animals.' The maximum in all the plants investigated was between two and three times the ordinary excess above the surrounding air. It was found that in massive tissues (such as potatoes or radishes afford) the effect of injury was local, whereas in the case of leaves (e. g., onion-bulbs) much greater extent of tissue was sympathetically affected."

### THOUSANDS OF NEW STARS.

*Post Intelligencer.* (Seattle, Wash.)

MOST people are too busy to take much interest in astronomical phenomena unless they are accompanied by some visible spectacle such as an eclipse, a conjunction, or a comet. There are discoveries being made, however, which would be startling but for the fact that human comprehension has almost reached its limit. It is immaterial to man whether there are two million or three million stars. His wonder is satiated long before it attains such figures. The astronomer with his new glasses and his improving instruments is still scouring the expanse of the heavens for more to be counted, and

he gets his reward. From Mexico comes the news that thousands of double and triple stars have been discovered and measured through the Lowell observatory, which was transferred there for the purpose. Of the number one half are entirely new, never before having been reported. The result of the investigations will form the most important addition to the literature of stellar astronomy since the time of Herschel. Among observations besides those of multiple stars and the apposition of Mars, but which could only be made incidentally, were some bearing on the formation of heavenly bodies.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

## HOME.

June 8. Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, is nominated by President McKinley for assistant attorney-general.—The Provisional National Committee of the Silver Republican party convenes in Chicago; its attendance shows representatives from thirty-two states.

June 9. President McKinley names Henry L. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., for minister to Chile; W. J. Powell, of New Jersey, to Haiti; J. G. Leishman, of Pennsylvania, to Switzerland.—The Reformed Episcopal Church elections decide upon Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, for presiding bishop during the next three years.

June 10. The general synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church is held at Mansfield, O.

June 12. Princeton University, N. J., wins a baseball game over Yale, New Haven, Conn.

June 14. Fire devastates the immigrant station on Ellis Island, in New York Harbor.

June 15. For Alaska's governor President McKinley nominates John G. Brady, of Alaska.—The Universal Postal Congress concludes its sessions in Washington, D. C.

June 16. Princeton confers the degree of LL.D. upon ex-President Cleveland.

June 18. The American Railway Union, Eugene V. Debs' order, is merged into "The Social Democracy of America," at Chicago.

June 22. The Ohio Valley Bimetallic League convenes in Cincinnati, O.

June 24. The Music Teachers' National Association convenes in New York.

June 25. President McKinley's nominee for minister to Peru is Irving B. Dudley, of California.

June 29. Christian Endeavor delegates and other excursionists to the number of thousands leave Chicago for the Pacific Coast.—An appeal for protection is made to the War Department by settlers near the reservation of the Bannock Indians.

July 2. President and Mrs. McKinley start on a three days' visit to Canton, O.

## FOREIGN.

June 6. Señor Canovas del Castillo is confirmed in his powers as premier of Spain by the Spanish queen regent.

June 8. The czar gives audience to John W. Foster, American seal commissioner.

June 11. Hostile natives on the Afghan frontier attack a British expedition, killing several British officers and many Indian troops.

June 16. John W. Foster, seal commissioner for the United States, departs from St. Petersburg for London.

June 18. Switzerland's state council favors the acquisition of railroads by the state.

June 19. The recent earthquake in India is said to have killed more than 6,000 persons.

June 20. Cuban rebels win victories in Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio.

June 21. An earthquake destroys the Mexican town of Tehuantepec.

June 23. The Women's International Chess Tournament opens in London.

June 24. Baron Dhanis and all his expedition to the source of the Nile are reported to have been massacred.—In Hawaii it is rumored that the Japanese are about to seize the custom-house there, and to prevent such action American marines are landed in Hawaii.

June 28. The German emperor replaces Baron Marschall von Bieberstein by Herr von Bülow in the ministry of foreign affairs.—The Mazarin Bible is disposed of for £4,000 at the Ashburnham Library sale.—The ministry of the Netherlands resigns.

June 29. The Steamer *Aden* bound from Yokohama, Japan, to London sinks off Socotra Island, at the eastern extremity of Africa, and seventy-eight of the passengers are lost.

June 30. The Pan-Anglican Conference begins at Lambeth Palace, London, with an attendance of more than two hundred prelates of the Church of England and allied churches in various parts of the world.

July 2. The plague situation in India is still serious and a rebellion of the natives is feared.

July 4. Despatches announce the complete pacification of the Philippine Islands.

July 5. A thousand rioters are slain in Calcutta.

## NECROLOGY.

June 6. Francis Schlatter, the Denver "Healer."

June 8. Commander George E. Wingate, U.S.N.

June 17. Rev. Father Kneipp, Bavarian water curist.

June 23. James T. Kilbreth, collector of the port of New York.

June 24. United States Representative E. D. Cooke, of Illinois.

June 30. George M. Lane, professor emeritus at Harvard University.

July 3. Ex-Governor John Evans, of Colorado.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The C. L. S. C.  
Books for  
1897-98.

A set of books which will meet the demand for a popular treatment of history, art, and science is composed of the C. L. S. C. books for 1897-98. In this set there are five volumes, uniformly bound in cloth stamped with an artistic design in black and gold, and in general appearance—in typographical work, paper, illustrations, and binding—they are all that can be desired. If any one of these volumes more than another may be said to supplement the C. L. S. C. work of 1896-97 it is "A Short History of Mediæval Europe,"\* by Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., professor of history in The University of Chicago. Although intended primarily for text-book purposes, the style and general arrangement of the contents are such as to interest any one wishing to be conversant with the principles underlying the progress of historical events. This book contains a plain, straightforward account of the events in the eleven and one half centuries from about 300 to 1500 A. D. Before beginning the history proper the author explains the relation of the geographical position, contour, and topography of Europe to the sequence of historical incidents, and gives an account of the early European peoples and the condition of the Christian Church in the fourth century, thus enabling the reader to more easily comprehend the succeeding discussions of the historical problems arising in the Middle Ages. The causes and the far-reaching results of the migration of the barbarians, and of their invasion of the Roman Empire, and the effects of Christianity, monasticism, and papacy are lucidly presented. The period described is a fertile one, and the author has given the student a comprehensive survey of the factors which helped to form the present Europe.

A second book the subject of which coordinates with the history of Europe in the Middle Ages is "Imperial Germany,"† by Sidney Whitman, a prominent newspaper correspondent and writer and a personal friend of modern Germany's most noted leaders. In the treatment of his subject he has brought all his journalistic powers into play, and he has therefore produced a highly entertaining as well as an instructive book. Most attractively he has described the formation of the German Empire of to-day, treating at length each separate element which helps to make up the multifarious character of a people. The author first presents to the reader the German in the political field, after which

he proceeds to describe the intellectual, educational, and commercial conditions, social and family life, the governmental *régime*, the press, the army, and other features of the German nationality. In clear, perspicuous statements Mr. Whitman has conveyed to the world his notion of Germany, the effect of which the fine pictorial representation has greatly increased. A valuable appendix from "Governments of the World To-day," written by Hamblen Sears and published by Flood & Vincent, is a succinct history of the German Empire.

Prof. William H. Goodyear is the author of "Roman and Mediæval Art."\* Two epochs—the Roman and the mediæval periods—have been treated by the author in a charmingly direct and simple style. He has shown the facility with which the Romans adapted to their own conditions the art culture of Greece, and explained the result of Byzantine influence on the art productions of Rome. The book contains additional chapters on prehistoric art in Europe and the Italian and Etruscan art of the early ages. Throughout the work there is a practical demonstration of the value of art as a medium by which epochal and national development may be accurately traced. The present volume is a revised and enlarged edition of that which was used in the C. L. S. C. course several years ago, and by numerous additions the number of illustrations is increased to almost two hundred, making a volume to be desired for its purely artistic merit as well as for its literary and educative qualities.

One of the most interesting books of the C. L. S. C. course for 1897-98, and one which gives the reader an insight into the conditions of civilization in Rome in the early days of the Christian era, is entitled "Roman Life in Pliny's Time,"† by Maurice Pellison. It has been translated from the French into very smooth and readable English by Miss Maud Wilkinson, and the contents furnish a vast amount of information on a wide range of subjects. An account is given of the education and training of children, the position held by the women, the condition of servants, social and marriage customs, modes of travel, and the methods of transacting business. The home life of Roman aristocracy is carefully portrayed, and very entertaining are the descriptions of the streets and the dwellings of Rome, as is also the account of the famous games

\* A Short History of Mediæval Europe. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D. 315 pp. \$1.00.—† Imperial Germany. A Critical Study of Fact and Character. By Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S. 330 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

\* Roman and Mediæval Art. Revised and enlarged with many new illustrations. 307 pp. \$1.00.—† Roman Life in Pliny's Time. By Maurice Pellison. Translated from the French by Maud Wilkinson. With an Introduction by Frank Justus Miller. 312 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

and entertainments of the arena. The recitals are enlivened by a large number of appropriate illustrations of a high degree of excellence.

The volume which treats of questions of particular interest to all American readers is "The Social Spirit in America,"\* a book written especially for the C. L. S. C. course of 1897-98 by C. R. Henderson, associate professor of sociology in The University of Chicago. In carefully worded and tersely written sentences he has discussed subjects which pertain to the structure of society and to social phenomena. Labor organizations, home-making, hygienic dwellings, social institutions and the state school system are but few of the numerous topics of popular interest which the author has discussed. To arouse interest in practical social work is the purpose of the book, and no one can read it without feeling a desire to join those who are laboring in sociological fields.

#### Fiction.

Switzerland, not Italy, is the place which Marion Crawford has chosen for the happenings of a short tale denominated "A Rose of Yesterday."† A single day is the time with which the story deals, but it is one of those never-to-be-forgotten days into which all the crucial events of a lifetime seem to be crowded. Much suffering and misery are depicted, and with the tragedy of human life are presented moral questions which touch our civilization. Not more than half a dozen characters are included in the personnel of the story, and each of the principal actors is a type of rectitude.

A story into which the mysterious is interwoven in just the right proportion is entitled "The Grey Lady."‡ The cold, heartless woman of the world and the simple, ingenuous maiden are both delineated with admirable skill, and with these are the gentlemanly scoundrel, the strong, honorable man and the clever though weak character whose combined acts, good and bad, make an attractive character study. Life in the Balearic Islands and Spanish character are well portrayed, though the scene of the action is as much in London as in the sunny isles of the Mediterranean. The story has been enclosed in covers artistically decorated with a gold design suggestive of the sea on which the principal personages lived.

The artist and the musician, Crome and Crotch, who by their genius have made Norwich famous, are characters in a short story of the eighteenth century called "Castle Meadow."§ It is the period

of their boyhood and early manhood that the tale covers and the precocity of these children is made especially prominent by the doings of the older people who are actors in events invested with great interest. The story is well told and reveals many of the customs of the century with which it has to do.

"Equality,"\* as the author remarks in a prefatory note, is a continuation of "Looking Backward." The year 2000 is the period of time which the work describes and Julian West, Dr. Leete, and his daughter Edith are again introduced. These three discuss at length the social and political economy of the era in which they live, contrasting them with the conditions which exist in the present century. There are long and somewhat wearisome disquisitions on capital and labor, protective tariff, free trade, and the cause and progress of the revolution in the social and political world, besides explanations on subjects of lesser import.

It is a story of France in the time of Napoleon which Conan Doyle denominates "Uncle Bernac."† In conception the story is highly original and the manner in which it is told makes the delineation of Napoleon's character exceptionally vivid. The troublous times existing in France when Napoleon was preparing to invade England are also reflected with great accuracy. The recital is autobiographical in nature, the *raconteur*, an old man, giving his personal experience on the coast of France—an experience full of danger and excitement. Through the entire story there is a slender thread of romance, which intensifies the interest the author is able to create by the recital of the terrors to which he was subjected.

In bringing to a happy conclusion a plot so complex in nature as that with which "Some Modern Heretics"‡ is supplied, the author displays great skill. Dramatic situations are numerous, some of them, however, lack the force of spontaneity. In the acts and speeches of some of the personages may be seen the *raison d'être* of the title.

A peculiarly appropriate title of a story by Anna Farquhar is "A Singer's Heart."§ She impresses the reading public with the fact that a singer's soul must first be touched by the sentiment of her songs if she would move the hearts of her audience. In Eleonora, the great vocalist, the author has combined weak and strong qualities, with a predominance of the latter, and too late she discovers that the art to which she has devoted her early life is not sufficient to satisfy the natural longings of her heart.

The style in which Wilson Barrett has written

\* The Social Spirit in America. By C. R. Henderson. 350 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

† A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. 218 pp. \$1.25. —‡ The Grey Lady. By Henry Seton Merriman. 377 pp. \$1.50. —§ Castle Meadow. A Story of Norwich a Hundred Years Ago. By Emma Marshall. 295 pp. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

\* Equality. By Edward Bellamy. 412 pp. \$1.25. —† Uncle Bernac. A memory of the Empire. By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. 308 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ Some Modern Heretics. By Cora Maynard. 382 pp. \$1.50. —§ A Singer's Heart. By Anna Farquhar. 159 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



"The Sign of the Cross"\* is calculated to picture with intense vividness the revolting scenes of the period during which Nero dictated the affairs of Rome. The story shows the power of morality and the Christian religion over evil, and the author is to be commended especially for the accuracy with which he has set forth historical events.

In the charming and vivacious manner peculiar to herself Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has given to the world a remarkable delineation of her own life.† The credit of her literary success, she tells us, belongs to her ancestry, rather than to her own individual effort, but it is enough for us to know that she was successful and that she put forth "The Gates Ajar." How the story came into being is a subject to which considerable space is given, to the delight of all lovers of this tale. Throughout the entire work there are tender allusions to such literary people as Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, and Celia Thaxter, which give us glimpses of the characters of many of the world's luminaries. The volume also contains many pictures of people and places to which reference is made.

The "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot Duc de Reggio"‡ is a compilation by Gaston Stiegler of the "souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos into easily readable English. The marshal having been an active participant in important battles, this volume contains much that is important concerning the French military campaigns in the early years of this century, and it gives interesting facts about prominent people of those times.

In The Great Commanders|| series, the twelfth volume is a biography of General Grant. The writer, James G. Wilson, has given a very candid and full account of Grant's life to the date of his death. Besides the facts pertaining strictly to the general's life the book presents a study of the campaigns in which he was engaged. All the maps necessary to understand these accompany the text, and several illustrations suited to a work of this kind have a great historical value.

At a very opportune time a member of the royal household has described a new phase of Queen Victoria's life.§ With a facile pen the author has

painted a picture of the home life of Her Majesty—a life which, when understood, endears her more than ever to the hearts of her own people and to the world. Every feature of the queen's private life is carefully depicted, and the delightful portraiture thus produced is made more real by the illustrations accompanying the text.

"The True George Washington"\* is the title of a volume by Paul Leicester Ford, in which he portrays America's hero as a man rather than as a demigod. With phrases and sentences of his own construction the author has skilfully interwoven quotations from Washington's writings and from other sources, which, combined, furnish authoritative information on the private and social life of Washington. The work is well illustrated.

In an autobiographical sketch Dr. Charles F. Deems† has recounted in a simple, flowing style the events of the first twenty-two years of his life. To this his sons have added a memoir, which consists largely of extracts from his writings and those of others, making a very complete and interesting biography of an earnest Christian worker.

A biographical study of great interest is entitled "Robert the Bruce."‡ From early chronicles, lays, and folk-lore Sir Herbert Maxwell has gathered facts which he has combined into a picture of the conditions surrounding the Scots from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The volume is amply illustrated and makes a valuable addition to Putnam's Heroes of the Nations series.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 306 to 336 of the July issue.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Moser and Heiden, Köpnickstrasse. \$1.20. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Benj. W. Wells, Ph.D. (Harv.) Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by Alcée Fortier, D.Lt.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW YORK. Peabody, Francis Greenwood. Mornings in the College Chapel. Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK.

Dorchester, Daniel, D.D. Christianity Vindicated by Its Enemies. 75 cts. McAllister, Agnes. A Lone Woman in Africa: Six Years on the Kroo Coast. \$1.00.

CHARLES H. KERR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Williams, John Milton, D.D. Rational Theology, or Ethical and Theological Essays. Vol. II. \$1.25.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, 2 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

Reichel, Rev. George V., A.M., Ph.D. What Shall I tell the Children? Object Sermons and Teachings. \$1.50.

\* The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. 318 pp. \$2.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† Autobiography of Charles Force Deems, D.D., LL.D. and Memoir by his sons, Rev. Edward M. Deems, A.M., Ph.D., and Francis M. Deems, M.D., Ph.D. 365 pp. \$1.50. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‡ Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P. 398 pp. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 303 pp. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† Chapters From a Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated. 278 pp. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡ Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot Duc de Reggio. Compiled from the Hitherto Unpublished Souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio, by Gaston Stiegler. First Translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With two portraits in heliogravure. 474 pp. \$2.00.—|| General Grant. By James Grant Wilson. 390 pp. \$1.50.—§ The Private Life of the Queen. By a Member of the Royal Household. Illustrated. 315 pp. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

